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## OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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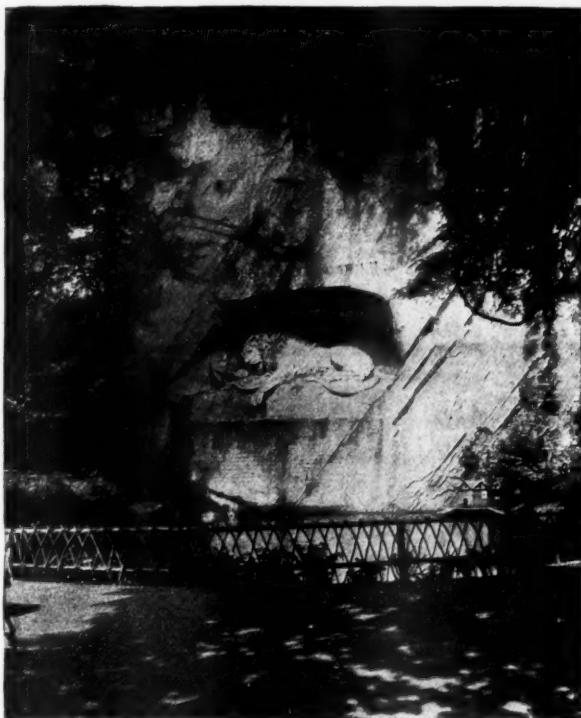
## REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

### GLIMPSES OF SWITZERLAND.\*

BY H. H. RAGAN.

THE center of interest in Switzerland, historically and romantically, and in the grandeur of its natural scenery, is Lake Lucerne. The inhabitants of this region call it "Vierwaldstadter See," or "the lake of the four forest cantons," for its waters lap the soil of the cantons of Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, which first threw off the yoke of Austrian tyranny, and whose people, pledging their lives to mutual protection against all oppressors, laid broad and deep, and apparently for all time, the foundations of the Swiss Republic.

At the western extremity of the lake, just where the river Reuss rushes out of it, still stands the ancient tower of Lucerne, a quaint octagonal structure with a pointed roof. Around it has grown up the town of Lucerne, which, with its queer old walls and its picturesque covered bridges, painted



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

over with legendary and historic scenes, lies just at the foot of Mount Pilatus, and under the slope of the rock. Although a favorable starting-point for excursions,

\*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.

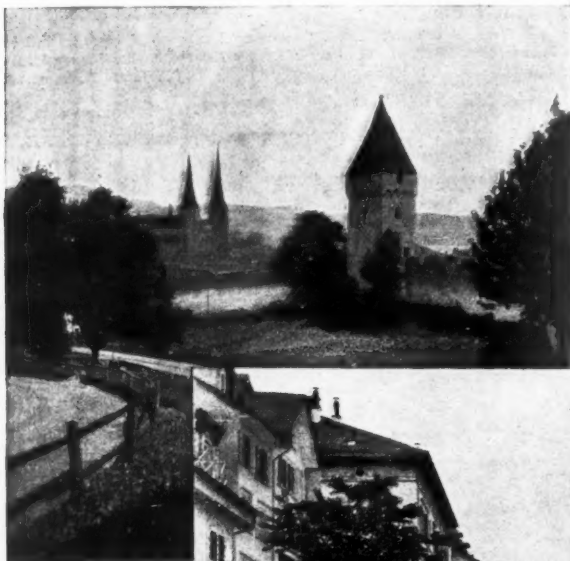
Lucerne does not contain a great number of special sights. It does, however, possess one famous object—the Lion of Lucerne, modeled by Thorwaldsen and carved by a Swiss sculptor out of the virgin rock. It is hewn in the side of a sandstone cliff, and was wrought to commemorate the twenty-six officers and about seven hundred and

which their own mad folly had been heaping up for ages. It is one of the most impressive monuments ever reared.

In the famous Bay of Uri, near the southern extremity of the lake, the scenery is inexpressibly grand. Close at hand, and half way around the circuit of the vision, the crags are piled toward heaven until their jagged summits, two thousand feet in the air, seem to hang straight over the head. The lake itself under the deep shadows of these frowning crags is turned to ink, while away to the south and east

Yet the vast mountains lie,  
Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
Icy and gleaming.

From the summit of the  
Rigi one looks out upon a



sixty men of the Swiss Guard who fell at the Tuileries in defending the royal family of France against the mob, on the 10th of August, 1792. The king of beasts, pierced by a spear and in his dying agonies, still de-

fends with his latest breath the shield of France and her emblem, the lilies. The figure is twenty-eight and one half feet long by eighteen feet in height. Beneath are carved the names of the twenty-six officers who fell that day in the vain effort to shield the Bourbon family from the mad vengeance



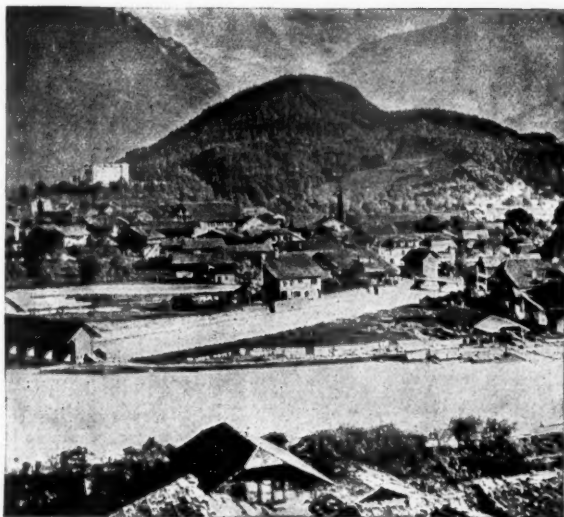
VIEWS OF LUCERNE.

scene beyond the power of words to describe. Nearly a mile below lies Lake Lucerne, and the steamers look like flies crawling over its placid surface. To the right a great plain lies spread out like a map. The white roads and the silver streams, winding and glinting, trace

their gleaming, clear-cut lines until they touch the horizon's verge. Ten lakes lie within the circuit of vision, while away to the south and east rise the sublime peaks of the Bernese Oberland, mantled with eternal snows.

Another point of interest on the lake is Interlaken, which has been called a great English boarding-house, because during the season one meets at its fine hotels people from every corner of the globe and hears the sound of every modern tongue. The shops at Interlaken are filled with the most beautiful wares, offering a constant temptation to the visitor to bankrupt himself.

But everything in Switzerland acknowledges the supremacy of mountains, and one side of the main business street has been left wholly open, that the dwellers upon the other side may have an unobstructed view of the majestic Jungfrau,<sup>1</sup> lifting its head of dazzling whiteness fourteen thousand feet into the air.



INTERLAKEN.

Geneva, although much the largest and most important city in Switzerland, is only the capital of the smallest canton. It has figured in history, at least in tradition, from a period long prior to the Roman occupation. In 1814 breaking away from France it joined the Swiss Confederation, and in one of the squares of the city stands a beautiful

group in bronze, representing Helvetia<sup>2</sup> embracing the new member of her family. In the heart of a Catholic country, Geneva has been a Protestant city from the very beginning of the Protestant movement, and many leaders of the Reformation, exiled from their homes, found refuge here. Here Calvin preached and taught, and his house, his pulpit, and the simple slab which marks his resting-place are objects of great interest to many visitors. The cathedral is a fine Romanesque structure, built in 1131. Its pulpit canopy is the same as that under which Calvin preached.



A GLIMPSE OF LAKE LUCERNE.



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Upon the shore of the lake some little distance to the eastward of Vevey is a structure which could not fail to produce a thrill in the breast of every admirer of Byron's genius—the Castle of Chillon, with

its great hall and gloomy dungeons. Here are the "seven pillars of Gothic mold," in one of which still remains the ring to which Bonnivard<sup>3</sup> was bound, while around it one may mark the groove worn in the pavement by his tireless feet as he trod round and round within the narrow limit of his chain. Here is the little crevice in the wall through which the ray of sunlight streamed, the window to which, when his chain was broken, he climbed

To bend upon the mountains high  
The quiet of a loving eye.

One of the great bridges of Geneva is called the Bridge of Mont Blanc,<sup>4</sup> because from it in clear weather the monarch of the Alps may be seen in all his grandeur. But to have a nearer view of his majesty one can go to Chamouni,<sup>5</sup> a fifty-mile ride from Geneva. The road, like all Swiss highways, is perfect, and the journey is a gradual progress from the soft green fields and Lucerne gardens which surround Geneva to the awful grandeur of Mont Blanc. Ascending the Flégère,<sup>6</sup> a mountain six thousand five hundred feet above the sea, Chamouni lies far down in the deep valley below and the view stretches away across



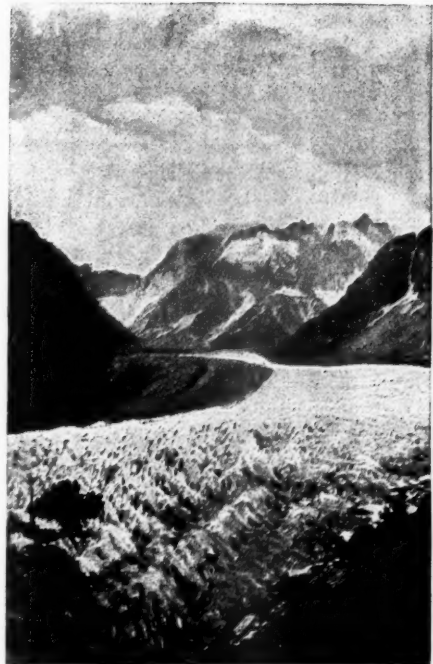
GENEVA: PANORAMA FROM THE CASINO.





THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

the vale upon a mighty wilderness of crags and peaks, some clothed with eternal snows and some so sharp that the snows can find no lodgment on them, while winding between these heights no less than seven great glaciers are pushing down into the valley. Directly in front is the most important of them all, the Mer de Glace,<sup>7</sup> that sea of ice *par excellence*. And what is the Mer de Glace? A frozen ocean, and an ocean frozen in a storm. The billows are lashed into fury by the gale. The crystal waves meet and dash the foam high into air, the curling crests are breaking into spray, and all as rigid as marble and as cold as death. To one standing upon the Mer de Glace, high up on the left and dim in the distance lie the limitless snow-fields of Mont Blanc. They are glorious from whatever point of view seen, but especially beautiful is the prospect from the valley itself, where the quiet little town, straying along the smoothly winding roadway, seems to rest under the protecting care of this white-robed monarch of the Alps. The long white stream of ice flowing far down



THE MER DE GLACE.

into the valley on the extreme left is the Glacier de Bosson, somewhat less extensive than the Mer de Glace, but more striking when viewed from below, because it goes much lower down the mountain side and terminates in tall, jagged pinnacles, some as pure white as the fleecy clouds floating along the dark and rugged mountains which rise beyond the valley. From the lower end of the Mer de Glace flows the river Arveyron, under its arch of ice. All the rivers and streams of this region flow from glaciers, and they bring down with them such quantities of powdered granite, ground from the underlying rocks, that their waters are ashy gray, and wherever they are checked by any obstruction thick beds of this *débris* are soon deposited.

Running east along the railroad toward the Simplon Pass, one is likely to turn aside to visit Zermatt. There dark mountains close around. The Visp, a milk-white glacier stream, ripples past down the valley, and to trace its waters to their ultimate source one has only to lift the eyes to where, through a depression in the natural mountain wall, the dazzling snow banners of Matterhorn wave on high. Nearly sixteen thousand feet the awful crag towers into the still air, and whether viewed from far or near its startling outlines once seen can never be mistaken or forgotten. There are loftier summits, but none so thrilling, none which seem so to spurn the earth and leap from it as if to attain the heavens at a bound. Of a little party of seven who, in 1865, first made the ascent of this appalling crag three only returned to tell the tale. Although the dangers have since been greatly diminished by blasting away obstructions here and there and placing



THE MATTERHORN AND PANORAMA OF ZERMATT.

guard ropes at certain points, the ascent of the Matterhorn still remains both difficult and perilous. And even those who scale the highest pinnacles admit that the prospect is often grander and more inspiring from some more moderate and accessible elevation. On horseback one may ride, in perfect safety and with little fatigue, to the summit of the lofty ridge known as Gorner Grat, and there, five thousand feet above Zermatt and over ten thousand feet above the sea, may sweep the glance over a panorama of towering crags, of vast ice rivers and limitless fields of eternal snow, such as perhaps no other spot on earth so gloriously reveals. The Matterhorn, in the southwest, is one of the most striking objects in the panorama, while in the southeast two peaks of Monte Rosa lift themselves from the snowy ocean toward the fleecy, low-hanging clouds. The scene presents the very culmination of Alpine glories.

## A STUDY OF LITERATURE IN ROME.

BY PROF. WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

OF ADELPHI COLLEGE.

THE two great races that make up nearly the whole of classical antiquity—the Greeks and the Romans—are nowhere more sharply contrasted than in their poetic creativeness. No national literature has had a more independent, orderly, and complete development than the Hellenic. As myth-makers, almost the whole race seems to have been engaged for centuries in molding ideal material for the great future poets. Those poets in turn took all but complete control of the national heart and life. Even in Sparta, Tyrtæus was a masterful force. No hero was more honored or beloved than a Pindar or a Sophocles. Historians like Xenophon and philosophers like Plato were fittingly honored by peoples and by princes. The statesman's mightiest weapon was a truly artistic oratory. These happy conditions of Hellas generally, and above all of imperial Athens, were in hardly any respect repeated at Rome.

Instead of the splendid jungle of Greek myth, the early supremacy of Rome has left us little even of semi-historic tradition from the other cities and cantons of Italy. And even the genius of a great stylist like Livy cannot effectively conceal the unimaginative and prosy monotony of Rome's own annals, with their oft-reiterated theme of "All well lost for fatherland." The songs which Cato and Varro tell us were sung in very early times at funerals and banquets had never been preserved, and were probably mere prosy catalogues of civic honors or exaggerated accounts of prowess in battle. (Macaulay's "Horatius" and the rest are pure creations, and may never have had any real prototypes.)

The Latin literature we know, at any rate, was developed under the dominant influence of Hellenic culture. It actually begins with the translation of the *Odyssey* and of Attic *C-May*.

plays by a Greek who had come to Rome as a captive and a slave (Livius Andronicus, 240 B. C.). His younger rival, Nævius, wrote Roman plays also and sang in the rough native Saturnian verse of the campaigns against Carthage which he had gallantly shared. But this sturdy patriot—the only native Latian among the early poets—languished long in prison for "speaking ill of authorities." There was, moreover, a deeper truth than he may have foreseen in his haughty inscription for his own tombstone:

If it were fit immortals for mortal men should  
sorrow,  
Then would the Muses sacred mourn Nævius the  
poet!

So after he was added unto the wealth of Hades,  
At Rome they have forgotten to speak the Latin  
language.

Nævius' younger contemporary, Ennius, was also a gallant veteran and a loyal son of his adopted city. But he was patronized by the nobles, not by the folk. He was steeped in Greek culture, which he did much to introduce in Rome. His *Annals* sang the whole long story of Roman history; but even this early patriotic epic was composed in dactylic hexameter, which introduced the strict principle of quantity, crowding out many fine old words which could not conform to its laws. That is to say, a difficult and artificial Greek meter dominates the whole course of what we call Latin literature! The *Annals* even began with a vision of Homer. We are told that Ennius made definite claim that the poet of the *Iliad* was actually reincarnated in himself.

The Roman folk had in every age their own dialect, from which the Ciceronian, Livian, and Senecan style diverged more and more. And, as usual, the "vulgar" speech has outlived the book-language, sur-

viving in our own day as the true basis of Italian and of the other Romance dialects. Some traces of that *lingua volgare*<sup>1</sup> may be discerned even in Cicero's familiar letters, in Catullus' and Martial's least dignified lyrics, in Plautus' rough versions of Greek comedies. But, in the main, the Roman literature which we have was produced by men who had spoken Greek first in childhood with native slave-teachers, had studied and read Greek more than Latin, who were constantly oppressed by the greatness of their alien models. Lastly, nearly all Latin authors, even, have in a large admixture of the Roman "gravity." The practical application of results from all the "more trivial pursuits," as Cicero calls them, of history, of philosophy, of tragedy, even of purely imaginative lyric, to the actual duties of the citizen and of the man, are as inevitable for them as for our own Puritan poets, from Milton to Whittier and Lowell. Every such generalization may be attacked in detail, but any thoughtful student will agree that the most essential and unique contributions of Rome to the world's life are in other and more practical fields than that of belles-lettres.

Latin poetry has influenced modern culture longer, more widely, and also more directly, than the Hellenic sources, but the very elements in Roman verse which have repeatedly revived true art in modern Europe flowed from those same Parnassian springs, and their mightiest reinforcement has always come from a return to Homer and Sappho, to Sophocles and Euripides. These general views must be understood as applying in some degree to every Roman author. However, the Greek models have in many cases perished, leaving us wholly dependent upon Latin translations or imitations.

This is notably true of the next name in our list—Plautus. His twenty plays are all, without doubt, free versions from the later Attic comedy, but of Philemon and Menander a mere heap of fragments remains; not a single drama of theirs could be reconstructed with any confidence. Plautus' plots, scenes, characters remain

avowedly Greek. The relatively few allusions to Roman conditions often appear as mere ludicrous "gags," rudely breaking into the dramatic illusion. There is little pretense of literary quality. Indeed, the text of Plautus is studied chiefly as a source for the vulgar or popular dialect. The plots usually turn on the devices of a slave who beguiles his old master, helping the spendthrift son to a lawless love, or something equally ignoble. Real life, even in decadent Greece, can hardly have been so devoid of noble impulse. The cheerful self-sacrifice of a slave for his master and fellow prisoner-of-war, in the "Captives," is loudly proclaimed as exceptional in the epilogue:

Rarely do the poets fashion such a comedy as this,  
Where the good are rendered better.

The "Boastful Soldier" (the prototype of Jack Falstaff) is, to be sure, well beaten and made ridiculous, as in "Merry Wives of Windsor." The usual moral, however, is more fairly indicated by another epilogue:

If behind his goodwife's back this old man had a  
little fun,  
Nothing new or strange he did, nor different from  
the common run!  
If you wish to beg him off and save him from his  
cudgeling,  
This by loud applause you'll have no trouble in  
accomplishing.

While rollicking Plautus is unmoral, polished Terence in the next generation is oftener immoral. That is to say, there is no one of his seven plays whose plot could be explained without embarrassment, any more than a comedy of the Stuart restoration. Terence writes in a beautiful Latin style. His lines (or Menander's?) abound in wise saws and noble sentiments. "I am a man. Naught human is alien to me," is his attractive *credo*.<sup>2</sup> To be sure, it might be Zola's. Altogether, nearly all this mass of Greco-Roman comedy must be condemned and banished from the schools by any high ethical—not to say puritanical—type of literary criticism.

The two most independent and original of Roman poets appeared together, amid the civil strife of the first century B. C.

Lucretius has already been mentioned briefly in our previous paper on Virgil. With tremendous energy, and the highest moral sincerity, this poet undertakes to undermine and eradicate all faith in, and fear of, either active ruling gods or a future life. The origin of this world by a purely physical accident—viz., the chance “swerving” and collision of infinitesimal particles adrift in infinite space through boundless eternities of time—is set forth with a wealth and splendor of poetic illustration worthy of a happier theme. Written in good faith to relieve men from superstition and baseless terror, the poem of Lucretius is indescribably sad and solitary. And yet, apart from the physical science—much of which is almost childish, and much again in close harmony with the latest modern discoveries—there are abundant evidences of close observation and insight, of vivid imagination, of tenderness, of loving interest in all forms of life.

The modern reader will hardly be dangerously influenced, even by the scores of cumulative arguments against the soul's immortality; and no poem in ancient—perhaps hardly in universal—literature illustrates more interestingly the audacity of the human imagination and intellect.

From Lucretius to the contemporary lyric singer, Catullus, is a far cry. His little roll of verse lives, like Burns' Scotch songs or Sappho's precious fragments, because it is an absolutely direct, fearless, and simple appeal from heart to heart. Love and hate, as he tells us, are the two chords of his lyre, and whether he lampoons the dictator Cæsar in words too vile for interpretation, or exults in Lesbia's uncounted kisses, or cries out that he is dying of a broken heart, the tones still vibrate as when at first they startled the Roman aristocracy into sympathetic sentiment. In one point, indeed, Lucretius and Catullus meet. Both are frankly hopeless as to any renewal of life after death.

The suns that set may yet return :  
When our brief candle once doth burn  
Eternal night and sleep is ours.

So much the hotter burns his passionate

love for human ties, and even for an earthly home (his beloved villa on the Lago di Garda).

What is more blest than when, released from toil,  
The heart lays off its burden, and, outworn  
With alien labor, to our own hearthstone  
We come, and slumber on the longed-for couch !

We firmly believe that a handful of Catullus' lyrical utterances is likely to outlive by thousands of years all the courtly Roman epics, and even Horace's more polished but colder gems.

To the triumphs of Cicero's oratory over his predecessors and rivals, chance and time have added, in a measure which would have amazed even his own monumental vanity; for not one of their speeches has been preserved for us to compare with his *fifty-eight* extant harangues. So his familiar correspondence, his treatises on rhetoric and eloquence, even his philosophic dialogues, survive almost alone, though the last, especially, we would often be glad to exchange for the Greek originals or sources which he used freely and—at times—carelessly. As a poet, and above all as an historian, he is amusingly out of his element. His influence upon oratory—especially upon the florid eloquence of an Edward Everett or a Rufus Choate, of Castelar,<sup>3</sup> Gambetta, and the Latin races generally—has been absolutely resistless down to the present moment. His additions to the vocabulary of Latin (chiefly by happy imitation of Greek words) are far beyond those made by any other man to that speech, or perhaps to any language. There are sad blots of cowardice, fickleness, and selfishness upon Cicero's political career. Yet his persistent, though often bewildered, patriotism, his lifelong love of literature, his hatred of all brutality and cruelty to man or beast, make him a very modern, human, lovable man and brother.

No sketch of Roman literature can pass silently over the great dictator's name. Julius Cæsar's genius is so prodigal and many-sided that we are tempted to crave for him a dozen earthly lifetimes, instead of one brief, half-squandered day of turmoil. One epigram upon a comic poet, a few



hasty notes, preserved in the Ciceronian correspondence, jotted down as it were upon a drumhead, two volumes of commentaries upon his own campaigns, these too hardly more than field-notes, never revised nor in any proper sense composed! Yet it is he, and not Cicero, the most artful of rhetoricians, to whom we always return, to teach our schoolboys how to write Latin. The secret is simple, though not easy. He goes straight to his purpose. Knowing exactly what he wishes us to hear, he never has to consider how he shall say it. No other rule of style was needed—for a Cæsar! Cæsar understood, also, the human heart. His few lines to Cicero play upon the harpstrings of that noble, vain, generous, self-centered character with a skill we can still only wonder at. How he drew simpler natures to him is beautifully illustrated in Matus' letter to the living Cicero on his friendship for Cæsar dead, the gem of the entire correspondence, worth a dozen "De Amicitias."<sup>4</sup>

The unhappy public career—and the magnificent literary activity—of Cicero covered nearly the whole of that final half-century of chaos through which the Roman Republic drifted to the reef of imperial tyranny. As a youth he had beheld the social war, the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla. He himself was murdered by Antony, who, in the western world at least, never effectively divided the young Octavian's power. The chief lull in the long storm occurred while Cæsar was in Gaul (58-49 B. C.), and during those very years came the brief and brilliant poetic careers of Lucretius and Catullus, both of whom died young, about 54 B. C. With Cicero and with them perished the oratory and the poetry of free Rome. As was remarked in the paper on Virgil, his first undoubted utterance is an eager cry of adoration to a deified living emperor. There is the sharpest discord between that note of obsequious praise and the ferocious disdain with which Catullus defied the dictator Julius. Old Rome is dead.

Horace, the freedman's son, had still a touch at least of sturdy independence. As

a student in Athens he had eagerly enlisted under Brutus for the last hopeless struggle against Cæsar's successors. In one or two of his most graceful lyrics he recalls how he

Shared Philippi's headlong flight.

But he doubtless assured himself first that his imperial master would only smile at such allusions to his own triumphant victory. Indeed, Horace often confesses his liking for courtly luxury, from which Virgil turned away, in real weariness of spirit, to nature and to the earlier worlds of heroism and romance. Horace's little assumptions of audacity or independence only emphasize his real position as a courtier.

Just how much his graceful, polished, lyric gift owed to Greek models we shall perhaps never know. The recovery of the Hellenic poets from an Egyptian tomb may yet reduce him any day—with his prattling Lalage<sup>5</sup> and all his other fickle, unimpassioned flames—to a mere graceful paraphraser. His exquisite though somewhat over-monotonous Greco-Latin rhythms, his graceful mastery of fit word and neat-turned phrase, will always make him a model of form, though he never pierces our heart as does the imperious sincerity of Catullus' cry.

As for the Satires and Epistles, we accept his own judgment, that they are not poetry at all, but sensible, refined, harmless, though rather diluted, "table-talk," criticism of literature and of life, not unlike much of Pope's work. He is never enthusiastic, never inspiring, and therefore always welcome. Such miscellanies, spiced with satirical hits, form the most original contribution of Romans to general literature. Lucilius, Horace's model, is a lost author. The ferocious vulgarity of Juvenal's strongest attacks on the vices of the early empire debars them from the schools.

How fast poetic character decayed after the loss of freedom is seen again in Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius, who no longer care for nor understand the proud republican Rome which Virgil glorified even in his courtly epic and which Horace had fought to save. All three give much of their best poetic ingenuity to the mere passion—or diversion—of sensual love.

In Ovid's case, indeed, no discriminating student of classicism or of general literature will accept wholesale denunciation as just. Much of his poetry may be suppressed by the moral censor; but the "Fasti," or Festivals of the Roman Calendar, the historian can least of all afford to ignore. "The Metamorphoses," more than any one ancient volume, has given fruitful suggestions to the painters and poets of many lands, by setting before them graceful, fanciful, vividly elaborated pictures from the old myths. Ovid has too little ethical sense to satisfy any one of puritanic spirit. But we insist that much of gratitude must always mingle with our censure of the poet to whom we so evidently owe, in large degree, Guido Reni's "Aurora," the delicious foolery of the clowns' play in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a hundred other beautiful creations.

The most sustained and important of Bacchylides<sup>8</sup> recovered poems has just reminded us effectively that every such myth of Hellas was more nobly told—doubtless retold in Protean<sup>7</sup> forms manifold—by her own poets. But they have been lost for many centuries, and it is through Ovid, above all others, that the world has heard these deathless tales repeated. He is in his own right, too, the most vivid, many-sided, ingenious of Roman poets, and unrivaled master of one noble rhythm, the elegiac couplet. Among great modern poets Dryden has been perhaps most in sympathy with Ovid's best vein, and his "Philemon and Baucis," or "Galatea and Acis," will best enable the English reader to enjoy this genial, companionable trifler.

"Livy, who erreth not," says Dante. And indeed Livy has unerring good taste as a story-teller, and never allows the mere lack of authentic documents, or of other evidence, to leave rude gaps or waste stretches in his long, ever-varied rhetorical narrative of still-widening Roman triumph. Thus his account of the Tarquinian wars, for instance, in Book II., is almost as vivid and detailed as Macaulay's famous lays; yet at the opening of Book VI. he assures us he has had, down to that point, hardly any

trustworthy materials! Still, he has a reasonable love of truth, a certain general fairness of mind in the treatment of graphic detail, which allows us to admire Lars Por-sena, or Hannibal, even though his Roman patriotism bids him denounce them, in general terms, as they enter or leave the stage.

Only a quarter of the complete history has come down to our day, and this includes only a few brief fragments from that full and fearless narrative of recent and contemporaneous events which made Augustus smilingly stigmatize the historian as a "Pompeian." The Latin of Livy, especially in sustained and picturesque narrative, *e. g.*, in the great struggle with Hannibal, is among the very best models of style.

In sharp contrast with Livy stands the other great stylist among Roman historians, Tacitus. Not the glories of earlier conquest, but the infamy and cruelty of contemporary misrule are his theme. One after another the mad and brutal emperors are pilloried, with keenest cynicism and bitter force of varied phrase. Few can believe all this to be really just, because such a line of rulers as he describes could hardly have been tolerated by any folk, however degenerate. His two great works—or both sections of his great work—are, like Livy's, mere fragments in their present shape. His affectionate biography of his father-in-law Agricola and his sketch "Germania" are, in their respective fields, almost the first models for the "monograph."

The most imposing literary figure of the first century is Seneca. If the life of Cicero—lover of peace, of freedom, of constitutional discussion, flung into an epoch of civil war and murderous rivalry—is pathetic, the whole career of Seneca is a tragedy indeed. A far-sighted, tolerant, truly philosophical nature, he was not Stoic enough to resist the charm of boundless wealth and splendor. He loved life too well to oppose firmly his wilful pupil, Nero, whether the spoiled child craved mere sensual indulgence or the life-blood of his closest kin. There are few more florid, fluent, and genial sermons on simplicity, on tolerance, on indifference to ignoble earthly ambition, than Seneca's. In a happier age

he might not himself have been a castaway. Seneca and his most un-Stoical nephew, the brilliant young poet Lucan, are vividly and truthfully portrayed among the minor characters in Sienkiewicz' "Quo Vadis."

A far happier figure is Pliny "the younger," as he is fully and pleasantly delineated for us in his own copious but light and brief letters. He and Xenophon are, perhaps, above all the other ancients, *gentlemen*, men who can really be imagined as accepted in "good society" in any modern country, chatting with—let us say—Horace Walpole! Pliny's account of his uncle's lifelong devotion to study, and death in the eruption of Vesuvius, or of the beliefs and sufferings of the early Christians, would be acceptable contributions to a modern magazine. He gives us the impression that he and his circle of immediate friends managed to maintain their self-respect, and a reasonable freedom, even in the Rome of the first century.

Even in that age, also, one of the noblest members of the teachers' craft lived out his useful and happy life, devoting his old age to fruitful authorship. Quintilian's book is not merely nor chiefly a manual of rhetoric or eloquence. His ideal young orator is the typical statesman, in an age which had not yet lost the hope of a constitutional monarchy. The whole course of education for a noble Roman is here indicated, and many of our newest pedagogical reforms are ably advocated. Incidentally, too, Quintilian gives us a catalogue *raisonné* of Greek and Roman masterpieces of style, full of the best literary criticism ever uttered. "To Cicero's periods not a word can be added, from Demosthenes' not one can be spared," is perhaps his best single sentence.

There are many picturesque figures which we can hardly name. Statius has been immortalized afresh in what I am tempted to call the most beautiful of Dante's hundred cantos ("Purgatorio," XXI.), and though his epics are as deep-sunken as the stately galleys of Antony's fleet, his brief occasional poems, the "*Silvæ*," can still charm us—especially with the graceful pen of a Harriet Preston to better them in English dress.

More than any other poet of that day, he gives us a sense of indignation, of grievous loss and waste, that such a man must sing the subjects assigned him by the favorite of a favorite!

The name, at least, of Petronius is far more familiar just now. The vivid figure in the Polish romance is elaborated from a single striking passage of Tacitus (*Annals*, XVI., 18-19), describing the fearless death of the "Arbiter elegantiarum."<sup>9</sup> The surviving fragments of Petronius' own romance forbid us to desire its complete recovery. It was a most masterly picture of the age—and what an age!

The half-century of Augustus afforded a much-needed repose, under the only strong and firm rule which was still possible. In that time many goodly fruits of national experience were gathered, before the spirit of freer days had been wholly forgotten. The frantic misrule of the next decades left in the old race no adequate virtue for a real revival, even under the "five good emperors." The whole old order of things was dying, and classic literature perished with the other noble arts. The story of the Latin language, indeed, is by no means completed, even to-day: but the creative and shaping power of the Roman imagination—largely imitative and secondary throughout, bearing almost always the stamp of national limitations, also, as the joyous individuality of the best Greek work does not—was now almost utterly exhausted. There were Roman poets of the Decadence (for men will sing, and sweetly too, even in the twilight), but they hardly win for themselves separate names and characters at all.

Such a sketch as this misses its only serious purpose unless it leaves a desire to seek a real knowledge of its subject at the sources. The best little book about Latin literature is Mackail's, while Professor Tyrrell's volume, based on his Baltimore lectures, is its worthy rival. But both lack space to set before the reader even specimen bits of the authors they so happily characterize. Such books have no market as yet in our own country, which must serve as excuse for our failure to appear more adequately

in the whole wide field of interpretative and sympathetic criticism. Much of the work that has been done at all by Americans is found in prefaces of school textbooks, or lost in an encyclopedic complex, still uncompleted, the "Library of the World's Best Literature." The plan of that work wisely gives, as a rule, at least three fourths of the space to illustrative extracts from each author, assigning the smaller type and fewer pages to his living critic.

The student, however, should as soon as possible turn to complete English versions. Munro's "Lucretius," for instance, is a fine piece of prose, absolutely faithful to the

meaning, though of course in no way suggesting the verse-form of the Latin. All Tacitus' works have been finely rendered by Church and Brodribb. Even the rather slavish "Bohn" translations will give a fair idea of Livy's second book, or of Cicero's beautiful plea for his old teacher, the poet Archias. The versions of Horace by Theodore Martin, of Tibullus and Propertius by Cranstoun, of Catullus by both these translators, are themselves graceful English poems, and incidentally convey some notion of their Latin originals.

Of course, a long deep draught from the sources is better yet.

## THE SPRING REVIVAL AMONG FLOWERS.

BY F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS.

CERTAINLY one of the most remarkable if not astonishing phases of nature is the season of hibernation, a season of prolonged sleep and apparent lifelessness. One does not stop to think what the consequences might be to dormant life if January and February continued through double their allotted time; very probably all creation would adapt itself to the consequent exhausting conditions, but undoubtedly much of our familiar animal and vegetable life would perish. The possibilities of nature, however, are but little short of something phenomenal. The woodchuck sleeps more than half the year, and without a mouthful of clover; the mother bear is frozen in under a snow-drift and nurses her young in foodless February; the skunk-cabbage forces its way through the cold ground and blossoms amid the encircling ice and snow that border the brook. Even the arbutus braves the snow that lurks in the shadow of the rocky dell, and the pink blossoms nestle directly beside it.

The hibernation of animals and plants is like a total suspension of life; it is certainly a suspension of all *functions* of life, and the profound sleep is only broken by the strengthening of the spring sunshine. It must not be supposed that such a long pe-

riod of enforced idleness is simply a rest for nature, involving no exhaustion; far from it; the winter tells on plant and animal. A meaner looking object than the bear, woodchuck, snake, or chipmunk when he crawls from his hole in March is seldom seen. All things considered, so long a time spent in fasting, however modified by deep sleep, is by no means refreshing; on the contrary, it is fearfully enervating. Nature wakes up first to recuperate and then afterward to sing a glad and thankful spring song. As for the trees, shrubs, and plants, they also are somewhat the worse for wear in March. Many of the gray birches—the young and supple ones—have been bent double by the winter storms; the red cedars are distorted and humpbacked; they have been crowded to the ground with a burden of ice and snow; but most of them to our great surprise will straighten out again. The maple and the elm were coated with ice and hustled in the gale until they gave way at a hundred points, and now the sod beneath them is littered with no end of *débris*, the ruthless pruning of Boreas. The old leaves of the liverwort are like bits of brown leather, the shiny leaves of the wintergreen are no longer shiny and green, and the spruce, hemlock, and fir are clad in somewhat worn

suits of dull, rusty olive. But the red cedar is the worst looking tramp of the lot; it seems nigh unto death's door, and we wonder whether its sere and brown foliage will ever revive in the sunshine again! But the spring awakening is a gladsome revival, and all things are quickly dressed in fresh garbs appropriate for the occasion.

It was no light matter, this winter strain, but the wonderful hereditary habit of hibernation, a most providential one for both animals and plants, enabled them to bridge over the period when the things that sustain life were quite wanting. However remarkable this strange provision of nature may seem, it is not a circumstance compared with the infinitely more interesting if not more astonishing renewal of life in spring.

The magnitude and significance of this revival are not things to be comprehended by a glance of the eye or by a moment's thought; they have involved an enormous amount of cooperative work between the sun, the insects, and the flowers. The business of life in early spring, casting aside all sentiment, is a thing of gigantic proportions. We see only a part of the work that is done; we are not truly conscious of the workers or their methods.

Let us pause a while by the roadside and note what is occurring. Alas! it would fill a volume to record the events which transpire before our very eyes, just where we stand; we can only note a few of them, and then we must pass on. It is best to know what is being done in the pussy-willow before we leave it. It is worth while to know why some flowers are so deeply colored. It takes but an instant of time to see that the dandelion is yellow, but it takes days to comprehend the fulness of that glorious yellow; meantime we might as well try to discover why the flower has robed itself in such a magnificent color! Here are numerous glaucous willows (*Salix discolor*) on the bank; they are in full flower, and dozens of bees and insects are buzzing about the blossoms, evidently in search of food. That means business; it may be a pleasure to feed, but it is pretty generally a serious, business-like proceeding; it is the

prime method of sustaining life. But the business does not stop here, the willow comes in for a share of it; the back of the bee is powdered with pollen, and away she flies with both pollen and honey to the next willow catkin, and there unwittingly deposits some of the yellow dust, which will eventually do its part in the sustenance of

life among glaucous willows. The insect is, in part, esthetic, just as the child is who picks the buttercup; in other words, both are appreciative of the beautiful. The bee sees the gorgeous color or it smells the sweet perfume and makes straight for the flower. What for? Well, for food, of course, and this, as I have already pointed out, is a plain business-



THE GLAUCOUS WILLOW.

A—Staminate.

B—Pistillate.

like act. What has that to do with esthetics? But first, before we conclude that the insect has no esthetic sense, let us account for the fact that the little creature is invariably attracted by a thing which is lovely in both form and color. To doubt for a moment that the bee is not appreciative of the beautiful is to doubt an established fact of nature.

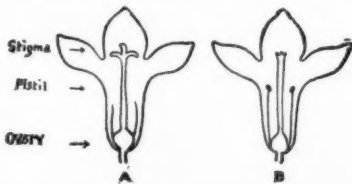
The appreciative bee, however, seems a bit "off her base" on esthetics when she visits that first flower of spring, the ill-smelling skunk-cabbage (*Symplocarpus fetidus*). But in matters of taste it is not fair to adopt the conservative human standard for all creatures under the sun. We may be artists regarding a choice of smells, but for keenness of scent we are far, far behind all other members of the great order Mammalia, and be-





SKUNK CABBAGE.

hind the insects too. But in all cases there is no accounting for taste; the dog is not greatly disturbed by the odor of the skunk, yet we have a horror of it; then a great favorite of flies (and possibly hornets) is the extremely beautiful but foul-smelling carrion vine (*Smilax herbacea*), which is an extremely offensive thing to us. The fact is, we are not only lacking in keenness of scent, but in catholicity of taste regarding odors. We are surprised, therefore, that the honey bee should seek either pollen or nectar in the skunk-cabbage; the yellow-jacket's occasional visit to a fetid-odored flower may be excused; he is made of coarser clay; but we are not quite ready to excuse the dainty honey bee. Very probably she does not find enough flowers in early spring to make a reasonable choice from, otherwise we might surely find she would neglect the skunk-cabbage for anything else—say the trailing arbutus (*Epigaea repens*).



DIFFERENT FORMS OF TRAILING ARBUTUS.

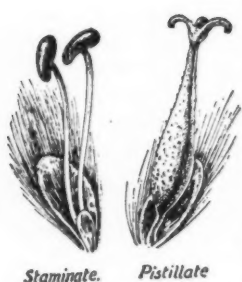
A—Perfected stigma. B—Imperfect stigma and abortive stamens. Still another form would show perfected stamens and no stigma.

At all events, it is perfectly plain that the odors of flowers, sweet or foul, play a most important part in the general revival of plant-life in spring. Nature is not so very particular about means so long as she gains her ends; or, more properly speaking, she is very particular to use every possible means adapted to her ends. There is an immense struggle for existence going on as soon as spring arrives; there is an abundance of life on every hand, but there is also a corresponding abundance of effort on the part of kind-hearted nature to sustain it; she employs every device to induce one thing to help another. The little arbutus flower is as yet an incomplete work of her hand; at least that fact seems assured by the unsettled construction of the blossom, which is in some cases perfect in stigma and abortive in anther, in



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

others *vice versa*, and in still others transitional, with stigma or anther in a partial stage of development. This is only one phase of the effort of nature to sustain life in the way I have described. Some of the strongest plants are those whose life is sustained by cross-fertilization, that is by the fertilizing pollen of one flower crossing to the fully developed stigma of another. Now, in the far future, when the transition period of the arbutus is finished and it attains to a condition when it obtains *two* kinds of flowers, one of which will produce only the pollen and the other only the stigma, then cross-



THE TWO KINDS OF FLOWERS OF THE GLAUCOUS WILLOW, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

of cross-fertilization. There is a staminate flower on one plant and a pistillate one on another; the former supplies the pollen, or germinating life of the plant, and the latter the ovule, or embryo seed. The former (be careful to note this fact) is full of perfume and color; into it the bee dives first, full tilt, and on her back is immediately scattered innumerable golden spheres of pollen; off she goes again and tumbles into a pistillate flower. Here she finds plenty of nectar, and in her scrambling about scrapes some of the pollen off on the perfect stigma (which is exactly at the top of the pistil) and the work is complete; for eventually the little grain of pollen sends out a tiny thread, a life which penetrates the pistil until it reaches the embryo seed snugly tucked away at the very base of the pistil, in what is called the ovary.

Perhaps the commonest visitor of the bog or glaucous willow is the little bee whose nest is in the ground, called *Andrena*. It is too early as yet for the big female bumblebees to venture from their winter nests; besides, it is just as well for the lumbering creatures not to disturb the willow catkins, as they cannot do the work of pollenizing nearly so well as the smaller *Andrena*. It is a significant fact, too, that the flowers of the willow appearing before the leaves, and thus having their modest yellow color quite unobstructed by foliage, are tiny little things grouped in masses, and arranged most conveniently for the smaller insects, which are far more likely to do the best work in distributing pollen.

fertilization will accomplish its perfect work. At present the roots of this little plant spread abundantly through the soil and insure its life by an immensely hardy vegetable growth.

Now the willows have adopted precisely this method

If one will stop to think a minute about it, the flowers which seem most attractive to the bumblebee are, by a large majority, either purple or pink or violet-blue; for instance, red clover, self-heal (*Brunella vulgaris*), thistle, iris, and milkweed. I do not forget the sunflower, however (a notable exception to this rule), of which this insect is inordinately fond; but as a garden flower it is not entitled to consideration; we have only to do now with flowers in their natural environment. Therefore, if we watch the beautiful golden marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), we shall find it rarely receives a visit from the bumblebee. It is said that those bright golden-bodied flies of the family *Syrphidae* are the chief disseminators of its pollen. However this may be, one thing is perfectly plain: the marsh marigold is a striking and showy yellow flower, which cannot escape the notice of a multitude of spring insects; it is consequently visited by bees, flies, butterflies, and beetles. Yellow is a most common color among flowers, and one which is peculiarly conspicuous and flashy in sunlight, when it is



MARSH MARIGOLD.

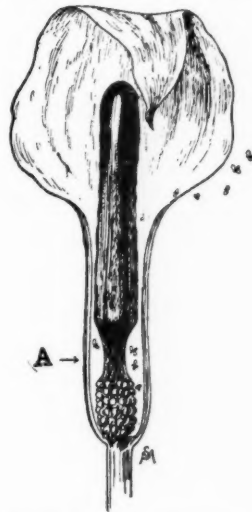
varnished with a gloss like that which we see on the buttercup and the marsh marigold. So we may infer from the open-faced character of this swamp-loving flower that it experiences no difficulties with the insects in the very necessary work of fertilization. Indeed, the little pods so closely crowded with seeds, which succeed the blossoms, testify to the fertile and stocky nature of the plant. Its leaves are broad heart-shaped, and the thick juicy stems stand over a foot high at times; why should it not secure attention in the great spring revival?

This is one of the first flowers which decorate the swamp in spring. Its life is not only connected with that of every passing insect, but it is closely associated with the tiny frog, scarcely an inch long, which we call the spring peeper (*Hyla pickeringii*), a shy little creature, rarely if ever seen, who whistles shrilly about five in the afternoon, in early May, with a voice pitched too high to be easily imitated by human lips. Only a sharp eye and a cautious and quiet step will enable the observer to obtain a glimpse of the tiny musician perched on one of the stems of the marsh marigold and swelling his bubbly throat with an ear-piercing whistle in E flat, away up in the highest octave of the piano.

One of the daintiest relatives of the marsh marigold, a shiny-leaved plant which retains its glossy dark green under the snows of winter, is the three-leaved goldthread (*Coptis trifolia*). It is common in the woodland bogs and cold, marshy dells of the North. But what are the conditions of its spring awakening, and how does nature provide for the continuance of its life, since the insignificant white flowers, smaller than those of the wood anemone, occupy a very humble position in a swampy bed, and must consequently fail to attract many insects? That every flower is remarkably fitted to its environment goes without saying; the goldthread, we shall find, is in no wise an exception to the rule. There are insects and insects—millions of them; and there is more than one for our *Coptis*. Examine the flower through a magnifying

glass and it will be found that the true petals are clustered about the center just inside of the five or seven white rays which are in reality sepals. These true petals are simply converted into trumpet-like tubes with flaring tops, which evidently contain nectar enough to slake the thirst of many a humble-minded gnat who lives in the woods where goldthread and toadstools are plenty—both supplying the tiny insect with the kind of food it most desires. Possibly we may find a blossom containing one of the dark-colored drinkers; of course he will presently leave for another *Coptis* flower, and when he does he will transport the fertilizing pollen. That is the whole story. So we find that even the insignificant goldthread is not left by nature to take care of itself; it does not do its own pollenizing. But this fungus-gnat does not do all the work for the *Coptis*; there are many small, slender beetles who visit the flower, notably the one known as *Anaspis flavipennis*, a little creature which principally feeds upon the fungous growth of the forest.\*

Before we leave the bit of swamp beside



SECTION OF JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.  
A—The circling space where insects are detained.

the road let us glance at the secret of that big, canopied flower which we choose to

\*So says Prof. Clarence M. Weed, of Dartmouth College.

call Jack-in-the-pulpit (*Arisema triphyllum*). A moment's examination of the interior of the flower-cup shows a number of gnats and tiny flies penned up in the circling hollow just at the base of the cup; what does this mean? It is one of nature's devices again; the insects are held prisoners, they struggle to get free, and in the effort are thoroughly powdered with pollen; thus, when the ripened canopy spreads apart, they issue forth equipped as agents for nature's pollenization scheme. Our "Jack" is said to be another plant which, like the trailing arbutus, is still in a state of transition, for there are some flowers which possess both staminate and pistillate organs, which will be found at the base of the spadix (the little club encircled by the canopy) where the gnats have congregated, some of them to die before they can extricate themselves from the trap. It is a peculiar fact that insects generally *crawl* in through an opening but always expect to *fly* out; consequently when the opening is small there is little or no success in the latter mode of finding an exit. The truth of our "Jack's" condition of life seems to be this: not relying wholly upon its power of self-fertilization the staminate flower holds the insect or the beetle captive until the ripened pollen is ready for distribution to those pistillate flowers that are in need of it.

The spring beauty (*Claytonia Virginica*) adapts still another method of insuring a strong and vigorous life. In one flower the stamens and anthers (which hold the pollen) are withered before the stigma has reached maturity; in another the matured anthers are bearing pollen which will soon be transported by some insect to yet a third flower whose stigma is open and awaiting the pollen's arrival. Cross-fertilization here is effected in the simplest way; self-pollenization is an impossibility.

The fringed polygala (*Polygala paucifolia*)

is another remarkable instance of the "ways and means" of nature. This beautiful little magenta-pink blossom dots the borders of the woodland road with its refreshing color late in May. It is a favorite flower of the bumblebee; observe the visit of the insect and it will be noticed that she alights on the fringed petal; the weight of the bee pushes this down and thereby



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

releases the confined pistil and stamens at the base of the flower and scatters the pollen; the bee then presses forward to reach the nectar, her abdomen comes in contact with the pollen, and in the next flower which she visits the matured stigma is in exactly the right place to scrape the pollen off her body—an admirably adjusted scheme! But that is not all. The little

polygala is a remarkable flower in more than one respect. In order that it shall sustain itself through all possible adverse circumstances, nature has invested it with a singular power of producing an additional self-fertilized flower, close by the roots, and almost under ground! This strange bud-like blossom never opens its portals to any insect, yet it matures quite a number of seeds. According to particularly favorable conditions for either kind of flower, the one or the other is exclusively developed.

The catholicity of taste in nature is exemplified in that pretty flower with an attractive name and repulsive smell, the wake-robin (*Trillium erectum*). Its odor is rank and fetid, and attracts all the carrion flies which are awake in spring; but they are welcome guests, and they do their part in the great work of cross-fertilization. What are the odds so long as the esthetic, crushed-raspberry-colored flower is helped along in the struggle for existence? We should not be too fastidious in our tastes; the great spring revival ushers in too many things of beauty and interest for us to spurn a few uncanny characters which at least might serve as foils for their transcendently beautiful neighbors. The emphasis which the Great Designer of the universe has laid



FRINGED POLYGALA.  
Underground blossom at A.

upon beauty is unmistakable; there is nothing accidental or careless about it. One thing serves another to but *one end*—the thing of beauty which “is a joy forever.” I shall have something important to say about the greater development of beauty in early summer flowers in a later paper.

## SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

“NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER, BUT BY  
MY SPIRIT.”

The wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.—*Joshua vi. 20.*

[*May 1.*]

THERE is in this language a homely, straightforward directness and simplicity that make it one of the finest specimens of genuine old Saxon-English. There is also in this language a bound of animation, a leaping spring of vigorous heartiness, as if the speaker were telling his tale for the first time to a crowd of eager listeners and were anxious and impatient to crown their

curiosity and put the climax to his own joy by coming to the triumphant end. He talks here, he does not preach, like a man who had just come out of the fight and who stood wiping the perspiration from his forehead while his tongue rattled out these small bullets of an evangel of victory. And is it not just so whether the herald come with tidings of a material or of a moral conflict, whether he be a soldier of men or a soldier of God, a captain of cohorts or a recruit of the great Captain of our salvation? If he has been in the battle and has struck a blow there that helped on the victory does not the very spirit of the conflict rush into his speech,



and the joy of his heart make his lips eloquent, and do we listen to any man more willingly than to such a story-teller as that? The Gospel has ceased to be news to us in its message, but is it not news to every converted sinner in its efficacy, and does its gladness ever grow stale or the joy of its experience wither under the tread of centuries? I believe in the greatness of this joy as an influence on impenitent men. I believe in the gladness of the Gospel as an element of its power and success. We want this matchless story told by the tongues of men who have come fresh from the capture of the city, men whose hearts bear the record of what they affirm with their lips and whose living earnestness is a pledge, as good as the scars of an old soldier, that they are telling the truth and a truth which they hold the pride and glory of their lives.

We want the Gospel preached once more over the land like a bulletin of victory, which the people will not wait to hear read out to them like a fast-day proclamation by some grave official, but once possessed of it, draw it out of the pulpits and the churches, take it up in their own mouths and publish it at every street-corner, throw it exultantly at every passer-by, and send it down every breeze and into every house, till the very air is filtered by it and the daily food digested by it and the merchant's pen moves to the music of it and the workman's hammer rings with the joy of it and it is absorbed into all the arteries of our manifold life. Cannot this be done for the Gospel? Was there ever a grander message, was there ever another victory, or can there be, like that of the cross?

[May 8.]

BUT let us take up the text and simply follow out its several averments, and apply to ourselves, as Christians, those points of apposite suggestion which we may discover in them. In the first place, there was the city to be taken. It was a strong city with a good, massive wall, well defended with towers and well manned with a determined enemy. The people needed pretty strong assurance, a pretty large faith, to undertake

a task such as the conquest of Jericho. A walled town in those days could and did sometimes hold out, even against a tolerably well-provided army, for years in succession, and I suppose the inhabitants of Jericho fairly laughed at the attempt to capture their strong city by a demonstration little better than a mere show of hands, and I have no doubt that there were men in the camp of Israel who shook their heads sagely, and muttered their carping discussions at the proposals of Joshua.

Now, my Christian friends, there is just such a city before us to-day, relatively as strong and, to all human means, just as hard to conquer. That city is the Christless world. It is our business to take it, by the help of God, and we shall take it with the same invisible artillery that overthrew Jericho. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, said the Lord." That is our hope, that is our security. But have we not some who both feel and use the language of discouragement because they measure the difficulty by the paucity of human means to overcome it? They stand, as some of the Israelites did, over against some particularly strong tower of the walls, and they look so much and so exclusively at that that they come to think nothing can be done so long as that tower stands there with its threatening battlements.

But let us now consider how the people made ready to take the city. The tactics are peculiar and deserve attention. Of course Joshua knew that the main thing was to carry out orders; he knew where the strength lay. He sends forward the ark of the Lord, the palladium of the host, with its attendant priests, but he takes care to marshal before it the armed men and to draw up behind it a rearward of chosen troops. That is always the manner in which Almighty power consents to do its best and most for men. Let men do the best they can for themselves first, and then call on God to help them, and God will not fail them. It is no sign of courage in a soldier to thrust himself unarmed on an enemy; it is a flagrant proof of folly. God will not lift up a cowardly arm or give strength to a rash

arm ; but let a man raise his arm to smite in the name of the Lord and let him wield the trustiest blade he can command, and his blow will come down with a crash that mere unaided human sinews never made and his sword will cleave with a flash as if the heaven had opened to give him light for his work. The people of God want faith, but they want also a good vanguard of armed men. They must send on the ark before them, but they must follow it up closely with a compact rearward.

[*May 15.*]

BUT there is one direction given by Joshua which we ought not to pass lightly by. He tells them to make no vociferous noise till he give them special permission. He did not make this prohibition from the desire of concealing the movement. That movement was all open to the enemy, and besides the trumpets were to blow, and that was enough to betray the advance.

But it was in keeping with the spirit of the undertaking that the lips of the people should be quiet and that the solemn grandeur of the enterprise should be disturbed by no tumult of tongues. Noise is costly ; it takes the sword out of the hand and twists the tongue into the hilt ; it uses up energy which can be better displayed in some other way and it is impossible to superintend a good shout and a good stroke at the same time. Brooks may babble, but the Nile runs still ; and the busier the heart is the more sparing of speech is the tongue. Silently save for the trumpets, silently, but with firm and steady tramp, for six days the people marched round the city once a day ; and how the enemy, standing on his walls and looking down on that pageant of a choral siege, on those files of sober-visaged and apparently tongue-tied men as they circled slowly around day after day, how the enemy must have jibed and sneered ! In those days great account was made of the gift of boasting and invective, and the old nations had educated these gifts to a pitch of perfection that would bear a comparison with our own attainments in this department ; and how the enemy must have amused himself at the

silence of Israel and comforted his fears with the conclusion that there was not much danger to be apprehended from a people that had so little to say for themselves !

My friends, do we not sometimes fall into this mistake and grow skeptical concerning the silent majesties and powers of God's truth and Christ's church ? Are we not foolish enough to think that noise is substance and that the most valor lies where the loudest shouting is heard ? But it is not so ; there is power in a sleeping volcano and there is momentum in a softly sliding avalanche, and you hear no great sound from either till it has gathered well up its immeasurable forces and sent them hurtling into the sky or down the slope of the mountain. This is all nature, but human nature. The noise awakes when the work is done ; the air is rent with tremors and the earth heaves with palpitations when the explosion comes.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not entering a caveat against the free ebullition of fine animal spirits, swept, like the strings of a harp, by the half-playful hand of a sudden joy. I am not protesting against the spontaneous abandon with which the heart throws itself upon the tongue and asks it to help it work off the surplus energy of an unbounded delight. It is a law of our nature that when we have any great access of nervous force the overflow is sure to seek the most usual channels and to pass off in that way ; and as the tongue is apt to prove as busy a vehicle for men or women as any other organ, it is perfectly natural that a vigorous feeling should rush out upon the tongue and that any unusual happiness should set into energetic action the organs of speech. No, let us not barricade the gateway against a genuine joy even in religion. Let us not square our faces because we are in church and screw our muscles into sanctimonious primness and flatten our voices down to a minor key and go about God's service as if our religion were a sleeping invalid and we were afraid to waken her. But it is noise we protest against in church or out of it ; sound that has no sense in it, for noise is not expression and so has

nothing to justify it; and in religion a mere noise that goes no deeper than the throat, while it rises and roars among the rafters and threatens to turn the vane on the church-steeple, as if it were a spiritual northwester, that, I apprehend, is just the sort of noise that Joshua forbade, and it is a sort that the church can well afford to dispense with. But if your heart be full, then let it gush over. If there actually be a Niagara of power in you no one will object to the sound of it. Have something to base your utterance upon and then let it rise, if you please, to the top of the spire.

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[*May, 22.*]

Do your work and then shout; spare your lungs till you have something besides air to rest your strength on; seize the prize first and then you may turn your rejoicing powers to the acclamations of victory. This is what Joshua did. He was only holding the people back. It must have been a hard trial for their faith, and no doubt it gave great opportunities to all the grumblers among them and brought out the sinister forebodings and caviling ill nature of all the constitutional fault-finders in the camp; and when the sixth day had passed with no change in the situation these captious spirits must have had great facility in making proselytes.

But the seventh day came, and on this day the work was seven-fold hard, for the host marched seven times round the city, and then Joshua took the bridle from their tongues, and, as if challenging faith to do its utmost, he gave the command to shout. And it was a challenge to faith and a very exacting demand upon it. For what was there to shout for? No doubt some of the people raised their eyes toward the city walls and asked this question in their own hearts, "What shall we shout for? What have we accomplished?" They had really accomplished a great deal and they were about to reap the fruit of it, only they did not know it. And is it not just so now with most of our work? Do we not go through six days of wearisome toil without a sign of success and almost despair, till, on

the last hour of the seventh day, God brings out into shining exhibition all the results we have been unconsciously accumulating?

The great body of the people had faith. They had kept silent through faith. They had plodded round the city in faith. They believed that God was about to do some great thing for them. And when the order came to set up a shout they did not doubt there was something to shout for, and they lifted up their voices with a will as resolute as that which had kept them so steadfast to the drudgery of their daily march about the city; and there was so much heartiness in that shout, it was such a relief to the suppressed feelings of the last six days, it was such a joyful defiance to their enemy, that I believe it was as sonorous a shout as men ever gave and the spirit of it so infectious that even the grumblers and dissentients must have joined in it.

The enemy, hearing that shout, must have been thunderstruck; that silent people had found their tongues at last. Those dull, sober travelers in a circle must have caught a new inspiration, a frenzy of confidence, an afflatus of divine enthusiasm, and that shout boded no good to the city; and the enemy dropped his bow, ceased his jesting, and grew pale and began to tremble. And well he might. Without engines, without artillery that encircling host were sapping the foundations of bastion and curtain. That shout went through the stones like the iron hail of a broadside. The mighty arm that was greeted by that shout and was seen by the faith of the people came down upon tower and buttress and crushed them to the earth; and as that cry swept like a volley of thunder over the doomed city and rolled away over the plain, behold "the wall fell flat," and one little moment, the twinkling of an eye, showed to exulting Israel the reward of seven days of labor and fatigue. The unseen became the visible and they knew then that every step they had taken had been leading toward this splendid consummation.

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[*May 29.*]

I WISH, my brethren, we might have and hold the same faith in the final success of

every good work. I wish we might cheerfully and patiently wait and labor through the seven days of our preparation, rather of God's preparation, without a doubt that in the end the invisible will for us be made manifest and we shall see that every step has carried us toward victory, every circuit of duty has counted one in the aggregate of achievements, and that we too, if we hold out with resolution, will have leave to raise our shout and to strike up our choral song of triumph.

And now I will ask you to consider how the people entered into the city, so that the people went up into the city "every man straight before him." What a secret of success do these units of our tongue reveal, "every man," etc. That is the spirit and that is the one irresistible maneuver of a great army; every man goes forward on his own line and under his own impulse, but all the lines converge to the same point and the impulse is universal. They poured in from all quarters like quicksand over a sinking animal, and at every step their numbers

seemed to grow because the circle was smaller, till shoulder propped shoulder, shield was locked with shield, and blow seconded blow, and like a tornado they wheeled upon the city and wrenched it from the earth and their shout of victory became the dirge of a kingdom and a people. And this is the secret of Christian success, "every man straight before him." Let no Christian hinge his movements on those of another. Let no one turn out for a little unevenness in his path or for some rugged obstruction. Let no one look around indolently to see what his neighbor is doing or give up his own task because others are forgetting their tasks, and sit down because they are lagging behind. God has drawn a straight line of travel for every one of us and it leads us into the city. Our shout may have died away. The flush of joyful eagerness may have faded out. But there remain for us conquering faith and its splendid rewards. Look down at your own feet. Look directly before you, there God is marshaling the way.—*Rev. P. B. Haughwout, A. M.*

## GERMAN MANUFACTURES.

BY RAPHAEL-GEORGES LÉVY.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

THE causes of the prodigious extension of German manufactures within a quarter of a century are multiple. Some of them are easy to set forth at once and command the entire situation: in the first place, the enormous increase of population, which has passed from less than forty million souls before 1870 to fifty-two million to-day, and which by furnishing all the workmen needed has made of a country formerly especially agricultural one of the most powerful manufacturing communities of the world. As the soil was no longer sufficient to nourish all its children directly they have had to develop the mineral riches on a greater scale, manufacture products and seek to sell them outside, in order to pay for the excess of food become necessary for home consumption. Statistics

D—May

teach us that the proportion of the agricultural population in Germany two years ago was no more than 36 per cent, in place of 42½ per cent in 1882, and that during the same period the manufacturing and commercial contingent passed from 40 to 50 per cent.

A second essential factor of the economic development which has made its influence felt equally upon banking, commerce, and manufactures is political unity; although far from being perfect, that has none the less brought about a condition of affairs entirely different from the past.

Bismarck, without wishing it perhaps, or at least without measuring all the social consequences of the transformation, contributed in his day to the development of German manufactures by protecting them

with high duties, which at first gave them considerable impulse. Agrarian protection followed, and the treaties of commerce of 1892 corrected the excesses of the system and permitted manufactures to organize with a prospect of a period of stability and certainty.

It is not true that in this new condition of affairs the middle classes are disappearing. They are renewed unceasingly, in Germany as elsewhere, by pressure from below. At the same time longevity is increasing and the army recruiting lists show for the urban population of the great industrial centers a contingent superior to the average. Moreover, the progress of agriculture is found to be parallel with that of manufactures.

The industrial development of Germany has brought as a first consequence a considerable amelioration of the workman's condition, due not to legislative and governmental measures, as the partisans of state intervention would have us believe, but to the understanding of their true interests by the proprietors, who comprehend that the better the conditions of existence of their indispensable aids the greater will be their own chances of success.

As a natural result of this improvement, the workmen, being better instructed and better informed regarding what is going on in the societies of which they form part, end by taking note that the division between themselves and the capitalists is not so unjust as is sometimes pretended. The socialist democracy, which appeared so threatening on the other side of the Rhine a few years ago, seems to have lowered its tone and accepts in the political life of the country a rôle which is not one of irreducible opposition. Material prosperity, of which signs abound, has certainly greatly contributed to this bridling of temper.

The success of German manufactures has been due in no slight degree to the intimate relation existing between them and science. The chemical industry sprang from the laboratories of savants like Liebig and Hoffmann and continues to prosper, owing to the unceasing cooperation of the

hundreds of chemists coming from the universities every year; some of these enter into the service of particular manufactures, and the others remain for the most part, even when they follow a purely theoretic and scientific career, in constant communication with the first.

This intimate collaboration of science and industry, which is liberally supported by the government, has given most brilliant results.

It is well known that modern industry has succeeded in separating from coal and tar, dyes, perfumes, saccharin, the most powerful explosives and febrifuges, such as antipyrin, etc. The enumeration of the products to-day obtained from coal would form the table of substances of a course in chemistry, and yet one invention follows another, the country never pauses to limit itself to developing previous discoveries. Chemists no longer have to occupy their minds as formerly with the construction of the material necessary for their labors; for utilizing industrially the products they create in their laboratories, the most highly perfected appliances are at their disposal.

Let us attempt to penetrate one of the vast establishments where these results are obtained and understand its organization. Four principal divisions are observed in the works; three of these are designed for the manufacture of the three principal groups of the dyes extracted from tar. The fourth department is that of antiseptic, antineuralgic, antipyretic medical products, such as antipyrin, thallin, phenacetin, etc.

The center to which these four groups are attached is the very heart of the works. Here are prepared the numerous intermediate products which are drawn from the distillation of coal tar and which serve afterward for the fabrication of the four orders of products just indicated. More than eight hundred patents relative to products of tar were taken out in Germany from 1877 to 1890. The annual production in Europe of derivatives of coal tar represents a value of about \$23,750,000, which is distributed as follows: Germany, \$17,100,000; Switzerland, \$3,040,000; France, \$1,900,000; England, \$1,710,000.



The manufacture of soda in Germany, while less brilliant than that of dyes and chemical products properly speaking, presents none the less the spectacle of a considerable development during twenty-five years.

Metallurgy and the working of minerals is one of the most powerful industries of Germany. Though of long standing it has realized considerable progress in recent times. The census of 1895 shows that 458,000 persons were occupied in the works of mines, forges, salinas, and peat-bogs, which figure represents an increase of more than twenty-eight per cent with relation to 1882; 383,000 workmen were employed in metallurgy, or thirty-four per cent more than in 1882.

The iron industry is at this moment very active in Germany. It receives in particular numerous orders for economical railroads, bridges, and the works of machines. The factories that construct electric apparatus are especially busy. It is true that certain manufactures, pipes, for example, have had such a development that they have not yet found markets for their entire production. On the other hand, the middle manufactories to-day buy their iron, steel, and half-manufactured products at prices so high that they have great difficulty to work at a profit. A remedy for this condition is sought in agreements which aim to unify prices, regulate production, and distribute orders for export among all the manufacturers, both small and great. The persons interested have even gone so far as to devise the formation of a union of all the producers of iron and steel, which asks the producers of coal and ore to lend them support by making more unfavorable terms to manufacturers who refuse to enter into the syndicate.

In 1896 Germany exported 1,615,000 tons of iron, or the equivalent of the total French production of both iron and steel.

Among modern industries if there is one which appears full of future and promise it is the one which busies itself with the applications of electricity. The Germans have stepped into line here with remarkable energy. They were wise enough to acquire,

a few years ago, patents of inventions made in other countries and to make a series of applications of them. They have had especially the art of obtaining orders from all parts of the world; these have established the prosperity of their works and permitted them to give a prodigious development to their installations.

It is quite astonishing to see how a certain number of large houses or societies have, without making any essential discovery, profited by foreign discoveries and developed in fifteen years an industry which is to-day cited throughout the world as a model.

According to a list recently published in a German newspaper the companies engaged in electric manufactures in Germany have a total capital stock of \$50,730,000. The General Society of Electricity alone employed according to its last report 6,711 men. It constructed in one year more than 4,000 dynamos and electromotors having a power of fifty million volts. Its manufacture of lamps exceeded by 600,000 that of the preceding report. It had thirty-four tramways, representing three hundred and thirty-three miles in operation or in process of construction. Its influence has been extended as far as Buenos Ayres and Chili. The other electric companies are equally active.

A battalion of engineers is in the service of a central authority, full of zeal, on the watch for orders at home and abroad, not waiting for them but going to solicit them, inviting municipalities to transform their ancient systems of lighting and transportation. This multiplicity of transactions has most happy consequences for the societies: their force of employees is constantly occupied, its experience increases each year, and the fame of the enterprise is extended to the whole world.

Before concluding this study we think it will be interesting to consider German industry in its relations to one of its principal foreign buyers, the United States of America. An occasion altogether natural for doing this is offered since the American tariff of 1897, called the Dingley Tariff, has in many points modified and sometimes quite upset the rights of importation as they previously

existed. A German paper which possesses high authority in economic matters, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has devoted itself to an inquiry in order to state the probable effects of this new legislation. The following are the principal results of its investigation:

The Barmen district does not expect an essential modification of its exportation of articles of fashion, in particular of machine-made laces; that of buttons diminished long since to a point from which it can fall no lower. The same is true of the cloth mills of Lennep and Hückeswagen, which had already seen their exports reduced to almost nothing by the McKinley Tariff of 1890. The manufactures of iron at Remscheid and of cutlery at Solingen are very much affected.

The silks of Crefeld will suffer severely from the increase of duties, which are raised from ten to fifteen per cent; cheap silks will be particularly affected. The wool textures of Gera are in the same predicament; the low-priced fabrics will see their American exportation diminish. By way of compensation their markets in the far East are opening up every day. The printed stuffs of Gladbach are not touched by the new tariff, but American rivalry will probably diminish their sale. The cottons of Saxony will suffer little with the exception of cheap stockings, of which the production has greatly fallen off since 1890. The stocking manufacturers of Chemnitz would think of establishing factories in the United States if they were convinced that the new tariff would remain long in force. The lace and curtain manufacturers of Plauen do not consider themselves threatened. But only the superior qualities of the silk ribbons made in the Rhine countries will still penetrate America.

On the contrary, the exportation of looms seems on the increase, though it will by counteraction reduce little by little the exportation of German fabrics, since the American production will grow larger. The fine cloths that have been made for centuries in Saxony have not yet found their rivals on the other side of the ocean. Silesian glove manufacture, already much tried, will be more so, as will Silesian flax manufacture.

As for threads, the tariff is prohibitive. The manufacturers of Mulhouse are greatly menaced, notably for their printed stuffs, and this is much graver for them, as Italian and Spanish rivalry is in the way of development, as Russia has raised her import duties, and as South America, constantly disturbed, is an uncertain patron; only Australia seems to have sent lately rather important orders.

Chemical and pharmaceutic products, essential oils, preparations for the use of laboratories, of which certain ones reach a value of three or four hundred dollars per pound, continue to be demanded by the Americans, who have not as yet either workmen or chemists sufficiently skilled for these delicate manufactures. Porcelains, toys, lithographic stones, furniture stuffs, table covers are strongly taxed. Certain wool fabrics are taxed with a duty double the previous one. Surgical instruments, chromolithographs, automatic musical instruments, of which the manufacture is developed on an enormous scale at Leipsic, where it occupies twenty-six works and thousands of workmen, are taxed very heavily.

Hops have a duty of twelve cents per pound instead of eight. The glass-makers of Fürth will no longer be able to export plate glass. Electric light carbons are taxed fifteen per cent of their value. Books pay forty-eight per cent; it is thought that it will be necessary to establish printing houses in America if this market is not to be lost altogether.

After having thus passed in review the industries which export their products to the United States the author of the study we have just summarized rightly concludes that too sudden changes in customs legislation are rather of a nature to injure the manufacturers of exporting countries and burden home consumers than to encourage and develop American national industry. On the whole, moreover, German industry, at the price of certain sacrifices, seems to maintain in great part its exportations. For the products to which the Dingley Tariff closes the door it is seeking and will find other markets which will compensate for those of which it is deprived. Many

men of judgment declare themselves opposed to a policy of retaliation toward the United States, on one hand because it does not seem that the Dingley Tariff is destined to last, and on the other because the majority of American exports are of such a nature that those who would wish to deal them a blow would injure themselves more than the Americans.

The necessity Germany finds of selling beyond the frontiers a part of what is produced upon national territory disturbs a certain school who deplore the evolution by virtue of which Germany becomes more manufacturing than agricultural and depends on foreign countries for a part of its food, in exchange for which it despatches machines, rails, fabrics, clothing, in a word, the products of its manufactures.

It does not seem to us that Germany more than any other civilized state placed in comparable conditions ought to be disturbed by an industrial expansion which is the law of modern progress.

Far from being of those who consider the prosperity of agriculture the corner-stone of the social edifice, we see only advantages in industrial development, which does not seem to us in any way incompatible with the prosperity of societies, and we do not conceal the feeling of envy awakened in us by the sight of the innumerable factories and works of so many German regions. Iron, steel, and textures are scarcely less indispensable to man than bread; the community which produces them in abundance is not inferior to that which buys them. The economic ideal of a people is to be like the United States, a purveyor to the rest of the world for cereals, petroleum, cotton, and metals, and a producer of most of the manufactured articles it needs. But nations less favored by nature may yet find in a just equilibrium between the two orders of production, agricultural and manufacturing, the means of assuring themselves a prosperous existence. That is the spectacle contemporary Germany offers to the eyes of every impartial observer.

## ECONOMIC POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY PROF. JOHN W. PERRIN, PH.D.

OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

THE question of slavery was dominant in American politics for forty years prior to the Civil War. Indeed, it is, as it were, the backbone of the whole of our political history from 1789 till 1860. A general history of the United States failing to recognize and emphasize the supremacy of this question is, as the historian Von Holst well has said, "like the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

The importance of this question as a political issue is illustrated in the mere mention of its influence on some of the most important events of our history. It was a subject of debate in the Convention of 1787, and was the reason of two of the three great compromises that became a part of the Constitution. Territorial expansion can be understood only in the light of the history of slavery. Slavery, too, was the

reason of the state sovereignty theory of John C. Calhoun. For before Calhoun was a particularist in politics he had been a nationalist championing a protective tariff, and favoring the second United States Bank and appropriations by the national government for internal improvements. When he saw that the system of labor in vogue in the South prevented the success of manufactures, he discovered that protective tariffs were unconstitutional, and set himself to spinning his theories of state sovereignty and nullification to bolster up slavery.

It was slavery, too, that caused the "bloody warfare" in Kansas, the brutal assault on Charles Sumner by Preston Brooks, and brought John Brown to the gallows. Opposition to its extension in the territories was the main tenet in the creed

of that political party that was organized in the fifties and won the national election of 1860. The persistence with which Abraham Lincoln advocated this tenet in the great debate with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858 made him the presidential nominee of that successful party.

The politics of the years that immediately followed the war was concerned mainly with reconstruction. One of the two great questions in the campaign of 1868 was whether the congressional or presidential plans of reconstruction should be followed. In these years we hear much of "carpet-bagger" and "carpet-bag government," of the "Ku-Klux Klan," the intimidation of voters, and the use of the federal troops at the polls. Indeed, the "southern question," as it was called, was an influential factor in determining the results of national campaigns down to the Garfield election. In that year a law was passed forbidding the use of federal troops at elections; then this question lost its prominence, though it still played some part in the election of 1884.

By 1880, too, most of the men who had directed national affairs in war-time and effected the legislation of the reconstruction era had passed away. The old questions had been practically settled, and new ones representative of new conditions were demanding solution. The years that followed the war witnessed a most remarkable industrial development. Indeed, the war had accomplished an industrial revolution that was of as much import as that which had occurred in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth. In 1850 our industrial center was at Mifflintown, Pa.; forty years later it had moved to about eight and a half miles from Canton, Ohio. The total mileage of our railroads in 1860 was but 30,626; in 1893 it had increased 177,753. The completion of the Pacific Railroad in 1869 had opened up for settlement that great central part of the country which before the war was virtually a wilderness. Immigration was largely increased. Cities and towns sprang

up as by magic, and soon this territory was converted into thriving states. There was a most wonderful invention of labor-saving machinery, and the capital invested in mechanical and manufacturing industries increased from something more than one billion of dollars in 1860 to about six and a half times as much in 1890. This remarkable development was accompanied by economic problems that have made the politics of the new time economic.

I have said the politics of the new time is economic. The more important of the questions that have arisen are the reduction of the tariff, the coinage of silver, the control of corporations, and the labor question. These and other questions have confused party lines, and the platforms of the two great parties on some of these issues have been strangely alike. Upon that most familiar subject of debate, the tariff, party utterances have been influenced in part by the traditional policies of Whigs and Democrats of the old *régime*. Ever since the organization of the National Republican party in the administration of John Quincy Adams the tariff has been more or less an issue in politics. The doctrine of protection was inherited from the National Republicans by the Whigs. Its champion was Henry Clay, who twice led his party to defeat, once in 1832 and again in 1844.

In the new time the Republican party, inheriting the doctrine from the old Whigs, put it into practice to an unprecedented extent in the legislation of the war. The extraordinary growth of manufactures to which I have called attention has been attributed by the Republicans to their tariff policy. An influential minority of the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania was so much influenced by this argument as to forget the traditional policy of the party and favor protection. The advocates of tariff reform, however, succeeded in effecting slight reductions in 1872; but these were nearly all replaced three years later. Another reduction was made during the session of 1882 and 1883. This was done in accordance with a report by a tariff com-

mission that had been appointed to travel through the country and investigate the effect of the tariff upon industry.

Through these years the tariff was hardly a party question. In fact it did not become such until the death of Mr. Randall; then the influence of the protection wing of the Democracy in the councils of the party was broken. But what was probably of greater importance in forcing this question into national politics was the message of Mr. Cleveland to Congress in 1887. Since the war our national policy has been to limit the income without lowering protective duties. In Mr. Cleveland's message he opposed this policy and explicitly declared for tariff reform and committed his party to its old doctrines. The Republicans were not slow in seeing the advantage and seizing it. In their platform of that year they agreed with the Democrats that some measure was needed to lessen the revenue, but opposed a reduction of the tariff. Instead of this they favored the removal of the remaining internal taxes. This was the main issue that divided the parties in 1888.

The election resulted in the choice of General Harrison as president. Two years later the McKinley Tariff Act was passed. This enlarged the free list and at the same time raised rates considerably. The duty was removed from raw sugar, and in its place a bounty was given for the production of sugar in the United States. The tariff was again an issue in 1892. The candidates were once more General Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. The existence of numerous and powerful trusts complicated the revenue question of this campaign. The trust system had its beginning about 1876, and now controlled nearly every great enterprise in the land. Journals of both parties bitterly attacked the system. The Democrats maintained that it was fostered by our high tariff, and they endeavored to arouse the opposition to it to gain votes for tariff reform. Mr. Cleveland was elected. The Democrats controlling the Senate passed in 1894 the Wilson Tariff Act. This greatly reduced duties, and placed lumber,

wool, and salt on the free list. The sugar bounty was abolished and that commodity once more taxed. There was one more revenue provision in this act. It was the income tax, which proved very unpopular and later was declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

The question of protection was almost lost sight of in the last campaign. It had but incidental consideration, even though the champion of protective duties, Governor McKinley, was the nominee of the Republican party. Now party lines were drawn upon the silver question, and the theory of money was presented to the people in public debate and through the press as no other economic question ever has been, unless it be the tariff. This question has wrought greater confusion in party lines since 1870 than any other. By the act of July 14, 1870, the bonds of the United States were to be paid in coin. An act of February 12, 1873, demonetized silver and made gold the only specie of the country except for subsidiary coins. The public debt by this act would be payable in gold alone. Of course the silver mining interests of the West suffered by this legislation. The agricultural and mining regions of the West and the South looked upon gold as "dear money," and demanded the coinage of silver. In the same regions, too, the idea prevailed that the act of 1873 was a fraudulent effort to pay bondholders more than they were entitled to by law. The demand for the coinage of silver became so great that both parties yielded; and in the first year of Hayes' administration Congress passed the Bland-Allison Act. This gave the silver dollar a legal tender value in the payment of all public and private debts. By this bill, too, it was provided that no less than two nor more than four million silver dollars should be coined per month. The bill was promptly vetoed by the president because of the depreciated value of silver. Congress, however, passed it over his veto by heavy majorities.

Since the passage of the Bland-Allison Act three unsuccessful attempts have been made in the House to pass a free coinage



bill. The first was April 8, 1886, the second, June 25, 1890, and the third, March 24, 1892. In the summer of 1890 the silver men obtained a majority of votes in the Senate. Consequently that body was enabled to pass a Free Coinage Act. This was done June 17, 1892. The House of Representatives, however, refused to concur. Then a conference committee was appointed which reported the so-called Sherman Bill. This bill became a law July 14. Its principle was that of the Bland-Allison Act. It required the secretary of the treasury to buy 4,500,000 ounces of bullion each month at the market value, which was to be paid for with treasury notes redeemable in coin, silver or gold, at the discretion of the secretary. The next year saw the largest exportation of gold in our history. More than seventy millions of dollars, most all of which was taken out of the treasury, were exported within six months. The year 1892 passed with little trouble. But at the beginning of 1893 a very uneasy feeling prevailed and soon there was a renewal of gold exportation on a large scale. In March of this year the Democrats had again come into power. Mr. Carlisle, the new secretary of the treasury, was apparently in doubt as to whether the one hundred million of gold that had been accumulated in 1877 and 1878 for the redemption of greenbacks could be legally used for any other purpose. The excess in the treasury over this amount was now very small and day by day was becoming less. The panic of this year brought matters to a crisis. In August the president convened Congress in special session, and the "purchasing clause" of the Sherman Act was repealed. Almost immediately a better condition prevailed.

But monetary questions in American politics have not been confined to the coinage of silver. Since 1865 voters of all parties, particularly in the West and South, have been disposed to favor the inflation of the currency as a panacea for all social evils. It is not difficult to determine the reason for this. Prior to the Civil War agriculture was carried on in the western

states and territories under the greatest of disadvantages. The great cost of transporting grain to a market left the farmers little if any profit. When the war began the government became a heavy customer of these farmers. Now a market was given them near their homes. As a result agriculture prospered and in a very short time the farmers were able to pay off the mortgages on their farms. These mortgages were due originally in gold, but the farmers paid them off in paper money that had depreciated fifty or sixty per cent. When the war closed this market ceased. Then the farmers "attributed their prosperity to the inflation of the currency by the introduction of greenbacks and demanded that more of them be issued." There is also another reason why they favored the greenbacks. Being convinced that the bankers of the East had made "a hard bargain with the government in the hour of its greatest need," they thought these bankers would be well paid for the bonds they had bought with greenbacks worth from thirty-eight to seventy-five cents on the dollar, if the bonds were redeemed in the same kind of money at par. Moreover, the bankers were looked upon as having influenced Congress in bringing about the legislation that made their bonds payable in coin. Nor was there any doubt in their minds that silver had been demonetized in 1873 at the instigation of these same bankers for the most sordid purposes.

The greenback question had gone into politics as early as 1868. In the campaign of that year the proposition to pay that part of the national debt that was not specifically made payable in coin was one of the issues. This was known as the "Ohio idea." Its leading advocate was George H. Pendleton, who was urged strongly as the Democratic nominee for president. The "Ohio idea" ceased to be reiterated after a little time, and when the coalition of the Democratic and the Liberal Republican parties was effected in the Greeley campaign it disappeared from politics. But the greenback feeling was revived when the Specie Resumption Act of January 14, 1875, was

passed. "This committed the government and people to the payment of all debts in specie in 1879." The proposal of this measure led to a greenback convention at Indianapolis in 1874. The convention adjourned when it had indorsed the three propositions which have since been fundamental in all greenback platforms: (1) the withdrawal of national and state bank currency from circulation; (2) the use of paper currency only, which was to be based "on the faith and resources of the nation" and might be exchanged on demand for interest-bearing bonds; and (3) that coin should be paid only "for interest on the present national debt and for that portion of the principal for which coin was specifically promised."

The adoption of these propositions by various Democratic state conventions checked for the time the growth of the Greenback party; but the probability that the National Democratic party would nominate Governor Samuel J. Tilden of New York, who opposed the "Ohio idea," for the presidency in 1876 revived it. The nomination of Mr. Tilden led to a national convention of the Independent party, which was its formal name, at Indianapolis, May 17, 1876. The convention nominated Peter Cooper of New York for president and Newton Booth of California for vice-president. But the latter declined; then Samuel F. Cary of Ohio was chosen in his place.

Labor problems have been a feature of our state politics for a long time. Naturally they led to the organization of workingmen's parties; but prior to the great railroad riots in 1877 these had only local importance, their greatest vote being less than two hundred thousand. A national organization was effected and the party united with the Greenback party February 22, 1878. In the election of this year the united party polled more than a million votes.

For some years following the national organization of the Labor party, the feeling of antagonism that had existed between the laboring and capitalistic classes was intensified. There was a greater demand for the control of corporations, and particularly the great interstate railroads. For nearly a decade of years after the great strike of 1877 there was almost continual trouble between wage-earners and employers in manufacturing districts. Communistic and anarchistic doctrines were inculcated by desperate agitators. A better condition began to prevail, however, after the execution of the Haymarket rioters in Chicago and the punishment of agitators in other cities. In these years moderation and good sense characterized the public utterances of the officials of the labor organizations. Finally President Cleveland recommended to Congress in his message of 1886 that a permanent commission be organized for the arbitration of all controversies between labor and capital. At this session Congress passed the Interstate Commerce Act. This law prohibited discrimination in rates and the pooling of freights by competing railroads, or the division among them of earnings. To enforce these provisions, the law created a commission of five members. In a little time this commission became a most important tribunal. It has corrected abuses and firmly administered the law.

These economic questions that have become national issues in our politics will be settled definitively only when they are considered by our people in their purely economic aspects. Partisan bias always disposes of political questions of whatever sort for party advantage. The good sense and conservatism of the American people can be depended upon to solve these questions to the advantage of our further economic development.

*(End of Required Reading for May.)*

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.  
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY ELSEY HAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW LADY BREVARD.

OLD Sir Max was dead and buried. The young baronet and the pale-faced lady that he had brought from America as the new mistress of the manor had sat side by side in the great family coach and followed the hearse together, as chief mourners at the funeral, but as soon as they had alighted on their return from the church they had gone their separate ways without a word, my lady to her chamber, the young baronet to his study. Old Minton, the butler, shook his head as he closed the door after them.

"I don't like the looks of things," he muttered, following Mrs. Kingsberry, the housekeeper, into the servants' hall. "That ain't the way for a new married pair to behave when they're happy."

"There's something wrong, sure," assented Mrs. Kingsberry, "for I've never seen them together since he brought her home two weeks ago, except when they couldn't help themselves. I don't set much store by these American matches, no way," she continued, in an oracular tone; "all they care for is the title."

"There's not like to be much else to care for, if all they say down yonder in the village be true," replied the butler. "Lady Sarah kept things together som'mat, as long as she lived, but since her death old Sir Max has weeded a wide row, and they say the debts will swallow up the estate ten times over. It's hard," he added in a despondent tone, "for them as has been in the service of a family all their lives, and their fathers before them, to have to go out and hunt up a new place in their old age."

"Yes, that's wot I say," cried Thomas, the groom, who had entered with one of the housemaids while the old man was speaking. "The gentry 'as no right to

throw away their money on women an' 'osses an' leave them wot's been a-servin' 'em hall their lives to drink thin beer hat last. Hemployers howes a duty to their hemployees——"

"Now, Thomas, Thomas," interrupted old Minton reproachfully, "you've been talking politics again with them Radicals at the Red Lion and listening to the new lecturer from Lun'non."

"I didn't 'ave to go to the Red Lion to 'ear that," said Thomas, looking mysterious; "it come from nearer 'ome," and he nodded significantly in the direction of Lady Brevard's apartments.

"What, you don't mean her, young Sir Max's wifel!" cried his hearers in a chorus.

"When did you ever hear her say the like o' that?" added old Minton indignantly.

"You know the long walks she's so fond o' takin' all by 'erself," answered Thomas, with the air of one who feels that he has a monopoly of an important bit of news; "well, this mornin' hearly, as I was a-rubbin' down Prince Charlie and Lady Jane, she 'appened to come along by the stables. I didn't see 'er at first, for I was a-thinkin' about hall I 'ad 'eard over in the village of old Sir Max's debts and the sale there was like to be, an' a-talkin' it over with them 'osses, which they understands just like they was 'uman. An' it made me feel down-'earted to think o' partin' with 'em, an' me as 'ad tended 'em ever since they was foaled, an' I said to Prince as I was a-combin' 'is mane, says I, 'It ain't many more dressin's you'll get from my 'and, old boy; we've 'ad many a fine turn together, but now we'll 'ave to part company, I mind.' An' that there 'oss, 'e put 'is nose on my shoulder an' whinnied just as if 'e knowed every word I said, an' then I 'eard my lady's voice right behind me, haskin', as soft an' gentle as could be,

"'Wot's that you're sayin', Thomas? You ain't goin' to leave us, are you?'"

"'Not of my own will, my lady,' says I, 'but when the 'osses is sold, there won't be no need for a groom.'"

"'Sell the 'osses! Why, wot do you mean, Thomas?' says she.

"'An' then, I don't know 'ow it 'appened, but one thing led to another, an' a'most before I knowed wot I was a-doin', I tells 'er of all the talk about old Sir Max, an' 'ow the hestate is ruined an' young Sir Max will 'ave to sell off heverything, heven to the land.'"

"'And how did she take it, Thomas?'" inquired Mrs. Kingsberry, with eager curiosity.

"'Why, 'er face brightened up all of a sudden, as if she was glad,'" replied Thomas, "'an' it fretted me to think of a furriner comin' hover 'ere an' rejoicin' in the downfall of a fine old Hinglish family—the best in the county—an' 'er married into it, too, an' so I says, says I, 'But of course hall this is nothin' to your ladyship; the gentry can always take care o' themselves; it's only us poor folk as'll 'ave to suffer, if we can't find another sitiuation, an' nobody minds about us.'"

"'Then she stepped up an' laid 'er 'and on my harm, an' said as gentle as if she 'ad been talkin' to a young colt: 'Don't say that, Thomas; I dare say some way can be found to remedy the hevils you speak of, an' at all hevents, I will hanswer for it that my 'usband will never cast off 'is old servants hunprovided for. Hemployers howes a duty to their hemployees,' them was 'er very words, 'which hevery just man must recognize, an' you may rest hassured that, whatever may 'appen, Sir Max will see to it that his people do not suffer.'"

"'An' I saw the tears come into 'er eyes,'" continued Thomas, "'as she turned away an' walked back toward the 'ouse, an' I felt ashamed o' myself that I 'ad spoke so gruff to so sweet-mannered a lady. I can't think now that she's a woman to 'ate 'er 'usband nor give 'im cause to complain, no matter wot 'appens; I don't know wot to make of 'er.'"

"'Suppose she should turn out to be another Lady Flora?'" suggested old Minton, with a beam of satisfaction.

"'Lady Flora? Who was she?'" asked the pretty housemaid, a newcomer, and not so well versed in the family history as the rest of them.

"'Why, haven't you never heard,'" said old Minton, glad to offset the interest Thomas had awakened by a display of his own antiquarian lore, "'how it happened that the oldest son of the family is always called Maxwell? It was in old Sir Max's great-great-grandfather's time. The Brevard's was always a wild lot, and he had lived at such a galloping pace that he left the estate in as bad a plight as old Sir Max has done, but the young baronet of that day had the good luck to marry the great Scottish heiress, Flora, daughter of John Maxwell, a merchant of Glasgow. He had ships running to all parts of the world, and made his money in trade, but it saved the Brevards from ruin just as surely as if it had been honorably won with fire and sword by their own ancestors, like Beech Haven Manor. Some say that old Mr. Maxwell had it put in the marriage contract that the oldest son of the family should always be christened by the name of Maxwell; some, that the lady was very handsome, and so won the love and admiration of her husband that he put it in his will that the heir should always be called by the family name of the Maxwells. Howsomever it may be, the eldest son, from that day to this, has always been named Maxwell, though they call 'em mostly Max, for short.'"

"'Well, I hope the new lady may bring some of Lady Flora's good fortune to her husband,'" said Mrs. Kingsberry, taking up her bunch of keys and giving it a premonitory jingle before leaving the room, "'for she has none of her good looks. I'm sure I can't see whatever young Sir Max married her for.'"

"'Lor, Mrs. Kingsberry, how can you say that,'" cried the pretty housemaid, "'when she is so kind and thoughtful of us all? I don't see how anybody can help loving her.'"

"Yes," assented old Minton, "she is as kind and fair-spoken a lady as ever I knew, and though she is an American, I can't see but she is as real a lady as any that ever set foot in Beech Haven."

"That's all true," Mrs. Kingsberry admitted, "and such a way as she has with sick people, I never saw except among those trained nurses from the 'ospitale. Old Sir Max, as we all know, took such a liking to her that he wouldn't hardly let her leave his bedside long enough to eat and sleep. But for all that, young gentlemen ain't given to falling in love with plain-faced young women for being kind to servants and sick folk, and no more is our young Sir Max, as he showed plain enough the day his father died. You know them two did love each other, in spite of old Sir Max's failings, and when his father had breathed his last the son threw himself on his knees by the bed and began to sob like a child. Then I saw the tears come into my lady's eyes, and such a look of love and pity as she fixed on him I never saw in any human face before. I could see there was some great struggle going on in her mind, and at last she went up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder very softly, as if she was half afraid. And you should have seen Sir Max then! As soon as he felt her touch he started up as if a snake had bit him, and said in such a stiff, cold voice that it must have froze the very marrow in her bones,

"You must be greatly fatigued, Mrs. Brevard, and as there is no further need for your presence here, Mrs. Kingsberry can show you to your room."

"Her face turned white as ashes, and she went away without a word, but yet," continued the housekeeper, "there was something in her look that makes me feel sure she loves him with all her heart, and whatever is wrong between them is on his side."

"I can't understand it," repeated the old butler sadly. "Briggs says he was so set upon having her that he kept writing to her till he persuaded her to meet him in New York and come to England with him,

though he had never seen her but once in his life before he came to marry her, and that only for a few hours, at the time of that railroad accident in Canada, when he came so near being killed. This American family was on the same train, and he fell desperately in love with one of the sisters, but he had no sooner got her than he seemed to have changed his mind."

"It's just as I've always said," moralized Mrs. Kingsberry, "'marry in haste and repent at leisure.' You may depend upon it he found something wrong about her after it was too late to mend matters; most likely he was deceived about her fortune," and with this sage conjecture she rose and left the room.

Meanwhile the subject of these speculations, on returning from the funeral, had laid aside her wraps, with the hideous veil that custom has prescribed as the proper emblem of grief, and opening one of her trunks, took from it a packet of legal papers and spreading them on the table before her, sat down to think.

"Yes, I'll do it," she said to herself at last, rising and pacing slowly up and down the room. "I have no right to hold it back from him just for fear of another repulse; it is lawfully his, and I owe him that much, anyway, in compensation for the cruel fatality that has made me his wife. If I cannot win his love I may at least deserve his gratitude, and while he never sought me for my money—thank heaven for that, at least—yet now in his sore need he may perchance even regard my fortune as some compensation for having married me."

Here she suddenly paused and covered her face with her hands. Had she then fallen so low in her craving for this man's love that she would fain purchase his tolerance with gold? She bowed her head, self-condemned at the thought, for she could not deny that it was even so.

## CHAPTER II.

### LEAH.

THE day after the funeral the young baronet closeted himself in his study with his cousin and lifelong friend, Lord Aber-



foyle, whom he had sent for out of Scotland to come and help him unravel the tangled web of his father's affairs.

The deeper they went the worse they found the situation to be. The young man looked anxious and preoccupied, but it was clear his dejection did not proceed from the business in hand, as he pushed aside the great stack of documents he had been examining and said to his companion with a sigh of relief:

"It's no use going any further, Ab; the governor never did anything by halves, and, upon my word, he has made a clean sweep of it this time. There's nothing left but for me to roll up my sleeves and go to work like any other honest man."

He rose as he spoke and went and stood by the fire with one arm resting on the mantel-piece. He was a goodly object to contemplate as he stood there with all his perfections fully revealed in the firelight, a tall, fair-haired young giant, beautiful of face and strong of limb, who needed but helmet and battle-axe to make you fancy him some god-born hero of Scandinavian song—an Olaf or a Sigurd come back to fight his earthly battles over. It is true there was a look of sadness in the dark gray eyes that did not seem natural to them, yet in no wise detracted from their beauty.

Lord Aberfoyle eyed him a moment with a look of anxious perplexity.

"If this were a matter of a few hundred, or even a few thousand pounds, Max," he said thoughtfully, "I might do something to help you out of the hole you are in, but a coronet is a paltry thing when weighed in the balance against a city banker's millions, and as that fellow Mungo seems to have made up his mind to have the estate, I can see no way out of it, unless—"

He paused and eyed Max again, dubiously, half afraid to proceed with what he wished to say. The truth is, it had been a matter of no little surprise to him that in all their discussions as to ways and means no allusion had ever been made to Lady Brevard's dowry. He knew that the marriage of an American with a titled foreigner generally meant money—for the foreigner, and

as he could see nothing in the pale face and fragile form of the new mistress of Beech Haven to suggest the idea of a love match, the only natural conclusion seemed to be that Max had married for money.

"Well, unless what?" asked Max, observing his cousin's hesitation, and impatient to get all these tiresome pros and cons disposed of.

Lord Aberfoyle saw that he was in for it, and blundered on:

"Unless—ahem—that is—I was thinking, ahem—that if your wife should happen to have a fortune, don't you know—"

The face of the young man became on a sudden almost livid, and he replied in a hard, cynical tone that made Lord Aberfoyle regret having made the suggestion:

"I never inquired into that; I made a love match, you know."

An awkward silence followed, which was broken by Lord Aberfoyle rising and laying his hand on his cousin's shoulder, while he said in a voice of almost womanly tenderness:

"Max, there is something wrong here; I have felt it ever since I came into the house. Remember, my boy, we have been friends and confidants from childhood; I never had a secret from you in my life, and if I can be of any service to you in the trouble that I can't help seeing you are in—"

"Oh, Ab! Ab!" cried the young baronet, bending his head till he buried his face in the arm that rested on the mantel, "if you only knew what a cursed dupe I have been."

"I can see that there has been a frightful mistake somewhere," answered Lord Aberfoyle gravely. "Lady Brevard is evidently not the peerless Diana Valverde whose beauty and cleverness you used to rave about so in your letters from America last summer."

"Hush!" cried Max with a shudder. "Her name wasn't Diana at all; she was Etta, the other sister, and I didn't know till I went to be married that I had been addressing my letters to the wrong girl all the time."

"Max!" cried Lord Aberfoyle, starting

back in horror, "how on earth could such a thing have happened?"

"It was the most diabolical trick of fortune, the most cleverly woven tragedy of errors ever devised by a cursed fate to lure a man to his undoing," said Max, raising his head and speaking with the energy of despair.

"But how could a woman deceive you so?" cried Lord Aberfoyle indignantly. "I wouldn't stand it. I'd get a divorce; by Jove, the law would give you one."

"Slow up a little, old fellow," said Max, trying to assume a natural tone; "she was as much deceived as I was; it is but justice to admit that."

"But I don't see how such a thing was possible," protested Lord Aberfoyle; "there must have been some design."

Max shook his head. "It all began, as I wrote you," he answered, "with that railroad accident on the Metapediac, when I was traveling through the Provinces with my American friend, Phil Trevethick, and met the old gentleman from the States, with his two daughters, who were so kind to us. We boarded the train at night after everybody was in bed, and about an hour later were introduced to our fellow passengers by being all spilled out of our berths together, when the sleeper turned over. I was pretty badly knocked up at first, so that I didn't know much about what was going on, till I waked in the morning and found myself lying on the ground under a clump of hemlocks, with the most beautiful creature ever seen outside a poet's dream sitting by my side. I could hardly believe my own dazzled senses, and rubbed my eyes to see if I really was awake. She thought I wanted to wipe my face, and handed me the daintiest bit of cambric you ever saw, with the name 'Diana Valverde' embroidered in one corner. Of course I concluded that this was the name of my houri, for how was I to know that through some cursed device of fortune, as if contrived on purpose to deceive me, she should, on that day of all the three hundred and sixty-five, have gotten hold of one of her sister's handkerchiefs by mistake? And even if I had suspected such to be the

case, my evil genius was ready with another piece of chicanery to confirm me in my error. Before opening my eyes, I had felt the touch of gentle fingers lingering on my forehead and temples, tending my wounds with a hand so soft and skilful as to make it almost a luxury to have a broken head, or even a broken neck for the matter of that, and what more natural, when I did feel strong enough to open my eyes and look about me, than that I should attribute these gentle ministrations to the fair creature at my side? There was no guardian genius to warn me that it was the real Diana who had dressed my wounds and then left this angel of light to watch over me while she went away to relieve the sufferings of others who had been injured. It was a wild place, where medical aid was slow in reaching us, and you know, from her attentions to my father and the way he clung to her in his last hours, what a wonderful way she has with the sick and suffering. But I didn't even know of her existence then, and would to heaven I had never been any wiser!"

"Well, but did these sisters never call each other by name," asked Lord Aberfoyle, "so that you might have learned to docket them correctly?"

"Yes, they did," answered Max, "and now you shall hear how cleverly my evil genius turned even this source of knowledge into a stratagem to deceive me. When the relief trains arrived and my new friends came to take leave of me, Mr. Valverde was kind enough to request that I would write as soon as I was able and let them know how my recovery was progressing. Like a fool, I ran right into the trap that fortune had set for me, and glancing at my beautiful Etta—for that was her real name, as I learned too late—replied that I supposed it would be in order for me to give the first account of myself to the gentle physician whose hands were the first to bind up my wounds.

"That's just as Di chooses," replied the old gentleman, thinking I alluded to the real Diana, and he added some jesting remark about army men being always ready with a pretext for claiming the attention of the ladies.

"Then the other sister, Etta, the beautiful Diana of my dreams, put in with a laugh, "And Di will have to admit the claim, out of pure philanthropy, you know."

"I mistook her 'and Di' for 'and I'; the signal for departure was given before the real Diana had a chance to speak, but she gave me a smiling adieu, and thus the second link in my chain of errors was forged.

"But my tricky fortune was not yet satisfied. She must rivet the chain she had forged past all possibility of breaking, and so, when I was able to get up, I found among my effects, with which it had no doubt got mixed up by some oversight in the confusion of the wreck, a little note-book in Russian leather, with that fatal name, 'Diana Valverde,' on the fly leaf. And lying right there on the open page, as if on purpose to lure me to my doom, was an exquisitely colored photograph of my beautiful Etta. I kept the picture and sent the book back to its owner, with a playful little note confessing the theft, and begging that I might not be called to a too strict account. She answered in the same strain, and thus a correspondence was begun, which ended, before either of us well knew what we were doing, in an exchange of the most ardent love letters. I hardly know whether I was really in earnest at first, but she wrote so charmingly and her letters were full of such passionate love—"

"Whose letters?" asked Lord Aberfoyle, scarcely able to suppress a smile as he saw how unconsciously Max was confusing the personality of the two sisters.

"Pah!" cried Max, in a tone of disgust, as the realization of his error was thus forced upon him, "it sickens me to think of them now; but then, even if I had not had the image of that matchless beauty constantly before my eyes, I should certainly have fallen in love with the writer of those letters.

"In the meantime, my friend Trevethick had been captivated by the same charms that have proved so fatal to me, and making his court in person, which my engagements in the army prevented my doing, he wooed and won the prize while my fool heart was feed-

ing on passionate words of love from a woman—bah! I could tolerate her better if I didn't know that she loved me so. She can't always conceal it even yet, and when you loathe a woman the knowledge that she loves you makes her presence unbearable."

"Loathe is too strong a word, Max," interposed his cousin, a little reprovingly. "But go on," he continued, eager to hear the end; "how on earth did it happen that you never discovered this mistake in time to correct it—yes, at the very altar, if need be?"

"That is one of the strangest things about the whole miserable business," answered Max, "but so it is; neither of us ever happened, by any accident, to stumble upon the slightest allusion that tended to open our eyes. And when you consider the shortness of our personal intercourse, extending over only a few hours, and the paucity of common experiences it offered, you could hardly expect that it should have been otherwise. And I never saw her again until I went to be married!"

"There is where you made a fatal mistake," said Lord Aberfoyle gravely. "Marriage is too serious a thing to be entered upon in that haphazard fashion."

"Yes, I know I was a fool," said Max contritely, "but not quite such an egregious one as circumstances would seem to indicate. It had been arranged that I should attend Trevethick's wedding and take advantage of the occasion to become better acquainted with my *fiancée*, and make formal provision for my own marriage, Mr. Valverde having, in the meantime, satisfied himself as to my 'antecedents,' as they say in America, and given his consent to my union with his daughter. If this plan had been carried out I might have been saved from the mistake of my life, but you know what happened; the sudden summons to my father's bedside; my hurried departure for England; the business complications attending the resignation of my commission in the army, and preparations for an indefinite absence; the long journey from Manitoba, where my regiment was stationed. It was all I could do, in short, to reach New York by the

time the vessel on which I had engaged passage was to sail. But I was so infatuated that I couldn't think of putting the ocean between me and the woman I loved, God only knows how dearly, so I persuaded her to meet me in New York, be married there, and cross the ocean with me. I reached the city just two hours before our steamer was to sail and went straight to the Waldorf, where she was waiting for me with her father and her aunt. I was ushered right into the private parlor that had been engaged for the occasion; the priest was in readiness, and the bride—great God, Ab, imagine my feelings when I saw her! A suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and confused, amazed, despairing, I stood for a moment like one in a horrible nightmare, who can neither move nor speak. My first impulse was to turn and fly, but the dreadful thought that the woman I loved was already the wife of another and lost to me forever came over me like a death-blow, paralyzing every nerve. And then, the homely Leah whom fate had imposed upon me instead of the beautiful Rachel of my choice—she had come here from her distant home, at my entreaty, as my affianced wife; was not something due, even to her? All these thoughts rushed through my mind as quick as a flash of lightning, and stunned, dazed, distracted, helpless as one in a dream, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I suffered the mistake of my life to be consummated, but with a mental reservation that I would never live with this woman as my wife."

"My poor boy," said Lord Aberfoyle, throwing his arm over Max's shoulder, "what a horrible awakening! But you are not the only victim; your wife has suffered even more than you; think of the humiliation of her position; and then—she loves you."

"I know it," said Max, with a gesture of abhorrence, "and but for that I could almost have relented, she looked so crushed and broken when she learned the truth."

"How did you break it to her?" asked Lord Aberfoyle.

"I don't know," answered Max, shaking off his friend's arm and writhing as if in a sort of physical agony at the recollection.

"There was a stormy scene in the stateroom on the boat, and—I am afraid, Ab, I behaved like a cad. I was so beside myself with rage and disappointment that I hardly know what I said or did, but I've an uncomfortable suspicion that I made a beast of myself. I didn't snort and kick and rear up on my hind legs, you know, but I must have said some harsh and biting things."

"And she?" asked Lord Aberfoyle.

"She? Oh, confound the woman," cried Max, taking the poker and giving the fire a vicious punch; "she always forces you to respect her. She hardly said a word, but stood all crushed and bowed together, as motionless as a statue, and as white, her eyes fixed on me with the look you sometimes see in the eyes of a dog when you are beating him. And when I had finished she reminded me that she had been laboring under a delusion as well as I, and offered to give me a divorce, if I wanted it, as soon as we landed. At first I caught eagerly at the idea, but a moment's reflection showed me that it wouldn't do. It would bring me no nearer the woman I loved, whose marriage had placed her out of my reach forever; and then the scandal and the ridicule! for you know, Ab, those fellows in the clubs would laugh when they heard of it."

Lord Aberfoyle was silent. He could but feel that tragic as the situation was to those most nearly concerned, there was at the same time an element of comedy in it that would make it a savory morsel in club-rooms and at West End dinner-tables.

"And she didn't insist, I suppose?" said Lord Aberfoyle at last.

"No," replied Max, "and we agreed to keep up appearances and treat each other civilly before the world, but in our private life to keep rigidly out of each other's way; and you see how we have kept the compact."

"The latter part of it rather better than the first," answered his lordship drily.

"You can understand now," continued Max, not heeding the interruption, "why these financial disasters affect me so little. I confess that under other circumstances the utter ruin that has overtaken me would have been a bitter trial. It is a hard thing

for a man, especially an Englishman, to see his household gods lie scattered and broken around him; to see the home that has sheltered his family for generations pass into the hands of strangers, and the gray-haired dependents who have served him from childhood turned out into the world—ah, that is the bitterest part of all, Ab! Some provision must be made for them, if I have to sell the family portraits to do it. But for myself, aimless and hopeless as the future now appears to me, I can feel no interest in preserving my name and station in the world; I shall be the last of my race; no love of wife and children will ever brighten my hearthstone; the rank and title that I have no longer the means of supporting with dignity shall be laid aside, and my name shall perish with me. There is one grain of comfort in it all," he added, as a relief to this pessimistic outlook. "I shall not have to endure the sight of that woman posing as 'my lady,' and her odious features will not be perpetuated among the family portraits that grace the walls of the long dining-room at Beech Haven."

"Max! Max!" cried Lord Aberfoyle in a tone of friendly remonstrance, "you are letting your passions run away with your reason; you have accustomed yourself to embody your own rage and despair in the person of your wife until you can see in her only the hideous image of your own bitter feelings. You seem to forget that instead of being the vicious author of your sorrows she is an innocent fellow sufferer from a blunder that is really due, after all, to your own headlong passions, and you can be neither just nor reasonable toward her. Now, for my part, while I must admit that Lady Brevard is not a model of beauty, still there is something about her that impresses me favorably. She is unmistakably a lady, and you declared yourself just now—and to show you how unjust you are, you said it with impatience, as if noting a fault—that she always forced you to respect her."

"A man can't reason himself into loving a woman," Max replied a little petulantly, "and the chain that binds me to this one is so galling it almost drives me to despair."

E—May

"And how about her?" asked Lord Aberfoyle quietly.

"She at least had nothing to lose, while I—ah, Ab, if you only knew!"

Max flung himself into a chair by the table and covered his face with his hands in an attitude of the deepest dejection. Lord Aberfoyle regarded him a moment with a look of sorrowful compassion, and then, laying a hand on his shoulder, said slowly:

"I think you are right, Max, in your determination to break away from the traditions in which you have been reared and go back to America, for a time at any rate. Work is the best thing, the only thing, for a man in your state of mind; have you decided what you are going to do?"

The young man raised his head with a sudden toss, as if to shake off the lethargy of despair that was creeping over him, and replied:

"No, not exactly, but a man's training in my branch of the service, the engineers, can easily be turned to account in the industrial field. I have friends over there who own large mining interests in Tennessee and Alabama, and I hope, through their influence, to get a position where I can bury myself out of the world, in some remote mining or manufacturing town, away from all associations that can remind me of happier and better things."

"And do you think Lady Brevard will be satisfied with such a life?"

"If she isn't, she will be free to suit herself and go where she pleases."

"Should she happen to have a fortune—"

"I tell you, I don't know whether she has a fortune or not, and I don't care," interrupted Max almost angrily. "I am not the sort of a fellow to sit down and live on my wife's money, under any circumstances, and—"

"That was not what I meant," interrupted Lord Aberfoyle in his turn. "I was only going to say that if your wife should happen to have money of her own, she might satisfy her own tastes and be independent of your fortunes, otherwise she will have to share whatever privations may fall to your lot, and it is but fair that she should be informed



of your plans, in so far at least as she herself may be affected by them."

"I don't see the necessity," said Max, "so long as I provide for her wants, as I have no doubt I shall be able to do."

"Pardon me," remonstrated Lord Aberfoyle, "but I think she has a right to know that you expect her to pack her trunks and sail back to America within the next ten days, as you tell me you propose doing."

"I'll send Briggs to inform her," said Max, reaching for the bell-rope.

"And I also think," continued Lord Aberfoyle, staying his hand, "that she ought to know your determination to renounce your rank and title; it may be of some interest to her to discover that she is not to be 'my lady.'"

The crafty mentor knew that if anything could reconcile Max to an interview with Diana, in his present state of mind, it would be the satisfaction of feeling that by this act of renunciation she would be excluded, in a sense, from full membership in the long line of noble ladies that had preceded her as mistresses of Beech Haven.

"Well, if it must be," said Max, with an air of forced resignation, "the sooner it is over with the better. But don't go, Ab," he added hastily, as his cousin moved toward the door; "I don't want to see her alone."

This was just what Lord Aberfoyle desired. His main object in proposing the interview had been to see if he could draw from it any augury of hope for the future of this unhappy couple. He accordingly withdrew to the further end of the room, while Max rang the bell and despatched Briggs, his valet, to Lady Brevard, with the request that she would favor Sir Maxwell with a few minutes' conversation in his study.

### CHAPTER III.

#### NOT FOR GOLD.

IN a short time the door opened again and Lady Brevard entered with a packet of papers in her hand. She had seized this opportunity to carry out her generous intentions with regard to her property, having not yet found courage to seek an interview for that purpose.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," said Max stiffly, as he placed a chair for her, "but since it is your misfortune to have some interests in common with me, I feel it right to make you acquainted with my plans so far as your own may be affected by them."

She answered only with a slight inclination of the head, and as if to show that it was not her intention to prolong the interview did not even take the chair he proffered, but stood facing him with one hand resting on the back of it, while the other held the bundle of papers she had brought. Lord Aberfoyle scanned her narrowly as she stood there revealed at full length before him, and observed with satisfaction that her figure was erect and commanding and her bearing graceful. She understood the art of dress so well that there was none of the angularity of outline about her which one so often sees in very thin people, the ample drapery of her rich black gown falling around her in soft, undulating folds that imparted a willowy grace to her every movement. Her abundant mahogany-colored hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head, and, as the firelight fell upon it, glowed with a rich bronze and crimson luster that almost compensated for the absence of color in her cheeks. But here, even the most kindly critic would have to admit, all her claims to good looks stopped short. Sorrow is not usually a promoter of beauty under any circumstances, and the mental agony and humiliation poor Lady Brevard had suffered since her marriage had left its traces on her countenance in no uncertain characters. Her sallow complexion had taken on a pallid hue, and there were great hollows in her cheeks and around her eyes that gave a bony hardness to her face and made her look ten years older than she really was. Her large brown eyes, that might have been fine if sparkling with love and happiness, were dull and lifeless with the shadow of despair, and Lord Aberfoyle felt his heart sink within him as he thought how little there was in such a face to attract a man as sensitive to beauty of person as Max.

While his cousin was making these observations, Max hurried through with what he

had to say. "I did not conceal from you before our marriage," he went on, "that I had no fortune to speak of, but I was not myself aware at that time of the desperate condition of my father's affairs. I find myself, financially, a ruined man, and as even the modest rank of a baronetcy would be an inconvenient, not to say a ridiculous, appendage without the fortune to sustain it, I have judged it best to lay aside all aristocratic pretensions, and it is my wish that in future neither of us shall lay claim to any other title than that of plain Mr. and Mrs. Brevard."

Knowing the partiality of Americans for titles, he had expected that this announcement would cause her some disappointment, and was therefore not a little surprised, and perhaps just a trifle disappointed himself, when he saw her face light up with an expression of unqualified approval. She made no comment, however, feeling that any expression of opinion on her part would be regarded as an impertinence, and Max, after a little pause, continued:

"I have only to add that I shall make my future home in America, as that country offers better opportunities for a man in my position than England. My calling as an engineer will probably take me to rude and isolated communities, where you may not find life very pleasant, but business necessities are things that will not yield to our individual tastes and preferences. I shall leave my affairs here in the hands of an agent and sail at once for New York, so I hope you will be ready to leave on the twenty-ninth."

Again she answered by an inclination of the head, and Max glanced significantly toward the door. Instead of taking the hint, however, she advanced a step toward him and said:

"May I have a word with you on business that it is proper you should be made acquainted with?"

Lord Aberfoyle moved as if to retire, but Max made him an imperative gesture to remain where he was.

"Certainly, I am ready to hear anything you may have to say," he replied in a tone of cold civility. "You need not mind my

cousin," he continued, seeing her hesitate. "He knows more about my business affairs than I do myself, and there is nothing relating to them that may not be said in his presence."

"I trust you will not suspect me of a desire to meddle with your affairs in any way," she began in a tone of assumed indifference that but ill concealed the embarrassment she felt in addressing him, "but I feel it incumbent upon me to let you know that the means are at your disposal to shape your future plans entirely in accordance with your own wishes, whatever they may be. Here," placing a sheet of legal cap in his hand, "is the inventory of my property. Nothing was said about my fortune before our marriage, partly because, with a weakness common, I suppose, to heiresses, I was always a little jealous of my own riches, and partly because it was my wish that the knowledge of them should come to you as a pleasant surprise. But no matter about that, the property is legally yours, and I have only been waiting for a suitable opportunity to place it in your hands."

While she was speaking Max's eyes had wandered mechanically over the schedule, and he was astonished at the magnitude of the figures recorded there. Mr. Valverde had been married twice, and Diana, as the only offspring of his first wife, a noted heiress, had inherited from her mother's family property that made her enormously rich in her own right. She had real estate in New York City, Baltimore, Atlanta, and other growing southern and western towns; orange groves on the Saint Johns and Indian Rivers; phosphate lands in south Florida, two hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, with notes, mortgages, and securities of various kinds, making a grand aggregate of nearly three million. Many a man would have thought himself amply compensated by such a dowry for a less attractive wife than Diana. And princely as the fortune was, Max could but feel that the generosity which had placed it so freely at his disposal was more princely still. It was not the first time since their marriage that Diana had challenged his admiration, and the

thought galled him; his conscience was pricked, though his heart was not touched. The idea of receiving a benefit from her was not to be endured; he resented even the debt of gratitude that her generous offer imposed upon him.

Diana, mistaking his silence for acquiescence, continued: "The necessary legal documents for giving you absolute control of all this property were drawn up by my father's lawyer in America, before we sailed. They are here," laying the packet on the table before him, "and if your English laws should require any further formalities, my signature can be obtained at any time."

She bowed and turned to leave the room.

"Stop!" cried Max, intercepting her and thrusting the package back into her hand; "take these with you; I do not want your money."

It was a most ungracious return for a most magnanimous act. Max felt so as soon as the words were out of his mouth, and made haste to soften them as much as the state of his feelings toward her would permit.

"I thank you for your generous intentions," he continued in a slightly softened tone, "but I have no just right to your money; no man living could possibly have less, even—"

He felt that the sentence had better not be completed, and after a little pause went on in a gentler tone:

"I am glad, however, to know that you are placed above the uncertainties that surround my future. I should be very sorry if to any unhappiness I may have already caused you there should ever be added the discomforts of physical hardship; and while I have no doubt of my ability to meet all the common exigencies of life, it will, nevertheless, be a satisfaction to know that the disasters which have overtaken me need never cause you the slightest inconvenience."

He felt a secret satisfaction in thus shutting her out from a share even in his misfortunes, but the softening of his manner, slight as it was, encouraged Diana to persevere.

"There is so much," she urged, tendering him the papers again and looking up into

his face with pleading eyes, "so much more than I can ever need or use; if you would only take the half of it—"

Her heart had got the better of her again for one unlucky moment, and the look of unutterable love that shone in her eyes as she spoke aroused Max's disgust and aversion to a degree that made him lose all self-control.

"No," he answered sternly, interrupting her and waving her off with his hand, "keep your money to yourself; I will never touch a dollar of it."

She turned and left him without another word. A crimson flush overspread her cheek for a moment, but there was no other sign of emotion. She paused an instant at the door, cast one look back at him, and then with a firm step glided from the room.

"Max!" cried Lord Aberfoyle, springing from his chair as soon as Diana had closed the door behind her, "you are a brute; never was a noble deed so ill requited."

"I know it," replied Max, in a tone of genuine remorse. "I am a brute, a savage, an ass—whatever you choose to call me; but Ab, remember, a man cannot force his affections."

"Yes, but you needn't be so cruel in the expression of your—want of affection."

"I cannot do otherwise," said Max, casting his eyes to the floor; "did you see the look she gave me when my manner softened ever so little?"

"And did you see the look she gave you as she went out of the door?" returned Lord Aberfoyle. "You will wait a long time before you get another look of tenderness from that woman, you may take my word for it. Max, Max, you have lost more than you know."

"I have lost more than *you* know," replied Max, drawing from his breast pocket a little morocco portfolio containing the fatal portrait that had contributed so largely to his undoing, and displaying it before his cousin's eyes. "Look on this picture and on that," he added, glancing toward the door through which his wife had just disappeared.

Lord Aberfoyle gazed spellbound. He

was forced to admit to himself that he had never before, in all his life, looked upon a face of such matchless beauty. He could account now, in some measure, for the intensity of Max's infatuation, and he showed the current of his thoughts by murmuring to himself as he gazed at the exquisite features,

"Poor, poor Diana."

"That face," said Max, gazing fondly at the picture, "has been the dream of my life. And she was as pure and good as he was beautiful," he added, with the ready assumption of a lover.

"You maudlin fool, how the thunder do you know what she was," growled Lord Aberfoyle impatiently, "when, according to your own account, your whole acquaintance with her didn't extend over three hours, and you were only half in your senses at that? And, by Jove, I believe you have been more than half out of them ever since. Max! Max!" he continued excitedly, "don't you see what an idiot you are? The woman you are worshiping has no real existence, and never had any; she is a figment of the imagination compounded out of that beautiful face there and the real charms and virtues of your own despised wife, whose beautiful love letters, written during your crazy courtship, you have never ceased, in your mind, to credit to another. Burn the picture, Max, and—"

"Never!" cried Max, jealously snatching the precious relic from him and restoring it to its place on his heart. "If my memory

of that woman is a dream, it is so precious a one that I would to God it might last forever!"

Lord Aberfoyle saw that it was useless to remonstrate with Max in his present frame of mind and said no more. He saw very little of Diana during the short time he remained at Beech Haven, but that little confirmed him in his good opinion of her. He returned to his home in Scotland a few days after the conversation just recorded, but went down to Glasgow on the day set for sailing to bid his cousin good-by and receive his final instructions regarding certain business matters that Max had left in his hands. As the long steamer train was pulling out of the station, Diana leaned from the window of her compartment and thrust a sealed letter into his hand. On opening it he found a check for a thousand pounds, with a short note requesting that he would use it in providing for the old servants of her husband's family. It was a generous addition to the small sum Max had been able, at the expense of many sacrifices, to place in his hands for that purpose, and the delicacy she had shown in making it impossible for her husband to be informed of the gift pleased Lord Aberfoyle even more than the gift itself.

"She is altogether worthy of him," he said to himself, as he stood on the platform turning the letter over in his fingers, "and he'll be happy yet, in spite of himself; two such noble natures cannot remain forever apart."

*(To be continued.)*

## KING DIAZ.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

**I**F we agree with Baron Helvetius that "the rule of an enlightened and benevolent despot is the greatest good fortune which heaven can vouchsafe a country," it must be admitted that the land of our next neighbors has enjoyed a large measure of that blessing for the last twenty-two years.

Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican patriot who has saved his country by force, after trying in vain to save it in any other manner, was born September 15, 1830, at Oaxaca, the picturesque highland town near the junction of two Alp-like mountain ranges.

His father was a wealthy landowner and leader of the Liberals, who were plundered

and persecuted by every one of the numerous swashbucklers that rose to power on the ruins of the old Spanish government, and young Porfirio devoted himself to the study of law—perhaps in the vague hope of evolving some cosmos from the chaos of party politics. He did succeed in uniting the factions of his native town for purposes of mutual protection against the consequences of the incessant revolutions, and in 1856 was appointed “political chief” of the district, with frequent opportunities to test his powers of persuasion in the councils of the reform party.

In 1861 his supporters sent him to Congress, and his first speeches proved that he did not share the hopes of his colleagues who tried to remedy the after-effects of centuries of misgovernment by petty intrigues. Mexico at that time was afflicted with the triple curse of anarchy, brigandage, and obscurantism—the influence of a light-hating and progress-dreading priesthood, that opposed every reform and did not hesitate to improve their advantages by a systematic crusade against secular education. Like Dictator Francia of Paraguay and the Chilean hero-patriot Balmaceda, Diaz became early known as an uncompromising antagonist of the *sanduchos*, and had long and earnest conferences with Protestant clergymen in the hope of improving his reform plans on the model of North American methods.

The unpopularity of General Miramon, the Mexican Haynan, resulted in a powerful reaction in favor of the Liberals, and as early as 1862 Diaz could have secured the presidential nomination, but proved the unselfishness of his patriotism by casting his vote for General Ortega, whose military experience, he thought, would give him a superior chance to maintain himself against his numerous rivals. The three years’ delirium known as the “War of the Reform” had begun to convulse the country, and the young lawyer attempted to aid his friends by publishing a series of bulletins, defining the platform of the Liberals and exposing the sophistry of their antagonists.

But the general disorder was complicated

by state insurrections, sedulously fanned by the *sanduchos*, and Diaz himself finally came to the conclusion that the dragon of anarchy could not be conquered with paper bullets. The bulletin work was delegated to a patriotic journalist, and Diaz took command of an artillery brigade that had been recruited in the state of Oaxaca.

Two of his uncles had distinguished themselves in the War of Independence, and the instincts of a military ancestry awoke in a manner that decided the career of the young volunteer. His brigade captured town after town, gathering reinforcements at every halting place of its northward progress, and when its scouts reported the approach of General Marquez, the most active partisan of Miramon, Diaz at once ordered a forced march to the defiles of the Sierra Honda, where he entrenched himself just in time to entrap the vanguard of the Miramonists. In the mountain mist of the next morning he surprised the camp of Marquez and routed that old campaigner so completely that the Anti-Reform party soon after sued for peace, and after the failure of negotiations withdrew its forces from the southern half of the country.

As usual, the Liberals then quarreled among themselves and provoked Diaz into renouncing his command, but the Miramonists had mistaken the cause of his resentment when they attempted to purchase his support with the offer of a governorship. His answer came in the form of a proclamation, urging the union of all friends of reform, and even the defection of his former military chief could not induce the young patriot to swerve from his party pledges.

Then came the crucial test of the empire. The intervention of a French army had taken the form of a usurpation; European tactics had prevailed against the desperate valor of the patriots, and the “regulators” dropped their mask when they announced their purpose to offer the crown of Montezuma to Archduke Maximilian of Hapsburg Lorraine. Every large city was in the hands of the invaders. The Liberals called a convention on the north shore of the Rio



Grande, but protested in vain, and their appeal to their American sympathizers was drowned in the uproar of our own Civil War. The successor of Montezuma arrived and within a month after the coronation solemnities Marquez and Miramon had accepted service in the army of the new empire. The commanders of several fortified seaport towns hastened to negotiate a surrender, and even General Mejia—like Juarez, a semi-aboriginal and enthusiastic nativist—joined the general apostasy.

But Porfirio Diaz declined every compromise and never ceased to cheer the hopes of his followers with predictions of their ultimate triumph. He would not even accept General Bazaine's offer of an armistice, and in 1864, when he learned that the priesthood had decided to pledge their influence to the support of the usurper, Diaz actually assembled his friends to celebrate the tidings of great joy. "That resolution," he said, "will help us more than a dozen victorious battles. It will make the *sanduchos* so odious, so thoroughly and permanently unpopular, that they will cease to be dangerous enemies for a century to come. We'll soon have them on the hip, for there is no doubt that this empire-mumery will be scattered by a storm as soon as the United States get their hands free."

The latter prediction was soon fulfilled, and the restoration of the republic found General Diaz the most popular man of the nation, with the possible exception of Benito Juarez, the eloquent Mertizo, who could count on the vote of every half-breed from Sonora to Yucatan. Juarez, too, had kept the flag of the republic flying, and was elected by acclamation, but before long was assailed by a combination of all malcontents who had hoped to profit by the upheaval of the counter revolution.

For ten long years party strife raged with a fury that more than once threatened the coherence of the commonwealth. Yucatan, Jalisco, and Tamaulipas openly defied the authority of the federal government, and there were often a dozen presidential pretenders in the field at the same time, outlawing each other and trying to enforce

their claims by an appeal to arms. The country swarmed with brigands; national credit was below zero.

Diaz, courted by all parties but trusting none, had devoted himself to the reorganization of his native state and incidentally made strenuous efforts to promote the revival of industry and education by legislative reforms. In 1874 he again turned his attention to national politics and gradually yielded to the conviction that the hope of salvation, if not the very existence of the republic, depended upon the chance of enforcing order at any price. A shameful defection of his former Liberal friends at the same time reduced his confidence to that of self-reliance, and before the end of that year he seems to have made up his mind to harness the beast that could not be trusted to keep within the pale of law and reason. The Lafayette of his nation had become a partisan of absolutism.

All his claims to moderation, to unselfish liberality, and the abhorrence of corruption in every form were forfeited in the ensuing struggle with unscrupulous rivals; Porfirio Diaz intrigued for the ruin of his antagonists and spent a fortune in bribes, but he attained his object and in 1876 was elected president of Mexico. Then the struggle with the three-headed Cerberus began in earnest. Diaz turned his first attention to the brigands. A fine on every community that had failed to report the existence of highway robbers in its neighborhood soon set the bushwhackers flying to the shelter of the Sierras, but the government regulators were at their heels, and in the first eighteen months some three thousand *ladrones* were hung or shot down like wild beasts.

The fines were levied by military force with a promptness that made the suborners of brigandage extremely unpopular, and within five hours after a railway robbery the hue and cry had generally spread for a hundred miles around, and the knights of the road could think themselves fortunate if they succeeded in saving their lives, minus their plunder, by instant flight toward the national border.

Diaz then set his lawyers to work elaborating safeguards against the encroachments of the *sanduchos*, but had not even got those preliminaries more than half finished when his first term of four years expired, and he did not feel quite sure that his popularity would stand the strain of the prejudice against a second term. The Liberals, who by that time had recognized the drift of his policy, pledged him their support, but he wisely declined to take any risks and solved the problem by the ingenious plan of delegating his toga to a man of straw, his secretary of war Gonzales, who was elected with the private distinct understanding of leaving the reins of government in the hands of the expert hidden under the folds of his mantle. For all practical purposes it was the second term of Dictator Diaz, crouching behind the figurehead of a proxy. Ostensibly they had swapped horses: Diaz had vaulted into his friend's vacated saddle under the title of a secretary of war, and used his chance to reorganize both the army and the militia so thoroughly that the flames of an insurrection could now generally be stamped out *in situ*, without much risk of the conflagration spreading beyond the limits of a single military district.

In 1884 things still looked a trifle doubtful, but the man behind the throne had taken his measures accordingly and had a second dummy in the field; but that precaution proved superfluous, and the dictator was reelected in his own name. By that time his collaborators had their amendments ready, and by-law after by-law, passed in quick succession, curtailed the privileges of the *sanduchos* before they had time to organize their defense. They now could no longer vote, nor own more than a specified modicum of real estate, nor meddle with secular education in any way. A man boycotted for resisting the arrogations of the prelates could sue them for damages, and special courts of inquiry had to investigate the claims of orphans and widows before the estate of a defunct devotee could pass into the hands of his spiritual advisers.

Then came the turn of the pronunciamiento mongers. In the good old times of

anarchical license any military or political malcontent could raise the black flag of revolt and plunder left and right with a fair chance of being able to effect a compromise with the champions of conservatism, or at worst to purchase the privilege of retiring with a comfortable percentage of his boodle. A *junta*, or syndicate, of insurgents could also name their own rewards for disbanding their henchmen one by one and permitting the government troops to reoccupy a disputed stronghold.

It looked like laying hands on a flourishing national industry to blight all those chances for revenue, but the dictator had his committee packed, and in June, 1886, accomplished a constitutional amendment prohibiting armed resistance to duly authorized representatives of national or state governments *under penalty of death*. He would not even allow the luxury of seditious assemblies, and the moment the aggrieved swash-bucklers convened their indignation meetings he was down on them like "Hickory" Jackson upon the nullifiers, and by way of modifying the popularity of the national pastime he threatened to have a few pronouncers tried by drumhead court-martial and shot without privilege of appeal.

Generals Figurero and Garcia de la Cadona, Major Rios, and Lieutenant-colonel Lizalde were actually executed in that manner, and their horrified friends predicted that the tyrant would be assassinated before the end of that year, but Diaz continued to frequent bull-fights and musical parades with his wonted neglect of bullet-proof underwear.

Still the approach of the next presidential campaign gave his partisans some uneasiness. The champions of time-honored anarchy, it was apprehended, would avenge the backset of their cause with ballots instead of bullets, and to the surprise of all parties the dragon-murdering dictator was reelected in 1888 with a four fifths plurality, and with the support of many trimmers who thus far had doubted the permanence of his rule.

Free schools now began to spring up in every settlement, and the guarantee of peace

attracted foreign capital from all parts of the commercial universe. Four thousand miles of railway were built by American syndicates alone, and Diaz could venture to guarantee their traffic managers against the interference of rebellious state governors—a measure that would have ruined poor Benito Juarez in a year. Religious tolerance, in more than Frederick the Great's sense of the word, became the order of the day, and in backwoods towns where the chimney flues of misbelievers used to be watched after sunset to witness the transit of broom-riding hags, missionaries could now address their hearers on the open street and rely on friendly visits of school-teachers and newspaper correspondents.

In 1892 Diaz was reelected. This time there had been only a *pro forma* rival in the field, and it began to be whispered that the official report of the plurality had been prepared weeks before the election. All sorts of amusing stories to the same effect have since become current, such as the anecdote about a state governor who forwarded his returns with a promptness which the absence of telegraphic facilities made somewhat enigmatical, and who was forced to explain that, "considering the loyalty of his state, he had so clearly foreseen the results of the official count that he had taken the liberty to omit that matter of form altogether."

An admission of that sort would hardly have taken the shape of an Associated Press despatch; still it is an open secret that Porfirio Diaz *has* to be reelected till he finds a fit successor and intimates a desire to spend his remaining days in the peace of the Oaxaca highlands.

Two years ago he felt himself so safe in the confidence of a vast plurality of Mexican patriots that he merely "consented"—as a matter of accommodation, so to speak—to serve another term. He thinks it no longer necessary to watch the ebullitions of the political caldron at the national capital but spends weeks and months at his Sierra castle of La Noria, and recently purchased a whole train of Pullman palace-cars with a view of taking a jaunt beyond the northern borders of his kingdom.

No king of medieval France ever succeeded in inspiring Jacques Bonhomme with a more absolute trust in his benevolence and wisdom.

"Wonder if Dias knows?" is a common remark in discussing any foreign or domestic grievance, and whenever the dictator accepts an invitation to a rural beast-fight his carriage (he is getting too old to enjoy horseback rides) is followed by the acclaims of his rustic worshippers, some of whom do not hesitate to lay hold of him and cover his coat-sleeve with kisses. A Yucatan Indian even kissed his boots, because the *padishah* had freed his tribe from—I forgot what burden—some sort of feudal socage duty.

For the triple-headed dragon is chained and the Mexican St. George is at leisure to turn his attention to minor evils, but, like Frederick the Great, affects to show himself ultra-liberal in matters not directly affecting the stability of his pet institutions. In an excess of that sort of tolerance he permits bull-fights and various games of chance, and, I am sorry to add, the manufacture and sale of all sorts of intoxicating liquors.

Manuel Balmaceda, the Chilian philosopher-statesman, had a much clearer insight into the significance of such abuses—was, indeed, a far more genial and many-sided thinker—"all the eagles of reform had eyries in his brain," but he lacked his Mexican friend's knowledge of human nature and perished miserably on the same road that led the Oaxaca lawyer to the most absolute throne of the contemporary universe.

If Maximilian had been able to maintain himself with the aid of the Conservatives, I often think his request for constitutional forms would have inclined him to compromise with adversaries whom Diaz made get off their high horse, and off the earth while he was about it.

Still, despotism of that kind is often clearly preferable to anarchy, and, indeed, may serve as a stepping-stone of the progress to rational freedom. Before trusting a nation to walk alone, providence may often deem it safer to accustom it, even by force, to walk in the right road.

## THE ELECTRIC FURNACE.

BY PROF. JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S. D.

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THERE have been three distinct eras in the practical applications of electricity. The first was characterized by its use in telegraphy, the second by its application to lighting, and the third by its employment in the transmission of power. We are now entering upon a fourth era, in which electricity may be said to pay back its debt to the energy which produces it by generating heat in the electric furnace. This use of electricity has already revolutionized certain processes in the arts.

By the use of the electric furnace aluminum is produced on such a large scale that even kitchen utensils are now made from it, whereas twenty years ago a piece of this metal of the size of a lead pencil was an object of curiosity. Carbide of lime, from which acetylene gas is obtained, is also produced by the electric furnace and is exported in large quantities from this country to France and Germany, where acetylene is used as an illuminating gas far more freely than in this country.

The invention of the electric furnace has thus called into existence great industries and is probably destined still further to influence processes for reducing and fusing together oxides of metals. The scientific results, moreover, obtained by its use are in the highest degree interesting; for by its employment carbon has been vaporized and the resulting vapor when cooled or sublimed has been recognized as graphite; and under conditions of great heat and pressure carbon can be converted into the diamond. Indeed, Professor Moissan has produced small diamonds by the electric furnace.

The heat of the furnace is generated by an electric arc such as we see in the case of the arc lights on our city streets. This arc is produced by a current of electricity flowing through the intensely heated air between two pieces of carbon. It is not generally

known that the electric light can also be maintained under water, and with brilliancy, even in the depths of the sea. Intense heat is developed at the carbon points and bubbles of gas rise to the surface of the water, although one finds the water cold to the touch at a little distance from the light until a considerable time has elapsed; so much is the heat localized in a narrow region surrounding the carbon points.

The electric furnace consists of a box or parallelopiped of limestone, having a cavity of similar shape cut in it. The electric current is led into the cavity by means of pieces, terminals or electrodes as they are technically called, of hard carbon which pass through holes cut in opposite sides of the cavity. Then the oxide of the metal which one desires to fuse is mixed with carbon powder and is packed around the carbon terminals and is reduced by the great heat developed by the voltaic arc, produced by the electric current flowing through the cavity from one carbon terminal to the other. In this way aluminum is produced and in a similar way carbide of lime, which on being dropped into water gives forth the gas acetylene in great quantity. For scientific experimentation the cavity holds a small crucible which is composed of a mixture of carbon and magnesia. In this crucible are placed the substances which are to be melted. There is no metal which has not been fused by this furnace. Even platinum and iridium, both of which remain solid in the hottest furnace such as had hitherto been used, melt like wax in the electric furnace. Sometimes a carbon tube is fixed in the latter furnace across the line of direction of the carbon terminals, or, in other words, at right angles to them, and so placed that it is about one half an inch below the intense voltaic arc and about the same dis-

tance from the bottom of the limestone cavity. In this carbon tube is placed the substances which are to be heated. Material can be introduced into one end of this tube and after it is heated can be drawn off by tipping the tube, without stopping the current in the furnace.

In order to produce diamonds iron is melted with a large quantity of carbon powder, and when the mixture has attained a high temperature—over 6000° Fahrenheit—it is suddenly plunged into cold water or a bath of molten lead. The lead being a better conductor of heat than cold water more suddenly deprives the mixture of its heat. On examining the slag, small colorless crystals of carbon are found, which are identical in their properties with natural diamonds. It is interesting to note here that similar minute diamonds have been found in meteorites, and we are led to conclude that they are produced by a similar process—an intense heating of a mixture of iron and carbon—by the tremendous heat developed in the friction of the meteorite, when it strikes the earth's atmosphere and the subsequent sudden cooling. It is supposed by many scientific men that the Cape diamonds were formed by heat in a similar manner. If great pressure could be suddenly brought to bear upon the iron and carbon when it is being cooled it is possible that diamonds of larger size might be obtained, for in the earth's crust the conditions of great heat combined with great pressure undoubtedly coexist. The electric furnace can be made to work under as powerful pressure as we have been able to exert—that is, the electric light is apparently not diminished by being formed in an enclosed space of compressed air. If the heated iron and carbon could be suddenly exposed to the force of explosion of dynamite possibly some interesting chemical changes might result. An Italian chemist following out this idea has subjected the molten iron and carbon to pressure in the following way: The mass having been made molten in the electric furnace is forced into a suitable cavity by a bullet-shot from a gun, the muzzle of which is placed

close to the cavity. On heating the pulverized slag it is said that small crystals of diamonds were found. There is evidently an unexplored field in the direction of substances subjected to great heat and to great pressure. By a study of such conditions we should gain some knowledge of the constitution of the sun—for on this star a temperature prevails which is probably analogous to that of the electric furnace—about 6000° Fahrenheit—for the peculiar spectrum of the vapor of carbon has been found on the sun, and this spectrum is brought out by the heat of the electric furnace. An enormous pressure also must exist in the body of the sun.

The electric furnace has the great advantage over other furnaces in its power to localize the heat in a narrow compass, and the amount of heat we can produce in such a furnace is almost unlimited. An amount of heat energy equivalent to seven hundred horse-power has been produced in an electric furnace cavity which was not larger than an ordinary tumbler of water. Sometimes a powerful magnet is used to direct the electric arc upon a certain region in the furnace. A magnet has the property of attracting or repelling an electrical current, and the voltaic arc in the furnace is such an electrical current. With such an arrangement, namely, a voltaic arc and a magnet, we have practically a powerful blow-pipe which melts glass and the metals like wax and vaporizes even the lime walls of the furnace.

There are a number of electric furnaces at Niagara Falls, which are used to reduce the oxides of metals and to form such substances as carbide of lime, from which acetylene is generated, and corundum, which is used as a grinding agent in the arts, made. A portion of the available horse-power of Niagara is thus converted into electricity, which is then changed into heat. It is said that if the entire energy of Niagara could be converted into electric furnaces, or in other words into electric light, such a light or area of number of electric lights could be seen from the distance of the moon as a bright spot on the disk of the earth,



and certain speculative philosophers have thought that it might be distinguished by a possible inhabitant of Mars skilled in minute observation. It seems probable, however, that the results obtained by studying the metallurgical processes by means of the furnace will be of more value than the development of the energy which feeds such a furnace on a grand scale for sky telegraphy.

I have spoken of the production of acetylene gas by means of the electric furnace, and I have remarked that this gas is not employed to any great extent in the United States. Almost the whole product of the electric furnaces goes to France and Germany. The use of acetylene is forbidden at present in England, for terrific explosions have resulted from its use.

The carbide of lime from which the gas is evolved looks like a species of whitened coke, and on dropping a piece of it in water acetylene gas is given off copiously. In laboratories the gas is often produced in small quantities by placing a small amount of the carbide in a metallic basket which is lowered beneath water in a glass vessel which serves as a gas holder. A rubber tube connected to this holder serves to lead the gas to a suitable orifice, where it is lighted. This laboratory use is comparatively safe, for the output of the gas can be readily controlled, and as the vessels are of glass any obscure combination of acetylene with the metals is avoided.

In Germany a similar method is employed for the practical use of the new illuminant. An apparatus is so devised that water comes in contact with a small amount of the carbide only drop by drop, and in this way a dangerous evolution of the gas is said to be avoided. The cost of the carbide is high, but the intensity of the light given by the gas is very great and an economy in its use is therefore figured. This economy is probably real, or the Germans and French would not have adopted this use of the gas.

I have said that the temperature obtained by the electric furnace is not far from 6000° Fahrenheit. Since all substances which are available for making thermometers are

melted by such heat the question naturally arises, how can we measure such a high temperature? It must be confessed that we cannot measure it accurately and can only form an estimate. This estimate can be made by electrical means. Suppose that a measured quantity of electricity is sent through a thin strip of platinum or a filament similar to that in an Edison lamp. The heat given out by the glowing platinum or carbon filament depends upon the quantity of electricity which we can force through it. We can measure this quantity very accurately and from it determine the amount of heat given out by the filament. We know that a strip of platinum red hot has a temperature in the neighborhood of 1800° Fahrenheit, and when it is white hot a temperature of 3400°. Suppose that we keep the platinum strip red hot by a known current of electricity and put a delicate thermometer at a distance of three or four feet from the strip and read its indication. We will then expose the same thermometer to an electric arc lamp, which represents the electric furnace, and move it until it reads the same as it did when it was exposed to the red-hot platinum strip. We shall find that we must move the thermometer much further from the electric furnace, and thus knowing the temperature of the red-hot strip and the relative distances we can ascertain approximately the temperature of the electric furnace.

Few persons realize, I believe, that the electric arc light which is so commonly employed to light our city streets owes its origin to something very analogous to an electric furnace in the sun. Thousands of years ago the sunlight and heat produced on the earth's surface great ferns and palms which in some grand convulsion of nature were buried in the earth and turned to coal. Then the coal was dug up by man and converted into carbon rods, and another portion of coal placed under the boilers of a steam engine is used to drive a dynamo which in turn produces an electric arc between the carbon rods and thus forms an electric furnace—a feeble imitation of its great progenitor.

## EUROPE IN CHINA AND THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

BY GOTTARDO GAROLLO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE looks and attention of the civilized world are now being drawn toward the extreme East. For there events of the greatest importance are taking place which it would seem are destined to profoundly modify the present political situation and the economic order of the universe. The rapidity with which Japan assimilated the material factors of western civilization after it had received them and the luminous proof that country gave of this assimilation by its remarkable victories over the immense empire of China occasioned much wonder among occidental peoples.

But it also aroused in them a sense of apprehension, a presentiment, in fact, of a new and unexpected peril, like a terrible vision of a gigantic shade suddenly arising from the East and advancing threateningly toward Europe. What we could rightly fear was the inoculation of the Japanese spirit into China, through which at no distant time, in all probability, a new and enterprising soul would be infused into that old and inert body. Russia set up a first barrier to the menacing peril by her intervention in China's favor against the claims of conquering Japan, thereby assuring to herself the former's gratitude, which she needed for her own designs. Nevertheless this very barrier constituted in itself a new prejudice in the eyes of the western nations which had large interests in the extreme East. They were therefore forced to take a resolute stand and meet the danger. So we saw Germany occupying the bay and territory of Kiao Chou on the coast of the province of Shan Tung, and shortly afterward we heard that British men-of-war had been despatched to this same coast. At the same time the Russian fleet entered the gulf of Port Arthur in search of suitable winter quarters, and we have even been told of a secret agreement among the great

powers to divide among themselves the maritime provinces of China.

Give and take! This was the simple and natural motive of Russia in comforting and relieving the prostrate empire. Russia, who had quietly begun one of the greatest undertakings of which the end of this century can boast—the construction of a railway across Siberia—and had already carried it on to a considerable degree of accomplishment, could not do less than profit by the first propitious occasion offered her to secure the grateful devotion of her Asiatic neighbor.

To gain a clear understanding of the importance of the new railway we must first comprehend the geographical, historical, statistical, climatic, and economic conditions of Siberia. This region, a third greater than all Europe in extent, occupies all the northern portion of Asia. A perfectly low plain in its western half, it is mountainous in its eastern half, having vast plateaus, on which are based chains of mountains, which compel the rivers to describe quite long curves, but which, on the other hand, do not constitute any serious obstacle to the free movement of commerce. The geological structure of Siberia, so far as at present known, presents a great diluvial area in the north with granite mountains to the east and west. In the central part are many traces of former eruptions, while coal fields of large extent reach from here as far as the Lena. This last region is the one traversed by the railroad. It is an undulating plain, poor, very poor, in water-courses but rich in small, shallow lakes. Here is found the black land of Western Siberia, which forms its agricultural territory. The eastern end of the road crosses a high region full of mines.

The Russian conquest of Siberia, dating from 1581, was certainly inglorious from a

military point of view, since it was accomplished by the use of but a small force against sparsely settled regions. And it was even more inglorious if we consider that almost up to the middle of the present century all this vast domain was most shamefully neglected. To the easy and rapid advance of the conquering Russians there is opposed a very long story of wicked oppression and unspeakable sorrows.

Made a criminal colony from the very start, Siberia became the land of malediction and tears for many thousand convicts who were condemned to labor in the mines. When the Russian government attempted to turn a free current of emigration toward the region the few free citizens who ventured there were soon isolated and lost among the original inhabitants, and they ended by becoming barbarous also. Free emigration from Russia to Siberia began to assume notable proportions only toward the middle of this century. It then gradually increased from year to year, until it reached the respectable figure of 85,000 in 1892. However, this increase in no way induced the Russian government to establish any boards of relief or assistance for the immigrants, nor to make any distinction between the rights of the colonists and the rights of the aborigines in regard to the ownership of the soil, nor to erect well-defined districts for the carrying on of agriculture or the operations of mining or grazing. The troubles and the wretchedness of these free immigrants can hardly be described.

According to the estimated results of the census of 1897, Siberia now has 5,372,000 inhabitants, scattered over an area of about 5,000,000 square miles.

The two largest cities of Siberia are Tomsk in Western Siberia, with 52,400 inhabitants and the seat of a university, and Irkutsk in Eastern Siberia, with 51,500. The largest harbor is that of Vladivostok. The city of that name had 17,500 inhabitants in 1893. The climate of Siberia is renowned for its rigor. Only in the southwestern part of Western Siberia is there a mean annual temperature which is above

freezing. But here, too, the extremes of temperature are great and the changes sudden, even in winter. In Eastern Siberia, where the dry cold winds from the north and northwest blow nearly all the year round, there are places with a mean annual temperature of but a few degrees above zero. The coasts of Eastern Siberia are covered by ice in winter as far south as the forty-second parallel. The harbor of Vladivostok, situated at 43° north latitude, is closed by ice from the beginning of December to the beginning of April. In the southern part of the region the climate naturally grows milder. But in the long winters all the ground is frozen and covered with snow and thaws out in summer only to a certain depth, when Siberia, save in its hilly portions, becomes one immense swamp. In the southern districts, where the soil can be cultivated, rains are frequent in spring and autumn, nor are they often wanting in the very short summer. Still the degree of heat necessary to the maturity of the crops cannot always be relied upon. Hence the farmers' work must be very hurried. The sowing must be speedy, nor is a day to be lost in harvesting.

The agricultural districts of Siberia are in the forest zone. Bears, wolves, and lynxes abound in these forests, and furbearing animals are also numerous. These latter are found in even greater numbers in the more northerly zone of low and sparse thickets and in the extreme zone, called *tundra*, or the polar steppes, where in the short summers great multitudes of sea fowl come to build their nests. The soil of Siberia produces barley and wheat in sufficient quantities for export. But the difficulties of transportation make their price very low in the farming region and extremely high in the mining country to which they would naturally be sent. In 1893 the output of gold in Siberia amounted to about 72,000 pounds, and of silver to 15,000 pounds, besides considerable quantities of copper and lead and thousands of tons of iron and coal. Far greater quantities, however, can be looked for in the future when the country is fully developed, for there is

a large tract of gold-bearing land in Eastern Siberia, treasures in Kamchatka that are still unexplored, and an abundance of coal in which the island of Saghalien and the southern part of Western Siberia are especially rich. Finally the carboniferous basin Kusnetsk occupies an area of about 17,000 square miles.

An article of the highest importance for Siberian commerce is tea. Although this trade is on the decline, not less than 36,095,850 pounds of tea are annually imported. The importation of Chinese silk is of less importance. The many great rivers of Siberia and the post roads serve for the transportation of people and merchandise. The former, however, are closed by ice four or five months every winter. On the whole, the ways of communication both by water and land have remained quite incomplete in Siberia. For this reason the demands for better facilities have steadily grown more keen and more persistent, especially from the merchant population.

The decisive impulse to the realization of such a great desire came when the construction of a railway crossing Siberia from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean was taken under consideration. For it became at once evident that such a road could only attain its real object and meet, to some degree, the enormous expense incurred in building it when it should have the aid of a systematized set of feeders.

The idea of the Trans-Siberian Railroad had been making headway for some time among the Russian people as well as in the highest spheres of the government. The intensive and methodical colonization of Siberia, long demanded by the growing and impoverished agricultural population of European Russia, the exploitation of the immense treasures contained in the soil of Siberia, the opening of new outlets to the increasing productions of Russian industry, the strengthening of Russian influence in Mongolia and Manchuria, and, we may frankly add, the intention of Russia to take a predominant position in regard to China, Korea, and Japan, were the motives by which that idea came to its consum-

mation. The step to its realization was but a short one. Different projects were discussed and put aside. Finally the one which established the line of the road from Tschdjbinsk, at the eastern foot of the Ural Mountains, through Omsk to the Yenisei River, almost directly from west to east, was adopted in 1891. From the Yenisei at Krasnoiarsk it turned southwesterly to Irkutsk, and then having circled the southern extremity of Lake Baikal it struck out again almost directly east to Strjetensk. In the stretch from Strjetensk to Kabarovsk, some 990 miles, it was determined to make a temporary use of water transportation on the lower Schilka and the Amoor, and at some later date to build a railway along the left bank of the river in Russian territory. The final stretch was to be from Kabarovsk to Vladivostok. The total length of the projected line was about 4,560 miles, which figure included the branches also—a truly enormous distance if we compare it with the transcontinental route of 2,500 miles from Montreal, through Canada, to Vancouver, or with the 2,800 miles of railroad from New York to San Francisco by way of Chicago and Omaha.

The plan having been settled upon, its carrying-out was placed under the high protection of the heir to the throne, the present czar, Nicholas II., who solemnly dedicated it himself, turning the first shovelful of dirt at Vladivostok, its eastern extremity, May 12, 1891. In this way the significance of a national event of the highest importance was conferred on the great undertaking and the will of Russia to strengthen herself as a dominant power in the extreme East was plainly manifested.

The work which was seriously begun in 1893 was carried on with remarkable celerity, both at the eastern and western ends. Seventy thousand workmen were employed at the same time on different sections. In 1896 all the western division was finished, as well as the southern half of the extreme eastern division. The greatest difficulties were met with in the western division on account of the scarcity of drinking water and the absolute lack of stone.

In the extreme eastern section the greatest obstacle was found in the soggy and marshy land near Lake Tchanka and in the Ussuri Valley, where the heat was intense in summer and the mosquitoes most troublesome, while in winter the cold was extremely severe.

The Russian minister of finances, Witte, promised that in 1898, or at the latest in 1899, the great railway should reach the Amoor from opposite directions. But in the meantime, through the friendly attitude of Russia toward China, the former had obtained what she had most desired, the extension of the Siberian Railway into Manchuria. This meant a shortening of about 340 miles in the length of the first survey and an incalculable economic and political advantage. It was computed that the trip from Paris to Japan by the route first planned, including the sea voyage from Vladivostok to Nagasaki, would not take more than fifteen days. The direct line through Manchuria will make it even shorter.

The expense of the undertaking so far

incurred by the Russian government has been over \$175,500,000, including the cost of the stations and the minor offices and the buildings for the rolling stock. The trains of the Siberian road, which are already used by a large number of passengers, are composed of a few second-class coaches of the old Russian type, of third-class cars of an entirely new type, which are converted into sleeping-cars at night, and some rough fourth-class cars. Every train has a chapel car, an ambulant church. Such is the great Siberian Railway, the marvelous work of a strong and enterprising nation, from which it will reap great advantages. May this work only aid the general progress of civilization and the cause of universal peace! This will certainly be the case in time to come. But at the present moment too many and too vital interests feel themselves threatened by the completion of that work, and are therefore preparing to defend themselves. An indication of this mistrust is found in the events which are now taking place on the coasts of China and which are demanding the attention of all Europe.

## THE NEW ARCTIC EL DORADO.

### KLONDIKE AND THE GREATEST OF GOLD-RUSHES.

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

THE little Thron-Diuck ("Plenty of Fish") River, a thousand miles west of San Francisco and far up under the shadow of the arctic circle, has shown that the huge "chowichie" and the white-fish, whose abundance made it known to the annually half-starved Indian, are a most insignificant item in its resources, and the fame of its golden sands has sped to every corner of the civilized world. Two years ago the average man's knowledge of the great Northwest was limited to the fact that we owned a lot of frozen land up there called Alaska, whose glacier scenery attracted a few ship-loads of tourists every summer and about the boundaries of which there was a dispute with Canada. To-day it would be

hard to find any one who has not heard of the Klondike, Bonanza, and Too Much Gold Creeks, the Stewart and Hootalinqua Rivers, Dawson City, and all the other names with which our newspapers and magazines have been flooded. And there has been ample cause for this sudden accession of interest. Within two months after the *Excelsior* brought down the first half million in the summer of 1897 these new placer fields had produced nearly five million dollars' worth of gold—a record beside which the Australian excitement of 1851 and the California stampede of 1849 alike sink to insignificance.

It is a strange land which contains this golden magnet—a mountainous land where





ENTRANCE TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

the ground below the yellow-green moss and the gray lichens—often a foot thick—is never thawed for a depth of more than two feet, even when the fierce heat of the twelve weeks' summer sends the thermometer up to a hundred degrees in the shade. For eight or nine months every stream is locked with an icy covering, and the snow lies thick over the whole country. Then comes the dreaded "poorgas," when the thermometer drops to sixty or seventy below zero and the blizzard wind dashes the snow into one's face and eyes "like hot shot"; and when the sun does shine it is with a feeble paleness.

The day lasts two hours and the night is a twilight. At sunrise and sunset in the autumn and early winter, however, the clouds are lit with wonderful hues and the desolate bleakness of the  
**F—May.**

cold season is somewhat al-  
laid by the glorious auro-  
ras. From September till  
March "luminous waves and  
radii of pulsating rose, pur-  
ple, green, and blue flames  
light up and dance about the  
heavens—gorgeous arches  
of yellow bands and pencil-  
points of crimson fire are  
hung and glitter in the  
zenith." In the hot, moist  
summer the moss is dotted  
with flowers: phlox and blue  
iris, white and yellow pop-  
pies, red-flowered saxifrage,  
broad-leaved Archangelica,  
and over all ferns and the  
fleece white plumes of the  
Equisetum grasses. With the  
heat comes also countless  
swarms of mosquitoes, horse-  
flies, and gnats, so vicious

and pestilential that they have been known  
to drive the wild animals into the water  
for refuge. There are regions where the  
dogs, woolly-haired as they are, cannot  
survive the attacks of these little plagues,  
and where the natives do not dare to walk  
through the woods in midsummer, wrapping  
up their heads with cloths and skins and  
wearing thick mittens whenever they go out  
into the open air.

"The traveler who exposes his bare face



STEAMSHIP "ALKI" LOADING FOR ALASKA.



VIEW OF JUNEAU, FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

at this time of the year will speedily lose his natural appearance: his eyelids swell up and close; his neck expands in fiery pimples, so that no collar he ever wore before can now be fastened around it, while his hands simply become as two carbuncled balls." This is one, and the disagreeable, side of the picture. On the other hand, the veteran Joseph Ladue declares he has chopped wood in his shirt-sleeves when the thermometer was seventy degrees below zero without feeling particularly uncomfortable, and many travelers have witnessed to the exhilarating and bracing effects of the dry cold along the Upper Yukon and in the mountain passes. And, more than all, and a consideration that blots out the hardships with a golden haze, it is in this land that George Carmack (Carmack or McCormack) made the lucky strike which drew to Dawson City first every prospector along the Yukon and speedily thereafter thousands from all over the world.

Alaskan gold is by no means a new thing. The existence of the precious metal there has been known for fully fifty years, and since 1880 the mines near Juneau have been continuously and profitably worked. A year after the

excitement over Juneau's discovery gold was found on the Big Salmon River and a few hardy prospectors made their way into the Yukon country. They did not meet with any very instant success, and in 1883 there were but thirteen white men in the whole region. These indefatigable pioneers persisted, and before long Forty Mile Creek, Sixty Mile and Birch Creeks, and the Koyukuk River had each in succession been the cause of a "stampede" from the previous diggings. In 1893 new discoveries in-

creased the population of Forty Mile to a thousand besides the men in camp at Circle City, close to where the river crosses the arctic circle two hundred miles further down.

To these men came the news in August, 1896, that "Stick George" Cormack with a couple of Indians had panned out \$1,200 in eight days on Bonanza Creek, a little tributary of the Klondike. The news spread as such tidings do, and in a few weeks Circle City and Forty Mile Creek



MAIN STREET, SKAGWAY.

were practically deserted. At first the older hands doubted the truth of the report; they had been deceived very often and this was entirely new territory, which had been passed by as altogether unpromising. In this way it happened that a number of the best claims were obtained by "chee chacoos" (tenderfeet), but with the confirmation of the wild rumors even the paying diggings were forsaken in the mad fear lest the luck should pass them by. Joseph Ladue staked out a town site at the junction of the Klondike with the Yukon and put up the first house in September, 1896. In less than six months Dawson City, as it was called, had over five hundred houses, including hotels, restaurants, saloons, and stores.

The news reached the Pacific coast in due time, but the knowing ones had heard too many Alaskan gold lies to get up any very general enthusiasm. People did get to talking, however, after Mr. Ogilvie's report to the Canadian government, and then in the summer of 1897 the *Excelsior* and the *Portland* sailed into port, the former with half a million, largely from Forty Mile Creek and Circle City, the latter with some seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold and six of the lucky prospectors from the Klondike. The ecstatic lavishness of one of these grizzled old chaps, who was so overcome that he hurled handfuls of small nuggets into the crowd, was hardly necessary to start the blaze of excitement. From this time to the end of the year nearly nine thousand gold-hunters went north from the coast cities and about half of them got through to the promised land, 1,200 going by the all-water route to St. Michael's, near the mouth of the Yukon, while about 3,600 managed to cross the mountain barrier by the Chilkoot, Skaguay, and Dalton trails.

Since the first of the year the number leaving Portland and Seattle has been limited only by the capacity of the vessels, and there seems every probability that more than a hundred thousand people will attempt to reach the new placer-fields during 1898. When one realizes that fifteen years ago the population of the entire Yukon Valley, which with its tributaries comprises over half a million square miles, was about a dozen white and less than two thousand Indians; when one remembers further that it took nearly three years to add a hundred thou-



A BAKERY "ON THE TRAIL."

sand miners to the population of California in 1849, the magnitude of this vast movement will be better appreciated.

The air has been full of projects for railroads to the Klondike region, and a contract has actually been made by the Canadian government which will probably secure better communication before very long. But four-million-dollar roads are not constructed in a month, and the man who wishes to do any prospecting on the Upper Yukon in 1898 must leave Puget Sound by April or May, whether he goes by St. Michael's or by one of the passes, so the

various (paper) lines along the Stickeen, Edmonton, Taku, or Dalton routes are not especially helpful just yet.

By the all-water route the traveler ships

pedestrians, although perfectly possible for railroads.) There has been for some time a section of overhead tramway in operation

along the Chilkoot route from Dyea and a

more extensive project of the same sort is being pushed to completion and may help to solve the transportation problem during the spring and summer. From Skaguay there is a road across the White Pass, more difficult than the Chilkoot, but now being put into condition for the spring traffic. There is also the "Jack Dalton" trail, which crosses the Chilkoot Pass and joins the other routes at Fort Selkirk; if one has pack animals which are to be disposed of further on this is perhaps the best route of all. It is significant, however, that nearly three thousand of the thirty-six hundred



ICEBERGS ON THE BEACH AT JUNEAU.

to St. Michael's, four thousand miles from San Francisco, and is there transferred to a shallow-draft steamer for the journey of nearly two thousand miles up stream to Dawson. Seven weeks is a fair allowance for the journey, so that the first of August is the earliest date at which one could hope to reach prospecting ground. This leaves but a couple of weeks of the season in which to get settled, for the weather makes preliminary operations almost impossible after the middle or end of August. Against this fact is to be placed the comparative ease of the journey.

The land routes—or practically all the feasible ones—start from Dyea and Skaguay at the head of Lynn Canal. (The trails from Juneau up the Taku River to Lake Teslin and then down the Hootalinqua, and the one from Wrangell which follows the Stickeen to Telegraph Creek and thence overland one hundred and fifty-four miles to Lake Teslin are out of the question for

prospectors who "got through" in 1897 went across the Chilkoot Pass.

By whatever route the gold-hunter makes his attempt he should carry with him supplies for at least a year. Upon this point, as upon the necessity of having an outfit of the best quality obtainable, there is unanimity of opinion among the most violent supporters of the different "trails." Of course this question must be decided largely by individual preference, but the typical outfit of clothing supplied by the dealers at Seattle, Portland, Juneau, etc., who make a specialty of such goods runs as follows:

- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| 2 pairs blankets        | 3 suits underwear                        |
| 3 heavy sweaters        | 1 pair rubber boots (with leather soles) |
| 1 pair high shoes       | 1 suit mackinaws                         |
| 1 " trousers (corduroy) | 1 leather-lined corduroy coat            |
| 2 pairs felt boots      | 6 pairs heavy socks                      |
| 1 corduroy hat          | 1 pair unlined gloves                    |
| 1 flannel-lined hood    | 4 pairs medium socks                     |
| 1 heavy cap             | 1 pair rubber mittens                    |
| 2 pairs overalls        | 1 " wristlets                            |
| 2 jumpers               | 1 " moccasins                            |
| 1 pack strap            | 1 " leather suspenders                   |
| 6 towels                | 1 sleeping bag                           |
| 1 money belt            | 1 canvas tent.                           |

These will cost about \$140 to \$150 and should in every case be good if bought at all. The men who have made the trip declare that it is better to leave out some things which seem necessary than to burden one's self with what is not going to be really useful.

The travelers must carry also a full set of prospecting and mining implements, and take along either a boat "knocked down" or the tools with which to build one on the lake shores for the trip down stream. With a year's provisions, hardware, and cooking utensils one's luggage amounts to the formidable total of a couple of thousand pounds. It is this fact, of course, which makes all the trouble in the journey. With all the perpendicular rise of the last thousand feet between Sheep Camp and the summit of the Chilkoot, an ordinarily active pedestrian would find little trouble in making the pas-



PACKING LUMBER OVER CHILKOOT PASS.

sage but for this mass of supplies. They put him at the mercy of the Indian packers, whose prices rise with the demand to the most exorbitant rates (three or four hundred dollars was a common price for transportation over this thirty miles last season), and who were entirely unequal to the task of keeping the trail clear. Moreover, even this precarious means fails at the first breath of winter, for the Siwash has no love for packing through the snow, and there have

been during the last six months several thousand pilgrims camped at Dyea and Skaguay, unable to advance over the snow-bound route.

When the miner has reached the scene of operation and decided where to try his chances, the experts say the newcomer will do better to strike out for himself instead of making for the already overcrowded region just about Dawson. Having found "pay dirt," he will need a little special knowledge of the mining laws not to get himself into trouble. All the late discoveries have been in Canadian territory, where the following



CHURCH AT JUNEAU.



laws are in force for placer-mining—the only sort attempted as yet in the Yukon region:

For “bar diggings” the claim shall be a strip of land one hundred feet wide at high-water mark and extending along the river to its lowest water-level—bar diggings being defined to mean any part of a river over which water extends in flood seasons but not at low water. The sides of such a claim are two parallel lines at right angles to the stream, marked by

four posts, one at each end at high-water mark and one at each end at the water's edge. One of the posts must contain the miner's name and the date of staking.

For “dry diggings”—mines over which a river never extends—the claim is limited to one hundred feet square, marked at each corner as described above.

“Creek and river claims” are five hun-



INDIAN GRAVEYARD AT JUNEAU.

dred feet in length, measured along the stream, and extend from base to base of the hills on each side (or from “bench” to “bench”); except that when the benches are more than six hundred feet apart the width is limited to that size, and when the benches are less than one hundred feet apart the width may be extended to one hundred feet, to be marked as above.

Within sixty days the claim must be recorded at the nearest law office and a fee of \$15 is required for registry, with an annual fee thereafter of \$100. The government proposes to collect a ten-per-cent royalty on all returns of less than \$500 a week, twenty per cent on greater returns—when the police force is adequate!

If the claim is the first on this particular stream the four-inch boundary stakes (eighteen inches in the ground and eighteen inches above) are marked “O.” The next claim going up stream is “one above”; the next below is “one below,” and so on. The



TOMB OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

claims between the "forties below" and the "forties above" are the only ones in which the miner has any right to count with reason upon ever sharing at all in the original discoverer's luck. For the "pay streak" is by no means always under the stream bed. The theory has been advanced that the former is the bed of an old glacier which has brought down the gold; at any rate, its course widens and deepens without much regard for the present water-course. As a rule the miner strikes first a stratum of frozen muck from four to thirty feet deep; next comes a layer of rubble averaging three or four feet, then a thin layer of dirt or clay, sometimes not more than a foot thick, and beneath this, resting on the bed rock, lies the golden streak, sometimes so rich that the "nuggets and flakes of gold have to be mixed with dirt to be sluiced." Ordinarily, however, the pay dirt is thrown up on the dump during the winter, the frozen ground being thawed with fires. In

the spring this frozen heap soon melts and can be shoveled into the sluice-boxes, where the dirt and gravel are washed off, the

heavier gold sinking to the bottom and being caught by the cross cleats.

Of course gold-dust is the universal currency, at the rate of seventeen dollars or more, and the precious yellow grains are stored and carried in all sorts of receptacles, from a buckskin bag to a rubber boot. It is very significant of the absorption in the business of gold-hunting that life and property are by all accounts as safe in



INDIAN MISSION AND TOTEM-POLE.



STEAMSHIP "CORONA," WRECKED WHILE RETURNING FROM ALASKA.

Dawson as in New York. All the miners agree in their stories of fortunes being kept in crazy little "shacks," of the swift punishment meted out to the "claim-jumper," and of the uselessness of firearms.

Gambling and drinking are the chief pastimes, but the feeling that each man is a potential millionaire seems to be more efficacious in inspiring order and respect for one another's property than some thousands of years of civilization have been. It is a strangely picturesque development; men becoming law-abiding from an access of the very causes which have so often sufficed to drive them to crime.

There have been no lack of Jeremiads preached on the subject of this arctic Pactolus. Reports that the claims were all taken, that there had been no new placer discoveries since the first rush, and that the whole Yukon settlement was on the verge of starvation have alternated with graphic descriptions of the hardships and dangers awaiting the prospector before he can even reach the mining region. The scientific experts, too, have declared that nine out of ten of the men who try their fortunes would do far better physically, morally, and financially by staying at home. It is, moreover, estimated that the vast army of prospectors, the vanguard of which is now starting Alaska-ward, will spend in 1898 some sixty millions of dollars—to produce one fourth of that amount. But all these arguments are as vain babble in the ears of the Argonaut. He has seen or known or read of the men who took five thousand dollars out of forty square feet in Claim No. 30; of the sixty-two thousand dollars that came from twenty-four square feet in El Dorado Claim 13; of Mrs. Lippi and Mrs. Berry, who poked six thousand dollars out of a discarded dump in a few days, while one of the men of their party secured a million-dollar claim; of the man who took seven hundred dollars out of one pan of dirt—and so on through a crescendo of fact and fiction. With his mind set on these things he heeds discouraging talk not half so much as he does the mosquitoes. Give him any item of infor-

mation about the Klondike, or anything Alaskan, however incorrect, and his attention is yours, but to all else he is deaf.

There is some foundation for this. Certainly the successful prospectors so far have owed their good fortune to apparently blind chance, and no one need hesitate from inexperience when luck is the ruling factor. But it is undeniable that any man not in first-class physical condition and who has not at least seven or eight hundred dollars will be more than foolish to set his face toward the Yukon. A thousand dollars is not a bit too much, but if the gold-seeker is very determined it is really possible by working for others to save up enough money in a few weeks after reaching Dawson to purchase an outfit. Unskilled labor always commands ten dollars a day, and an able mechanic can easily secure anywhere from fifteen to thirty. Since it is possible for a strong and healthy man to live with an expenditure of three to five hundred a year such wages as these leave a handsome margin.

Whatever may be the immediate results of the tremendous influx of miners into these Alaskan and Northwest Territory regions there is no doubt whatever but that this hitherto desolate portion of our continent is entering upon a new and most striking phase of development, and he would be a bold prophet who would venture to picture the state of affairs along the mighty Yukon in another decade or two.

## THE UNITED STATES AND HAWAII.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

### I.

THE radical departure in its policy concerning the extension of territory which the United States is contemplating in regard to Hawaii is of the utmost importance. In the course of its history the greater republic has steadily opposed any acquisition of territory beyond the actual coast to the east and west.

The appeal of Santo Domingo for annexa-

tion was rejected, and the present attitude of the government in its intervention in behalf of Cuba is not inspired by any desire whatever to secure possession of that island, however much this may be charged by those ignorant of American politics.

The relations between the United States and Hawaii are, however, radically different from those between the United States and the West Indies, Hawaii being practically

an American colony with a civilization that is essentially Anglo-Saxon, while the latter in customs, manners, and religion are affiliated with the Latin races.

Captain Cook has given us the first authentic account of the Sandwich Islands. He touched the island of Kauai January 20, 1778, went ashore and bartered with natives, as explorers are wont to do to this day. His chief benefaction to the people was in the gifts of pigs and cattle, there being little or no animal life in the islands. The generous hospitality of the people was grossly abused, and in attempting reprisal for injuries done his crew Cook lost his life.

English and afterward American vessels touched at the islands, but contact with the sailors only increased the evils of vice and intemperance which had been already introduced by Captain Cook. Each of the eight inhabited islands, Hawaii, the largest, from which the entire group derives its name, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau, had a distinct government under a chief of its own. They were conquered and united under "the great Kamehameha" in 1796.

What may be known as American influence dates from the reign of this great ruler, and it gives a touch of romance to what otherwise would be an almost unrelieved record of bloodshed and violence. In 1789 an American vessel, the *Eleanor*, visited the islands. It was commanded by Captain Metcalf, whose son was in command of a smaller vessel, *The Fair American*.

Metcalf was guilty of horrible indignities, and while the *Eleanor* was cruising off Hawaii the natives seized *The Fair American*, which had been detained elsewhere along the coast, threw young Metcalf overboard, and killed all the crew except Isaac Davis, the mate, and John Young, the boatswain, who had gone ashore while the massacre was going on and was detained unharmed. Fortunately both proved to be men of good character and of strong, natural intelligence, and the aid which they gave the king in governing the conquered islands, and in reconciling the people and their chiefs to the new authority was of signal value. Both mar-

ried native women and reared families and both figured conspicuously in subsequent history.

The first American missionaries came from Boston to Honolulu in the brig *Thaddeus* in 1820. The company consisted of the Rev. H. Bingham and the Rev. Asa Thurston, with their wives, five laymen, and three Hawaiians who had been educated in the United States and who acted as interpreters.

The cordial reception which these pioneer missionaries met was due largely to the good offices of John Young. The time was ripe for their advent; the people had renounced their idols in 1819 and were practically in a receptive frame of mind, being without a religion. The missionaries began at once the work of teaching the people not only the principles of Christianity but the arts of civilization, and found the natives in those early days willing and ready pupils.

At that time the now verdant and fertile island of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated, was an arid volcanic tract, with treeless, dusty plains or barren mountain slopes. Vegetation was very scant; cocoa-palms grew along the sea; in the forests were the breadfruit and the banana, with the *ohela*, a sweet berry resembling the cranberry, the *poha*, or cape gooseberry, and the raspberry. Coffee and sugar-cane were indigenous, and the *kou koo lehua* and *kauwila*, hard, beautifully grained woods, grew thickly upon the higher lands.

The staple foods were fish and *taro* (*Colocasia antiquorum*), from which *poi*, the chief article of native diet, is still manufactured. Many varieties of beautiful and useful shrubs and plants have been introduced, the missionaries earnestly endeavoring to inculcate habits of providence and industry—a difficult task where labor had been relegated to the lowest classes and considered by chiefs and chiefesses distinctly degrading. The Americans found other zealous friends in the native women regents, who assumed the title of *Kuhina nui*. In accordance with a peculiar Hawaiian law the *Kuhina nui* became the premier when the heir apparent attained his majority, a post which carried with it great influence and dignity and which was

retained for life. Five notable women, all possessed of remarkable intelligence and force of character, filled this position between 1832 and 1864, when a new constitution was promulgated and the office was abolished. They were Kaahumana, Kinau, Kekaulohi, Keouiani, and Victoria Kama-malu. These distinguished chiefesses were extremely friendly to the missionaries, lent them every assistance, and by their personal example influenced their people to receive instruction.

The interval between the arrival of Messrs.

reading and writing. Schools were held in native huts and the pupils were called together by the blowing of a conch-shell. Vice and intemperance continued to be the greatest enemies against which the missionaries had to contend and which they found it most difficult to control. For instead of diminishing the evils seemed to increase, and the regulation of the liquor traffic, opposed by the British and French consuls, became at length a prominent issue in politics.

The commerce of the islands was extended, and as time progressed ships touched



HONOLULU, WITH PUNCH BOWL HILL IN THE BACKGROUND.

Thurston and Bingham and the adoption of a constitution in 1839 was an unvaried record of dissension, rebellion, and conspiracy, during which, nevertheless, Christianity continued to spread and public education made marked progress. Professor Alexander states that in four years two thousand people had learned to read and schools had been established throughout the islands. Mrs. Judd gives a touching picture of young and old alike, children of tender years and aged men and women, poring over their books, eager to acquire the wonderful art of

at Honolulu at closer intervals. But this broadening of their intercourse with the world at large was productive of evil as well as of good. It was then a remote quarter of the globe and vessels were many months in making the voyage between Hawaii, the eastern states, and Europe. Desertions from vessels were frequent and troublesome and Honolulu became a refuge for buccaneers, criminals, and adventurers of the most lawless character. These men considered themselves outside the pale of civilization and consequently safe from pursuit.





WAIOLAMA RIVER.

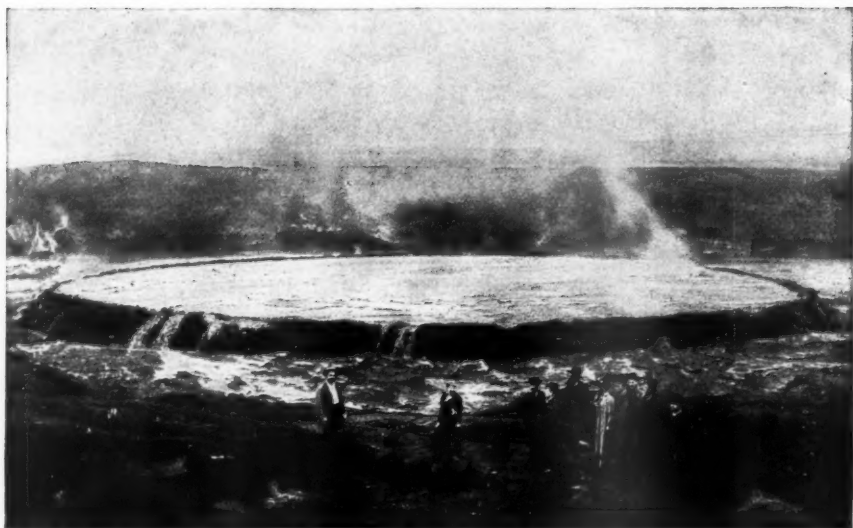
Richard Charlton, who had been appointed British consul, arrived in Honolulu February 24, 1823. He affiliated with the lawless element, opposed the king and the missionaries in all their efforts to effect reform, and undoubtedly prolonged and complicated diffi-

culties that continued during his term of office.

At this time the capital contained between two and three thousand inhabitants; there were several shops well supplied with goods from Europe and the United States;



TRAVELER'S PALM AND BAMBOO.



IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

European clothing had been very generally adopted; houses comfortably furnished began to supplant their primitive grass huts. The commerce of the islands had extended to the United States, to China, and to Europe, but owing to their dissolute habits the common people had not shared the advantages enjoyed by those of higher rank and were excessively poor and wretched.

Mr. Richards, who lived at Lahaina on the island of Maui, was instrumental in securing the enactment of restrictive legislation and he and his wife were subjected to repeated outrages and narrowly escaped massacre. But they were neither intimidated nor daunted, and after a time aid was received from an unexpected source.

American ship-owners, whose crews, demoralized by the general corruption, continued to desert and mutiny, were finally forced to appeal to the United States government for relief.

The *Peacock*, commanded by Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, was sent out to the islands to protect the interests of American traders and to exact the payment of "debts due American citizens by the native government." He arrived in October, 1826, and sailed three months later.

The American claims for damages were inquired into and considerably reduced, although still considered exorbitant, and arrangements were made for their payment. Forty deserters from American ships were taken into custody, this having been the American officer's first official duty. Captain Jones found a bitter opponent in Charlton, the British consul, who espoused the cause of the deserters and stubbornly arrayed himself against the missionaries. Charlton claimed that the natives were really British subjects, a claim that was very naturally resisted by Captain Jones on the ground that the consul's commission was, in itself, a recognition of Hawaiian independence on the part of the British government.

Charges of rather a grave nature had been made against the missionaries by their enemies and they asked a public investigation. A formal trial was instituted, over which Captain Jones presided. The fullest inquiry was made and Captain Jones declared that "not one jot or tittle, not one iota derogatory to their character as men, or as ministers of the gospel of the strictest order, could be made to appear against the missionaries by the united efforts of all who conspired against them." The most

important outcome of Captain Jones' mission, however, was the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Hawaii and the United States, which was the beginning not only of definite political and commercial relations with this government, but, as Professor Alexander has said, was the first treaty "between the Hawaiian government and any foreign power."

The council at which this treaty was negotiated convened December 22, 1826. Attacks upon Mr. Richards at Lahaina continued, and Kaahumana, the regent, sent for him to come to Honolulu. Here a meeting was held, when the cause of the difficulties—Mr. Richard's persistent opposition to the vicious practices of the natives and the English sailors—was carefully investigated. To this trial Hawaii owed its first written laws—penalties being imposed for such crimes as murder, theft, drunkenness, adultery, and traffic in ardent spirits. This timely and much-needed intervention proved effective and order was restored.

There were other difficulties with the French, who wished to introduce Roman Catholicism and who sent out missionaries. Their landing was violently opposed by the queen regent and they finally joined the Catholic missions in California. Very rigid laws had been enacted against idolatry, and Kaahumana saw fit to perceive in the celebration of the mass an attempt to revive the

prohibited practices. Kaahumana died and was succeeded by Kinau, who, although intelligent and generally well disposed toward the foreign residents, lacked her predecessor's firmness of character. Fresh disputes arose with American ship-owners, who complained that they were unable to collect money owing them by the chiefs, and the dissolute followers of Liliho, the governor (Boki) of Oahu, who was dominated by his beautiful wife Liliha, became once more aggressive and difficult to control. Both Boki and his wife had obtained a good deal of influence over the young heir apparent. To the great satisfaction of the best element in the islands, white and native, he shook off his evil associations, and when he finally came to the throne under the title of Kamehameha III. he



QUEEN DOWAGER KAPIOLANI.



A NATIVE HUT.

immediately confirmed Kinau in the premiership.

From the time that he assumed his office the young king realized its importance and dignity, and from the disturbed and discouraging conditions that had prevailed so long there was a healthy reaction in favor of morality and enlightenment, for which the Americans had so long striven. The teachers were recalled; the old confidence and respect were once more shown them; schools and churches were once more opened and the natives again flocked to them to be taught. The first chapel was built by John Diell, who had brought out the timbers from New London, Conn. It was put together in the center of Honolulu, where it still stands and is known as the "Bethel Church."

There was at this time one newspaper, *The Sandwich Island Gazette*; the population numbered about 130,313, which within three years showed a decrease of 22,000. This great mortality was the result of measles, which was very fatal and which, it was estimated, carried off one tenth of the native population. During the retrogressive period trade had dwindled from \$400,000 to \$30,000, partly through exhausting the supply of sandal-wood, which was the chief

export, and partly through the profligacy and indolence of the natives, who as they became more corrupt became also less industrious and enterprising.

Fresh quarrels arose with the French, who renewed the attempt to establish a mission in Honolulu and who found in Kinau an even more inveterate enemy than Kaahumana had been. It is greatly to their credit that the American missionaries did their utmost to secure forbearance toward the priests and to shield them from injustice. Kinau, however, was obdurate and she was further incensed by the course of Admiral de Tromelin, whom the French government sent out to support the demands of the French consul, an Irishman named Dillon. The latter made endless mischief, misrepresenting and maligning the government. It had been charged that the duty on French brandy was equivalent to prohibition, that there was discrimination in the public schools between the children of Protestants and Catholics—the old quarrel that is very familiar to the people of the United States.

A division of the school fund had been asked, that Catholic children might have "proper religious instruction," and this was coupled with a modest demand that the

French language be adopted in business. The king, weak and powerless to resist, offered to submit the dispute to any foreign power that might be named, which was refused. Admiral de Tromelin landed his forces and took possession of the fort, which was dismantled. No resistance was offered and order was maintained, so that there was no loss of life or property. Both the American and British consuls protested against the proceedings of Tromelin, and on September 11, 1849, Dr. Judd was despatched to England with the two young princes, Alexander Liholiho, the heir apparent, and his brother, Lot Kamehameha. A new treaty was negotiated in San Francisco with Charles Eames, the United States commissioner. Dr. Judd then proceeded on his mission, receiving great kindness at the hands of Lord Palmerston and others. Mr. Dillon had anticipated Dr. Judd, and arriving in Paris in advance of him contrived to influence

the minister of foreign affairs against him. It was impossible, therefore, to secure the negotiation of a treaty with France, so he returned to London and finally by the way of the United States to Honolulu, having concluded new treaties with both our own and the British government.

A commissioner, Mr. Perrin, was sent out from France and arrived in Honolulu December 13, 1851. The old extortionate demands were again presented, and after some months of discussion, at the end of which nothing had been accomplished, the king issued a proclamation making a provisional cession of the islands to the United States, thus claiming our protection until the relations between France and Hawaii could be satisfactorily arranged. If it were found that this could not be accomplished the provisional cession was to be made perpetual. It will thus be seen that this, the first proposition to annex the islands, was a voluntary act upon the part of the king,

and was the only practicable defense against the encroachments of a superior power, and was not the result either of missionary influence or of any wish on our part to seize the islands.

The claims of the French, when the protection of a stronger power had been thus invoked, reduced themselves to a demand for "the liberty of Catholic worship and the trade in spirits," and an agreement was reached which was signed by the king and the French commissioner. There were, however, more decisive results from this agreement which were destined to leave a lasting impression upon Hawaii, its internal government, and its relations with England, France, and the United States, and to influence very materially its future history. Charlton, the British consul, was, as might be supposed, a staunch ally of Dillon and the priests. He did a great deal to help on the dissension and to prevent a speedy and peaceful settlement of the dispute.



TYPICAL NATIVE GIRLS.



Kinau, who had great authority, was, as has been said, even more hostile to the priests than Kaahumana had been. She bitterly opposed the introduction of Catholicism, jealous of its spread and distrustful of its influence upon her people. She had no sympathy for priestcraft in any of its guises, recalling, doubtless, the oppression which her sex had suffered at the hands of the priests of the ancient religion. She countenanced persecution, and native converts were treated with great severity, imprisoned and sentenced to hard labor in the public works.

It is gratifying to know that the first appeal for religious liberty came from American Protestants, who, through Mr. Richards, finally persuaded the king to issue an edict of toleration, June 17, 1839, prohibiting punishment for religious belief and conveying pardon to all who had been imprisoned and sentenced upon religious grounds. License laws had been enacted the preceding year, their stringent requirements reducing the number of licenses from twelve to two.

In this crisis it was realized that the entire plan of government must be reconstructed. The simple code which had been sufficient under the patriarchal rule of the first Kamehamehas proved to be inadequate in the increasing and more complicated difficulties brought about by foreign intrigue and internal discontent and dissension. A written constitution was urgently demanded, and that of the United States was universally accepted as a model. A formal request was made to the United States that a commission be named to aid in drafting the proposed constitution, which Congress very properly refused, upon the ground that the United States was unwilling to exercise any undue influence at this the first inception of the reorganized government.

Mr. Richards was again instrumental in advancing the highest interests of the islands, and was selected to draft the first constitution and a tentative code of laws, having prepared the people for their intelligent consideration and adoption by a series of lectures, in which they were familiarized with the rudiments of civil government.



THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL IN HONOLULU.

## CUBA AND HER PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

WITH the possible exception of Formosa, the island of Cuba is believed to be the richest spot on earth, and with her productive soil, mineral wealth, climatic conditions, and geographical position should rank among the foremost communities of the world—a distinction she can never attain, however, until her people have a just and liberal government, the facilities for education, and will themselves submit cheerfully to authority. It has never been possible for the home-seeker and investor to find in Cuba that security which is necessary to "the pursuit of happiness," but those who believe in annexation insist that as soon as good government is guaranteed the valleys and the *vegas* will be filled with enterprising North Americans. It is also asserted that the Cubans may be easily governed if they have any share of justice, and the colonies of exiles at Key West and Tampa are cited as examples. The former is a community of between thirty and forty thousand people, mostly Cubans, where only one policeman is required to keep order, and he has a sinecure. At Tampa and Ybor City, its suburb, which is peopled exclusively by Cubans, the same peaceful conditions prevail. There is no crime, no disorder, no drunkenness, and nothing happens, except now and then a jealous lover plunges a knife into the back of his rival.

Cuba has an area about equal to that of Tennessee—41,000 square miles—and, as one will observe by the map, it lies like a scroll below the tip of Florida, 775 miles long and varying in width from 30 to 160 miles. Although settled fifty years before the United States, Cuba has still 13,000,000 acres of primeval forest, in which the woodman's axe has never been heard. The timber is mahogany, cedar, redwood, rosewood, ebony, lignum-vitæ, and caiquaran, the latter being more durable in the ground than iron or steel. All these woods are in great

demand for cabinet work in the United States and Europe, and hence the forests are immensely valuable. The soil is a marvel of richness, and fertilizers are never used except in the cultivation of tobacco, even though the same crops have been grown on the same fields for a century. The mountains abound in minerals, and some of the mines have paid dividends for two hundred years. The iron mines are particularly rich, and overshadow all other wealth and industry in the eastern provinces. They represent an investment of over five million dollars of American capital, employ two thousand men, and ship annually to the United States from thirty to fifty thousand tons of ore, said to be the richest and purest in the world, yielding an average of sixty-seven per cent pure iron. There are also important mines of manganese ore, which is indispensable in the manufacture of steel. The exports of copper into this country used to mount into the millions every year until the development of the Lake Superior deposits and the protective tariff made the business unprofitable. But the mineral, like the agricultural and timber resources of the island, are only partially developed. If all the land suitable to the growth of sugar were devoted to that industry Cuba, might supply the entire hemisphere. The product is only limited by the extent of cultivation.

The foreign trade of Cuba formerly was the largest per capita of any country in the world. In 1892 the total was \$170,458,553, or about \$113 per capita of the population. That was high tide; the imports amounted to \$69,444,287, and the exports to \$101,014,226; and a large part of the trade was due to the reciprocity arrangement with the United States.

Although a large portion of the island is yet untouched by the hands of man, and, in fact, has never been explored, the population is comparatively dense and averages

forty-five people to the square mile, while the United States has only twenty to the square mile. There has been a rapid increase in population both from natural causes and by immigration. The United States and the Argentine Republic are the only countries that have increased so rapidly. Before the present rebellion the wealth of the island was \$531 per capita, while that of the United States is \$407.

There has never been an accurate census because the poor people are always suspicious of enumerators, but according to the best estimates the population before the rebellion was about 1,500,000, of which 800,000 were white natives and mixed Spanish and negro blood, 500,000 pure negroes, 140,000 white foreigners, including Spaniards, between 30,000 and 40,000 Chinese, and 10,000 Canary Islanders. But of these in 1895 only 113,956 were taxpayers. The number of landowners in the island is only 90,960, and many of the largest estates, like those of Ireland, belong to foreigners. The debt of Cuba in round numbers is \$500,000,000, which, distributed among a population of 1,500,000, gives a per capita of \$333, but distributed among 113,956 taxpayers makes a per capita of \$4,386, with an interest charge alone of about \$260 a year upon every property-holder, without taking into consideration the other taxes that are necessary to raise funds to carry on the government and maintain military organizations.

The present rebellion has, of course, increased this debt considerably, and the devastation of the island has made it impossible for any one to pay taxes.

Not only has the population been reduced anywhere from 300,000 to 500,000 during the last three years, but seventy-five per cent of the cultivated area has been laid waste and fully as great a proportion of the property destroyed.

The foreign commerce for 1897 was not more than one fourth of the annual average for the previous ten years, and in 1898 it will be still less. The cane fields, which have brought the greatest wealth and prosperity to Cuba, are practically destroyed, and are overgrown with weeds and underbrush.

The tobacco fields, which cover the western end of the island, were devastated in a similar manner, although that part of the country is now at peace, and the cultivation of the soil has been resumed. Instead of her normal product of 11,000,000 tons of sugar Cuba will not produce this year more than 35,000 tons; and instead of the usual crop of molasses, worth \$15,500,000, not more than ten per cent will be produced. The output of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, which usually reaches \$25,000,000, will be reduced to \$5,000,000, and the revenues of the sugar planters will be cut down \$60,000,000 or \$75,000,000; perhaps more. This is due not only to the interruption of labor but to the destruction of capital. The poor must be fed by charity, and the rich will be compelled to live on borrowed money for several years; and although the island has remarkable recuperative powers, it will be a long time before it can recover from the effects of the present insurrection. It is now in about the same condition that the South was at the close of our Civil War, and even greater wealth and wisdom is needed for its reconstruction and restoration.

The Spaniards are the intelligent, educated class of Cuba, and usually are people of means. About seventy per cent of the Cubans and negroes are illiterate, and will continue to be until free schools are established by the government. The education of the masses has never been encouraged—only tolerated. The Spaniards live in the cities or before the revolution occupied beautiful estates throughout the island. They occupy the learned professions, until recently filled the offices, and owned the big manufacturing establishments. The Spaniards are the aristocracy and the Cubans work for them. To appreciate the situation one must understand a curious distinction and antipathy between the Cubans and the Spaniards.

A Spaniard was born in Spain. His son, who was born in Cuba, is not a Spaniard, but a Cuban. If a Cuban should go to Madrid when he is two weeks old, and spend all his life in the palace, he would still be a Cuban, and not quite as good as

a Spaniard. If a Spaniard should go to Havana when he is two weeks old, and spend all his life in that city or upon a plantation, he would still be a Spaniard, and enjoy a distinction and social position which a Cuban can never attain. The sons and daughters of a Spaniard are Cubans if they are born in Cuba; but the sons and grandsons and great-grandsons of a Cuban must always be Cubans, no matter if they were born in Madrid and spend their whole lives in that city. No Cuban can ever become a Spaniard, no matter what happens to him, and from the Spanish point of view he is a degenerate.

The Cubans are proud of their race and their country, and insist that they would rather be Cubans than Spaniards or anything else on earth, but nevertheless the pretensions and the social superiority of the Spaniards always irritate them. The resentment is aggravated because, until recently, Cuba has always been ruled by Spaniards—the Cuban has never had any voice in his own government—and because the Spaniards own seventy per cent of the island and represent the money power.

Cuba has had a carpet-bag government of the most aggravated type ever since the island was discovered. All the high offices and nearly all the profitable ones have been held for short periods by favorites of the ministry at Madrid, who came over to get rich. As soon as they gathered their share of Cuban plunder, and they were generally allowed about three years to do it, they went back to Spain and were succeeded by another set of impecunious carpet-baggers. So the procession has been coming and going incessantly for a century, stripping Cuba of its wealth, plundering the people by all possible forms of extortion, and robbing the government by methods that are understood by everybody there. These carpet-bag officials have been familiarly known as "aves de paso"—birds of passage—and have made the most corrupt and incompetent government the American hemisphere has ever experienced.

Although the island has produced an annual revenue of from thirty to thirty-five

millions of dollars, nearly all that money was taken away. Very little of it was spent in the country. There were no roads, no schools, no sewers, no public institutions supported by the government; no internal improvements were ever made; but the island was drained of this vast sum year after year, despite the protests of the people, who were kept in a state of subjection by an enormous army, which they were compelled to pay for. The same policy was pursued in the Spanish colonies of Central and South America until they secured their freedom, and was the cause of the several wars for independence. Spain once owned four fifths of the hemisphere, but has lost all except two little islands because of misrule and the discrimination that has always been drawn between the colonies and the people of the mother country. England never lost a colony but the United States. Spain has not been able to keep any except Cuba and Puerto Rico, and they are rapidly slipping from her grasp.

Revolutions in Cuba have been frequent for the last hundred years. It has required a standing army of large proportions and the maintenance of expensive fortresses to keep the people in a state of submission. The Cubans have never been willing subjects of Spain. The soil of the island has often been reddened by the blood of impatient patriots who refused to tolerate the tyranny and corruption. The dungeons of the great fortresses across the bay from Havana, and at convenient distances from all the other large cities, have been full of political prisoners, of whom it is said no record was kept. A man who made use of intemperate language about the government or who denounced the methods of the captain-general in a café or at a club was likely to be arrested on his way home and taken across the river to Castle Moro or the Cabañas. When a prisoner entered one of these fortresses he seldom emerged again. If his friends demanded trial or investigation sometimes it was granted, but if the evidence was not clear against him it was not; it was postponed from month to

month and year to year. When you asked the guards what became of the prisoners they would look the other way and answer, "Dios sabe" (God only knows).

A good part of the population of Key West, Tampa, Jacksonville, and other Florida towns are exiles, and in New York there is so large a Cuban colony that a newspaper is published for its benefit. There has been constant warfare between the Cuban secret societies in the United States and the Spanish government, and a revenue cutter has been kept busy by our authorities in heading off filibustering expeditions. For ten years, from 1868 to 1878, an active revolution continued, which was finally suppressed after a great loss of men and money and enormous damage to the commerce and industry of the island. The insurgents surrendered upon receiving assurances of administrative reforms which were never carried out by Spain, which has naturally been the cause of constant discontent ever since.

The Congress of the United States is morally responsible for the present outbreak. It was due to economic quite as much as political conditions. Under the reciprocity arrangement negotiated by Mr. Blaine, Cuba reached the height of her prosperity in 1892. There was a free market for her sugar in the United States, which caused an enormous production and gave plenty of work, high wages, and cheap food to the Cubans; for, owing to the reduction of duties upon our breadstuffs and provisions under the reciprocity arrangement, many luxuries and comforts they had never known before were brought within the reach of the working classes. But in the summer of 1894 our Congress imposed a duty of two cents a pound on sugar. The sugar trust, which controlled the trade, made the Cuban planters pay it. There was no advance in the price of the refined article in the United States. We got twenty pounds for a dollar after the duty was imposed just as we did before, but the Cuban planter, who had been selling his crop for \$3.50 and \$4.00 per hundred-weight net, was compelled to accept half

that price. He in turn took it out of his workmen. The wages of every plantation hand in Cuba were cut in half. The restoration of the old duties on flour, pork, lard, and other food products more than doubled their price. Flour was admitted free under the reciprocity treaty, but when it was revoked a duty of \$5.95 per barrel was imposed, and the people were driven back to eating bananas and fried plantains.

The result was discontent, distress, and disturbance. As is usually the case when the common people suffer, they blamed the government, and were ripe for rebellion when the flag of "Cuba Libre" was raised by José Martí at Sabana la Mar (the Meadow of the Sea) on April 11, 1895. Martí was a brilliant but ill-balanced young man, possessed of an hysterical sort of patriotism, an impulsive nature which plunged and fretted under restraint like a nervous young colt, and a torrent of eloquence that would stir the souls of his fellow countrymen to any deed of sacrifice or daring. But Martí, "the apostle of freedom," as they called him, was killed in the first battle; and Maximiliano Gómez, a native of Santo Domingo, and Antonio Maceo, two negro adventurers who were exiled after the previous revolution, were hired to take command. Both were men of remarkable natural ability, courage, and considerable military skill. Gómez is an old man of seventy-five years or more, without fear or conscience, who has fought in a dozen revolutions in as many countries, and is known as "El Chino Viejo"—"the old Chinaman"—because of his resemblance to a Celestial. Maceo was originally a *cartero*, or cart-driver, entirely without education, but gifted with extraordinary natural intelligence. He was a patriot, and not only dreamed of free Cuba but had a plan for the establishment of a black republic, to be composed of Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and other West India islands, in which the negro race predominates.

As I have explained, the island was ready for revolution. The people were exasperated beyond endurance by Spanish tyranny and corruption. They demanded



a permanent and honest government by men of their own race, interested in the welfare and development of the island, instead of selfish foreigners who came there simply to enrich themselves. They realized that there was no security for investment, that the public debt was being piled up rapidly, and would soon reach dimensions that could not be carried by a population like that of Cuba. They felt the need of public improvements, railways, highways, hospitals, schools, and the spirit of modern civilization. They wanted a government that would do all this, instead of corrupt carpet-bag rulers from across the sea. But, unfortunately, the revolution was inaugurated by adventurers whose authority, if they succeeded, would be despotic, and whose administration of affairs would be even less satisfactory than that of the Spaniards, for the tyranny and corruption of the latter were at least tempered by the conventionalities of civilization. These men could command only the support of the ignorant classes, who had nothing at stake, and the revolution soon drifted into a struggle between the rich and the poor, while the people who were most interested in good government—the merchants, manufacturers, and planters—stood back, anxiously awaiting the results and watching their opportunity to take advantage of the situation.

Instead of trying to conciliate these classes and bring to the support of the government the responsible and law-abiding portion of the population, instead of conceding the reforms that had been promised at the close of the last revolution and continually demanded by the autonomist and reform parties ever since, the tactics which the Duke of Alba adopted in the Netherlands three hundred years ago were applied to Cuba, and a policy of destruction and extermination was pursued. General Weyler's plan of driving the country people into the towns and then burning their houses so that they could not return to them made thousands of enemies for Spain. For while many of the "pacificos," as they were called, had doubtless given active sympathy to the insurgents, they were compelled to do so

from fear and were not necessarily enemies of the government. But when Weyler's policy was carried out, every man whose home had been burned had a grievance that nothing but revenge could satisfy, and tens of thousands were driven into peaceful and loyal communities, where they and their families have been not only burdens upon charity but distressing examples of Spanish atrocity and active missionaries of discontent. Weyler made one hundred insurgents for every one he killed, and accomplished exactly what he endeavored to prevent.

Under pressure from the United States Weyler was recalled from Cuba, and General Blanco, a man of humane instincts, was sent over to try a policy of conciliation, but he came too late. Reforms were offered, but they were not sufficient and had to be abandoned. Instead of conciliating the insurgents the concessions were interpreted as a confession of weakness, and the only result was to encourage them to continue the struggle. Then, again, under pressure from the United States, a generous plan of home rule was at last inaugurated. Every Spaniard was turned out of office and a government composed exclusively of Cubans of recognized ability and patriotism was formed. Most of them were recalled from exile, having been expelled from the island by Weyler or having fled for fear of his vengeance. Galvez, the head of the cabinet, had spent five years in a Spanish prison for conscience' sake, and after he escaped was the active man in raising funds in New York and other parts of the United States for the revolution of 1868. He was the president of the Republican party, the "Separatists," as they were called, and was recognized as their leading orator and counselor. Govin, the secretary of the interior, was also an exile, and has been a leader of the party of independence for many years. He was a professor in the University of Havana, the first editor and founder of the first Republican paper printed in Cuba, and grand master of the Masonic order on that island. He fled from Havana when Weyler took charge, but was called back by Blanco and made the chief of the new government.

These are types of the rest, who if their aid had been enlisted two years ago might have prevented the sacrifice of several hundred thousand lives and the devastation of a large part of the island. With reluctance, but yet with hope and confidence, on the 1st of January last, they were installed in power, and they have since been endeavoring to conciliate the insurgents and find some basis of peace. The desperation and the weakness of Spaniards are illustrated by the fact that these former exiles, who have themselves been again and again denounced for treason, were recently permitted to offer terms of capitulation to the leaders of the provisional republic, which practically surrendered everything but the flag and sovereignty of Spain. As one of them remarked, the acceptance of these conditions would leave nothing but a shoe-string by which Spain could hold her colony. They proposed:

1. The withdrawal from Cuba of the Spanish army; the disbanding of the volunteers and the organization of a new militia, in which the insurgents would be recognized and their officers given honorable commands.

2. The absolute pardon of all political offenders.

3. Three positions in the cabinet for representatives of the insurgent party.

4. The crown to appoint a captain-general who shall preside over the colonial legislature, have the casting vote in case of a tie, and the power of veto upon legislation unless overruled by a two thirds vote of the entire body.

5. The Cuban cabinet and legislature to have absolute control of the finances of the island, the collection of the revenues, the disbursement of public funds, and the regulations of taxes and customs tariffs.

6. Importations from Spain to have a preferential duty ten per cent less than that upon similar products from other countries.

7. Cuba to pay \$2,000,000 per annum tribute to the crown.

8. Cuba to be relieved of all financial obligations except \$100,000,000 of the debt.

There were other propositions of lesser

importance, but the whole comprise a complete surrender of Spanish authority, and it is probable that the last two conditions will be yielded if necessary. Many believe that these terms of capitulation might have been accepted by the native Cuban insurgents had it not been for the influence of several foreigners in the army. But it is more probable that the officials of the Cuban Republic considered the offers in the light of a confession of failure, and the last resort of Spain.

The situation in Cuba to-day is extraordinary, and extremely delicate. The government of Spain has entrusted the negotiations for peace with the insurgents to a group of men who less than one year ago would have been sent to the execution grounds, or at least to the dungeons of Cabañas, if the captain-general could have laid hands upon them, and the government of the United States has been appealed to indirectly, and unofficially we may say, but at the same time with the knowledge and consent of the ministry at Madrid, to use its good offices to persuade the insurgents to accept these terms, and join in the administration of a government which they have been three years fighting to destroy. Spain promises the people of Cuba upon the 23d of April a free choice of a legislature that shall make their laws, and the insurgents have been asked to consent to an armistice of fifteen days in order that the citizens of the island, including those now in rebellion, may exercise the right of suffrage which is offered them for the first time. While the new Spanish minister at Washington has made no proposition for the mediation of the United States in this matter, he has indirectly intimated through a third person that an offer to mediate might be considered. It is impossible to ascertain what course the president intends to pursue.\* He is moving with the greatest deliberation, in order that he may accomplish the greatest good with the least disturbance, and hopes to be able to apply measures that will bring peace.

\* By referring to "History As It Is Made," the reader will obtain the latest information obtainable for this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

## WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

### DOMESTIC SERVICE.

BY LUCY M. SALMON, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

I.  
THE cynic observed yesterday that the interests of womankind were confined to the three D's—Dress, Disease, and Domesticity. To-day the bicycle has become a formidable competitor of dress and promises to do its part toward settling some of the disputed questions in regard to the rival it has partially supplanted. Biology is wrestling with disease and bids fair to be the victor. Domesticity still hold the field, but if business methods are introduced into the household, as it seems inevitable will be the case, the interests of women will have passed on and upward from the three D's to the three B's, and the cynic will be forced to turn his attention from woman to a more fruitful field.

It is not indeed strange that the old conception of household service should have yielded so slowly its place in the thoughts of women. The whole subject of economic theory of which it is but a part is itself a recent comer in the field of discussion; it was scarcely a century and a quarter ago that Adam Smith wrote his "Wealth of Nations" and gave a new direction to economic thought.

As a result of these economic studies of the present century something has already been done to improve industrial conditions outside of the household. They have led to improved factory legislation, to better relations between employer and employee, to wide discussion of the principles on which business is conducted, but what has been accomplished has been brought about through an unrest and an agitation that have often brought disaster in their train.

From this general economic discussion the household has been in the main cut off,

largely because it has been considered as belonging to the domain of sentiment rather than of business, because the household has shrunk from all agitation and discussion of the questions with which it is immediately concerned, because it has refused to see that progress is conditioned on this agitation and discussion, because it has cried "Peace, peace, when there was no peace." It is this very aloofness that constitutes to-day the most serious obstacle in the way of any improvement in domestic service—the failure on the part of men and women everywhere to recognize that the occupation is governed by economic law, that it is bound up inextricably with every other phase of the labor question, and that the initial step toward improvement must be the recognition of this fact. Housekeepers everywhere resent what they deem interference with their personal affairs; they betray an ill-concealed irritation when the economic side of the question is presented to them, and believe, if their own household machinery runs smoothly, that no friction exists anywhere and that their own responsibility has ceased. Nothing is so characteristic of women as a class as their inability to assume an impersonal attitude toward any subject under discussion, while in methods of work they are prone to work from day to day and seldom plan for results to be reached years after a project has been set on foot.

This means that before any improvement in household affairs can come, the attitude of mind with which they are approached must undergo a radical change; both men and women must recognize the analogy between domestic service and other forms of labor, and must work, not for more competent cooks and parlor maids in their individual households, not for any specific

change for the better to-morrow, but for improvements in the system—improvements, the benefits of which will be reaped not by this but by subsequent generations. It is a fact from which we cannot escape that domestic service has been affected by historical and economic development, that it is to-day affected by economic conditions, that it must in the future be in like manner affected by them. That we do not all see these facts does not in the least alter their existence. Nothing is so inexorable as law. Law works itself out whether recognized or not. If we accept the workings of the law and aid in its natural development peace and harmony result; if we resist the action of law and struggle against it, we do not stay its progress but we injure ourselves as the bird that beats its wings against prison-bars.

What is the problem that is presented to the housekeeper? To have a healthy, happy, virtuous, and useful household. What are some of the external conditions necessary to such a household? Palatable, nourishing food, regularity of meals, prompt and efficient service. With what tools has the young housekeeper heretofore been expected to grapple with the problem in her own home? Instinct, intuition, love of home, the cardinal virtues, especially meekness and humility, orthodox views in regard to the relation of the housekeeper to her home, and a belief that personal experience, however restricted, is an infallible guide.

What has been the result? Often disastrous failure, sometimes a measurable degree of success, always an unnecessary expenditure of time, money, and mental, physical, and spiritual energy. That most pathetic story in "Pratt Portraits," "A New England Quack," has had more than one counterpart in the household. The results of innocent quackery there may not always be so consciously pathetic, the effects may be more subtle, but they are none the less fatal. Dora Copperfield has been, unhappily for the race, no mere picture of the imagination.

The problem should not in itself be an insoluble one; a happy, well-ordered house-

hold ought to be the normal condition of every home. But to expect to secure this end with the means given a young housekeeper is often to expect the impossible. Behind the housekeeper is not only personal ignorance but all the force of tradition and public opinion; she must face difficulties so deep-seated as to seem almost inherent and ineradicable.

One of the greatest of these difficulties is the belief that the subject is not worthy of consideration and that time and strength are wasted in discussing it.

Another great difficulty is the persistent refusal to consider domestic service as a question of general interest and a part of the labor question of the day. "What is needed," an English critic remarks, "is an infallible recipe for securing a good £16 girl and for keeping her when secured." But alas, who shall give an infallible recipe for accomplishing the impossible? Who shall lay down the principle that will make coal miners contented with low wages and long hours, that will make the employers of masons satisfied with bungling work that threatens life and limb, that will lull into ease a conscience aroused by the iniquities of the sweating system? Nothing can be more chimerical than to expect a perfect automatic adjustment of the household machinery while other parts of the industrial world are not in harmonious relation to each other.

A third obstacle is the persistent belief that nothing can be done until this magic recipe has been discovered. If it is suggested that one measure of alleviation is to take a part of the work out of the household, it is answered that it is useless to propose it because all work cannot be taken out of the household, because the plan would not work in the rural districts, because it would not meet the case in England, because it is expensive. Certainly all these are valid objections to considering the plan a sovereign remedy. But to refuse to try a remedy that may prove of benefit in some households because it will not work in all is quite the same as to refuse to administer a medicine in case of fever because it will not also cure consumption.

## Woman's Council Table.

PROVIDENCE AND OLD JACK WOODENLEG.

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The preceding is an illustration of another difficulty that is implied in it—a fundamental ignorance on the part of many housekeepers of the processes of reasoning. This is illustrated by the reasoning that many go through with in discussing the question:

1. Public laundries are in the hands of men whose standard of perfection in laundry work is a smooth shirt-front and a stiff collar and cuff. This standard of perfection cannot be applied to the laundering of linen and children's clothing. Therefore, table-linen and children's clothing must be laundered in the house.

2. My mother's cook received a part of her wages in lodging and board. My cook receives a part of her wages in lodging and board. Therefore, my daughter's cook will receive a part of her wages in lodging and board.

3. Negro employees lodge out of the house at the South. White employees do not lodge out of the house in England. Therefore employees cannot lodge out of the house at the North.

4. Employees should be treated with consideration. My employees are treated with consideration. Therefore all employees are treated with consideration.

5. Some employees are incompetent. Good results cannot be secured with incompetent employees. Therefore good service is impossible.

The only way of meeting this difficulty is found in the slow process of careful, systematic education. What many housekeepers need is not instruction in cooking or domestic sanitation, but mental training in calculus and quaternions, Herodotus and Livy, logic and geology.

## PROVIDENCE AND OLD JACK WOODENLEG.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

IT was on a balmy day in early spring that the old sailor first came stumping along the main street of the little inland village. Of his two legs one was merely a wooden pole from the knee to the ground, and a stout stick in his right hand materially aided its progression. He wore a ragged suit of blue cloth, and a flat cap of the same color stood out by contrast against the iron gray of his long flowing hair. Face and figure were well twisted and distorted by reason of a double score of years afloat and aloft, yet his eyes twinkled with all the brightness of youthful hope. Bracing himself against the hitching-post in front of Deacon Pemberton's general store and post-office, he commenced to troll forth in rasping, wheezy tones an old sea ballad that he had doubtless picked up in his voyages:

The *Flying Cloud* were a clipper bark,  
Five hunder ton or more;  
She could easily sail round any ship,  
Sailin' out o' Balt—ee—more;

Pull, my bullies, pull—oo!  
Pull, pull away, to Mex—ee—co!

She were rigged up aloft for a stuns'l breeze,  
Yet little cared we for shore or seas:  
Jolly messmates, ev—ry—one!

And so on, through a long lingo of daring deeds in the War of 1812.

The local group, loitering about upon the barrels and boxes, were not over-critical in musical matters, but the curious minor cadence of the seaman was an entirely novel tone to them, and by no means pleasing. Perhaps this was one reason why the pathetic appeal of the outstretched cap, at the close of the little performance, met with such scant response. Before he had shifted from his position no less a personage than Deacon Pemberton himself took the trouble to come from behind his egg-cases and cracker barrels in order to lecture the old sailor upon the sins of vagrancy.

"Right ye are, matey," assented the old man, ruefully rubbing his wrinkled forehead, "but a man must keep his craft 'bove water as long as possible, without breakin' into cargo. Leastways, so all captains did as ever I sailed under. I have a little pen-



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sion—but it isn't worth argifyin' about. So belay, I say, an' let old Jack Woodenleg run his own bow-line."

"A pension! You must have been in the war," piped the shrill voice of a bare-foot lad.

"So I were, sonny," replied Jack Woodenleg, as he called himself; "with Davison, an' Porter, an' with Worden in the *Monitor* when we guv the old *Merrimac* double what she sent, an' a hunder times more than she wanted. But even then I were what you might call an old sailor. Steamin' an' sailin', I've gone boy an' man, from whalin' off the coast of Greenlan' to cruisin' after piruts in the Chiny seas. But now I'm on a lee shore an' within' a cable length o' the breakers, so what's the——"

"Say, are y' hungry?" interrupted the lad who had put the previous question. "If you be, come along to our house, and pap'll fix you."

"Your pap'll fix you more like, Shucker, if you take to bringin' old tramps 'round for meal-time," volunteered one of the group.

"My pap fought in the war hisself," retorted Shucker defiantly, "and he don't go back on an old soldier—or sailor, either."

"Thankee, sonny," said Jack slowly. "My stomach is kinder strange to full rations, but I'd ruther drift down the road than make trouble. I'm lookin' for——"

"You come along and see if what I say ain't so," eagerly interrupted Shucker, and without waiting for an answer he linked one sun-browned arm within that of the old man and led him hurriedly away.

"A leetle mite slower, sonny," gasped Jack. "I ain't so fast on an even keel as I uster be. Now what might your father call hisself?"

"Joe Jeffries. And mine's the same as his'n, so folks call me Shucker, and——"

The old sailor started violently, and then, muttering apologetically, stumped on without heeding the boy's chatter.

"Did—did you ever hear your father spin any yarn 'bout an elder brother of his that ran away to sea?" the old man somewhat huskily inquired, as they drew near to a little farmhouse.

"What!" fairly shouted the boy, commencing to dance up and down in the road.

"Uncle Jack! If it ain't just like a story-book. But," he continued more sedately, "you ought to be rich, and bring presents, and——"

"What are you a-thinkin' of, matey?" interrupted the old seaman, although his twinkling eyes took on no uncertain gleam of comprehension.

"Why, you must be Uncle Jack, that pap often talks about, as run away from home back East before even he could half remember, and never was heard of since."

"So I am, Shucky boy," assented the old man rather moodily. "An' what was it you said 'bout presents an' sich?"

"That was only just my fooling," replied the lad cheerfully. "You come right in. Pap'll be tickled out of his boots to set eyes on you."

That night after the young folks had been packed away to bed old Jack Woodenleg stated the facts of the case plainly and concisely to his listening brother and the latter's spouse:

"I allus reckoned on findin' you some day, Joe," he said plaintively, "but the right time never seemed to come. Those doctor chaps back in New York said as how I was ailin' an' likely to lose the number of my mess very soon. So I got together what I could an' tramped it. I've been cruisin' through the country more'n a year, for I didn't rightly know your bearin'. But I've sighted you at last, thanks to Shucky boy. There's a matter of five hundred dollars in my ditty-bag here. Joe, I've got no home berth anywheres. Take it, an' let me lay up with you. T won't be for long." And the old sailor laid a tarry canvas bag upon the table and sobbed like a very child.

The Jeffries made him more than welcome, as far as the simple comforts of their rude home could permit; and it would be a sin and a shame to mention the money—although of course, it was no small boon to a struggling farmer—in this connection. Jack Woodenleg, as he always would be called, had his own bench out under the

shade of the lindens, and the children needed no story-books of adventure and deeds of daring upon the high seas while he was with them. But it was Shucker, the one who had given him a "salvage tow-line," who became the pride and joy of his uncle's heart.

"Never be a poor swab of a sailor," he would often tell the boy. "It's a dog's life, with dog's fare on the fo'c'sle table. Stick close to the land an' you'll never come to want for sweet water an' soft bread."

But in spite of this talk he showed in many ways a lingering fondness for the distant ocean. At first this took the shape of long descriptions of its appearance in storm and calm, varied by labored explanations concerning the art of seamanship. But try as he might Uncle Jack found it well-nigh impossible to make himself intelligible to children who had never seen a body of water larger than a ditch or cattle hollow.

"To think there should be messmates o' mine as don't know 'bout sails!" snorted Uncle Jack one day, after having spent the best part of an hour in endeavoring to impress his youthful hearers with the enormous importance of such articles. "If I wasn't such a poor old hulk, I'd rig one up out o' that old wagon-cover."

"Tell me how and I'll help you, Uncle Jack," spoke up Shucker proudly. "There's a whole mess of rick-ropes in the corn-crib, and I kin saw and hammer like a good fellow."

"See them two bean-poles just to starboard o' the wood-pile?" cried the old sailor, delighted with the prospect; "they'll do for spars. We'll rig a real square-sail, with sheets and braces."

It would require a whole volume adequately to portray the incidents of this monumental sail-raising. Although planned and entered upon so hastily, it was not completed much short of a week. Strange knots and splices had to be demonstrated to the enthusiastic Shucker; and the time-honored nautical methods of lacing and laying made but slow progress under the shaking fingers and fading sight of old Uncle Jack. But at last, with "pap's"

good-natured assistance, one end of the diminutive mast was firmly sunk in the ground, yard and sail adjusted, and the lines made fast to the driven stakes.

"'Tain't no more like a ship's mains'l than a loblolly boy is like a cap'n of the mizzen-top," grumbled the old sailor, "but it looks handsomer to me than anything I've run foul of in a bo'sun's watch." And his gaze wandered around the flat, uninteresting landscape, with its vista of fences and rude buildings stretching away upon every hand.

On a windy day Shucker was now at the height of his desires. Under the old man's direction he would trim the poor sail accurately, so that it bellowed out and tugged viciously at its fastenings. Then he would sit alongside of Uncle Jack while the latter told of wonderful happenings upon the vasty deep. Needless to say, the sail itself added much to the picturesque value of these tales in the eyes of both young boy and old man.

At one of these ideal times the story concerned an occasion when Uncle Jack and his fellows were forced to abandon their sinking ship.

"You launched the boats and rowed away toward an island?" excitedly interrupted Shucker. "I've seen pictures of boats. Can't we make one for the ship? Then I could learn how to row."

"It'd be a tough job to build a real jolly boat," the old man replied ruefully, "but I could do it if I only was smart, for I went ship's carpenter two v'y'ges. We might manage a flat-bottomed skip-jack, though, square at both ends."

"What'll we make it of, Uncle Jack?" gleefully cried Shucker, looking around the yard expectantly.

The old sailor puffed away upon his pipe for a minute or so, then he said: "This'll be a good deal harder nor riggin' up a dinky sail, Shucky boy. There ought to be good, new boards, and nails as well. I've got a gold piece hung 'round my neck in a little bag. It's what sailors call a 'hard luck kedge.' I reckon it won't be needed any more."

When it came to be noised around that old Jack Woodenleg, aided and abetted by his brother's family, was actually constructing a boat, the natives of the surrounding waterless country made no secret of their suspicions as to the complete sanity of the parties concerned.

It was a mighty struggle for one aged man and a small boy, even with the occasional friendly assistance of outsiders, but the boat was at last completed. Uncouth and clumsy looking she certainly appeared, yet fit to float and safely carry a dozen people. For Jack Woodenleg had only one idea of what a boat must be, and spared no pains upon making the seams as watertight as if she were actually intended to swim. It was a proud day for Shucker when he first seated himself in her and practiced swinging the oars and feathering their blades under the tuition of the old seaman. All summer long the sail-trimming and boat-maneuvering continued upon the greensward, until at last Uncle Jack declared Shucker had learned as much as was at all possible with such an outfit.

Toward the close of the year the old sailor passed peacefully away to his last harbor. The children were almost inconsolable, and Shucker in particular felt the loss of old Uncle Jack very keenly.

Early in the following spring the local newspapers contained long accounts of how the mighty river some twenty miles distant was rising and washing away dikes and embankments. Men even came to Deacon Pemberton's store who had seen drowned cattle and flooded farms; but the choice spirits of the village listened to such tales without any thought of being specially interested. One morning, however, Joe Jeffries awoke to find the floor of his house covered with water, and a glance outdoors showed the neighboring fields to be in much the same condition. Only those who waded ankle-deep reached the store that evening, and their reports were not encouraging.

"My folks are roostin' on the beds an' tables," announced one, "an' I reckon we'll be takin' to the trees 'fore long if she keeps a-risin'."

"No fear of that," argued another. "Now the levee has broke loose it can't get much worse. We're too far away to have any depth of water. It'll all sink into the ground and make fine crops this summer."

But talk as they might, the situation had its effect, and the deacon was kept busy putting up packages of groceries to provide against possible needs.

Next morning found the whole Jeffries family on the roof of their house, with water surging along as high as the window sills. Some of their neighbors were in the same predicament.

"Wish I'd thought to make a line fast around one o' them lindens," muttered Joe, as he endeavored to look cheerful for his family's sake, "but it probably wouldn't have held anyhow. The house feels like as if it were a leetle shaky."

A much stronger word would have more satisfactorily described its condition. It rocked backwards and forwards like a drunken man.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! You'll all be drowned!" sobbed the unselfish wife, while the youngsters shrieked in unison—all but Shucker. He was lying prone upon his stomach, grappling with a lumbering object which the waters had just driven against one side of the house.

"We're all right, mammy," he managed to squeak out. "Here's the ship's boat bottom-side up. The oars are lashed to the thwarts, just as Uncle Jack taught me. I kin easily row you all over to Pemberton's hill."

That the rescue had but just reached them in time was evident before they had gone a hundred feet from the house. With a gurgle and a sob it seemed to melt away in the quickening flood.

"If it hadn't been for kind providence and Uncle Jack a-buildin' this boat we'd most of us been drowned," remarked Mrs. Jeffries soberly. "Shucker, you and pap must try and bring in some of the neighbors."

And no less than twenty-seven—men, women, and children—owed their lives that day to providence and old Jack Woodenleg.

WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS IN BOSTON.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

BOSTON is the paradise of feminine organizations. Wherever two or three women meet together in the name of an idea—of which the atmosphere of modern Athens is prolific—an organization is at once formed. Does a woman want to read Browning, or sweep a room well, or vote, or select a flower to stamp with the prestige of a "national emblem," or to have the city streets kept clean, or to study Spanish history, or discuss educational problems, Buddhism, or the latest theory of vibrations—at once she founds a club for this object. The literature of the women's clubs in Boston would fill many and many a number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Yet aside from the almost infinite multiplicity and detail are a few organizations laid down on broad lines that wield a vast power over the general life of the city. The oldest of these is the Woman's Club, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is, and has been since its founding, some twenty-five years or more ago, the president. This club is large and holds its weekly meetings on Monday afternoons, a paper or lecture and a discussion alternating with a club tea once a month. While the membership is limited to women, the speakers often include men of distinction, and from the days of James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Alcott, and the immortal Emerson, to those of Hon. William T. Harris, the United States commissioner of education, and Edwin D. Mead, the traditions of this club include much of the most intellectual force and high aspiration of Boston.

The largest and most generally inclusive of all the women's organizations of Boston, and so, perhaps, the one that may hold the most immediate influence on general life, is that called the "Woman's Educational and Industrial Union"—a league of hundreds of women, comprising all degrees of social life. The

rich and the poor, the cultivated and the crude, the prominent and the obscure, all meet and mingle in this organization. Its first inception was by Dr. Harriet Clisby, a quarter of a century or so ago; but the most potent factor in its development has been Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, who was its president for more than fifteen years, and whose personal magnetism and interest stimulated its growth and its progress. This league comprises large numbers of classes, where instruction in languages, literature, book-keeping, mathematics, and physics, as well, too, as in the industrial lines, such as dress-making, cooking, etc., is offered free to members, or, occasionally, at a mere nominal price of tuition.

The "Woman's Union," as this club is more briefly designated, has its own house on Boylston Street, of which the basement is used for a salesroom of cake, bread, jellies, conserves, and flowers, and where there is also a lunch-room, which is well patronized by the general public. On the street floor are the general reception-rooms, the committee-rooms, the library and reading-room, and a large hall for public meetings, known as Perkins Hall, which not only serves the convenience of the union itself, but is a source of revenue, as it is a favorite place for various lectures. Being large enough to accommodate a general audience, the union itself has many courses of lectures under its auspices, to which tickets are sold, often bringing in several hundred dollars at a time. Prof. Thomas Davidson, with his lectures on Dante's "Divina Commedia," has been one of the favorite lecturers, drawing large audiences.

The union encourages women's handiwork in all ways—of sewing, cooking, decorative work, and millinery. It has a department where the wrongs of working women are legally adjusted, and, perhaps more than all, it offers to hosts of women who come as

strangers to a strange city, sympathy, friendship, companionship. Mrs. Diaz holds the high theory that the needs of giving and of receiving are mutual and of equal importance. "If a poor woman needs to receive," she says, "the rich one needs just as much to give"; and by the terms "rich" and "poor" she does not mean merely in a financial sense, but in all the sense of sympathy, of intellectual vigor, of moral power, of hope, and heart, and energy. She who is overflowing with these needs to serve by passing them on to others. To discuss and communicate one's mental possessions is always to define, to discern more clearly, and to invigorate every faculty and gift and grace. Dr. Holmes so well said: "I do not talk to tell what I think, but to find out what I think."

The Woman's Union rooms are always open from early morning till ten at night, and on Sunday afternoons and evenings as well; the reading-room is well furnished, warmed, and lighted; the lunch-room convenient, and the companionship restful and pleasant. The upper stories of the house are rented for various purposes, which adds to the revenues.

This year the union has been enabled—by means of a generous bequest from Mrs. Catherine Perkins of this city—to establish a permanent course of "Perkins Lectures," which was initiated by a course of six lectures on literature by Miss Vida Scudder, an instructor at Wellesley College. Miss Scudder is the daughter of a very able and saintly missionary, who, with his wife, went out to India, and she was born in that country. She is a niece of Mr. H. E. Scudder, the accomplished editor of *The Atlantic*, and is one of the most interesting of women speakers. Miss Scudder's lectures were followed by a course on "Law Points for Women," by Mrs. Alice Parker Lessor; one on "Emerson's Thought as Applied to Modern Problems," by Miss Lucia Ames, and one on "Parliamentary Methods," by Mrs. Shattuck (a daughter of the eminent journalist known as "Warrington").

More than all else, perhaps, as the secret of success in this remarkable organization

is the spirit in which it was founded and is carried on, the spirit of mutual love and helpfulness; and perhaps it is not invidious to say that this uplift of purpose has been communicated to it more by the noble and exalted personality of Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz than from any other one source; although to all the women connected with it is in part due the beautiful way in which the Christ spirit is sustained. Nor is this any matter of religious formalism; it is the only practical and common-sense spirit, so to speak, in which to live; it is the only working force for social life.

Among the recent outgrowths of the union is one designed to meet a want and solve a problem than which no other more vexes modern life—the problem of domestic service. "Solve the problem of domestic service and you will have accomplished everything," said Miss Lucy Salmon of Vassar College, and the assertion hardly savors of exaggeration. The union has instituted a "Domestic Reform League," whose objects are: the scientific and careful consideration of present conditions; the awakening of the interest of women in the largest aspects of the problem; the recognition by the employer that fair conditions should be given for faithful service, and by the employee that interested and efficient service must be given in exchange for fair wages and just conditions, and the further recognition by both employer and employee that efficiency should be a standard of wages.

The idea is now reduced to experimental application in a "School of House-keeping," which is established in this wise. On St. Botolph Street in the Boston Back Bay, within five minutes' walk from Copley Square, two new houses have been taken and practically made into one by doors cut through. In one of these is to live the resident group under the matronizing of the noted domestic economist, Miss Maria Daniells, and the other house is to be used for purposes of demonstration. The advisory committee of this enterprise includes Mrs. Fanny B. Ames (the wife of Rev. Charles G. Ames, who succeeded James



Freeman Clarke as pastor of the Church of the Disciples), Mrs. Charles G. Loring (the wife of General Loring, curator of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts), Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, and other well-known women. The houses have been furnished under the supervision of an artistic decorator, Miss Edith Brown, whose genius for producing artistic effects with simple materials at comparatively small cost is widely recognized. The entrance halls, thrown into one, are in a deep rose tint; the dining-room in oak and green; the lecture and class-rooms in shades of old gold and blue. A model bedroom upstairs is in white enamel, the light marble floor with a rug of blue, while blue draperies with a hint of pink make the room beautiful in color and delicate grace. On the third floor is a most pleasant sitting-room for the maids who are studying there, with a book-case, writing-desk and table, and a sunny bay-window.

There is already established a course of lectures for the mistresses of homes, which are outlined as follows: the development of domestic service; house sanitation; the philosophy of cleaning; the practical side of housekeeping; the art of house furnishing; domestic service and its relation to the industrial problem. The course of instruction covers three months. Nine girls can be received at a time, of whom

eight are already in residence. They are given instruction in cooking, laundering, table-waiting and dining-room care, and parlor service. They take two weeks in each, rotating two at a time, and returning at the end of the first study again. Meantime "day pupils," so to speak, will be received; classes are formed for specialists in parlor service, in laundering, or cooking, for those who desire to take one study only. The experiment is a new departure and will be watched, not only in Boston, but in other cities, with interest. Constantly is the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union reaching out to new territory.

Another notable feminine organization of Boston is the New England Woman's Press Club, of which Mrs. May Alden Ward is the president. Mrs. Ward is the author of a valuable "Life of Dante" and other Dantean studies. And closely allied as leaders in the club are the ex-president, Miss Helen M. Winslow, Miss Katherine E. Conway, the poet and journalist, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, the interesting and gifted daughter of Lucy Stone, and many others who might be named. The Press Club gives each season a series of receptions which bring together charming groups of the most famous men and women in Boston. The clubs and coteries are indeed legion and they are a salient factor in the social evolution of the day.

## HOW TO IMPROVE A TOWN.

BY MRS. L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE proper care of the poor is one of the most difficult problems with which cities and towns are confronted. Mind the word "proper"; for it is comparatively easy to give indiscriminate alms, and the results are often disastrous alike for recipient and donor. For example: In a western town the large-hearted people in pity for the hungry poor one winter opened a free soup-house, with the result that tramps and dissolute characters of all sorts flocked to this town in such

numbers that crime increased alarmingly until the soup-house closed its doors.

All charity organizations should adopt as their standard the greatest good for the deserving ones, not to the greatest number regardless of whether they are deserving or not. This must be met or obtained by looking into cases of destitution. This takes time, and time seems to be clipped off in each direction in these busy times. Thus this absolute necessity can only be met by organized clubs and committee work.

A town improvement club offers a solution for the suppression of pauperism by providing work for the deserving, and if adult, able-bodied men and women will not work they should not be fed by charity.

These town improvement clubs are almost necessarily women's clubs, for few municipal boards can be found which have sufficient enthusiasm and public spirit to attend to the beautifying of the towns over which they preside. Moreover, it is so naturally a woman's province to add the beauty touches to completed strong masculine work that it seems perfectly fitting that she should take this responsibility upon herself. It is in a manner pathetic to see how this love for the beautiful crops out in the humblest homes, where posters and advertising cards supply the bits of color for which a woman's heart keenly hungers.

Idleness begets crime. Never was there a truer saying than that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Therefore, work is the salvation of the poor, and if the applicant for charity refuses to work the question of worthiness is at once decided.

In a large western city, during a great financial depression, the number of women and girls in danger of starvation from loss of work and wages was so great that the more fortunate ones concerted together in some measure to ameliorate this condition of things. Sewing rooms were opened in charge of experienced seamstresses, and dressmaking in all its branches, as well as plain sewing, was taught. Sixty women of wealth voluntarily superintended this club, two women for each day of the month. An appeal for patronage was responded to so

liberally that even the apprentices were paid ten cents an hour for eight hours' labor, with a contributed and bountiful luncheon served at noon by the lady patronesses. Another branch of the club undertook the training of servants; and an intelligence office accompanied this department, where one could be supplied at the usual rates with service of all sorts. Also a sale in the way of a woman's exchange of edibles and textile fabrics was made one of the departments.

The preceding is the plan adopted for work relating to household requirements. Outside work has been regulated as follows: A yearly tax of one dollar is assessed all tax-paying people and is cheerfully responded to. With this fund are purchased, for one item, flower seeds for distribution among the school children. Prizes are offered for the best display at the annual flower show, and the town blossoms like the rose. When ground is insufficient, or the children live in tenements or flats, window-gardening supplies the need.

The setting out of shade-trees, drinking-fountains, seats for the weary in parks and in shady spots, and a street-cleaning department of children, are some of the features of this most commendable enterprise. Altruism of this sort pays. Attractive wares find a ready market, and realty companies are not slow to recognize the fact that lots sell more readily in an up-to-date, public-spirited town than in one that depends solely upon natural advantages or a salubrious climate. Then, too, pauperism in its worst and most dissolute sense is entirely done away with, for all these things supply willing hands with work, and idleness is completely discouraged.

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## HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.\*

WHETHER war between Spain and the United States is to come over Cuban complications will undoubtedly have been decided before these pages reach the reader. The possibility of such an outcome monopolized public attention in this country for weeks after the loss of the *Maine*. Not since the Civil War had the nation been so stirred. And, be it noted, there were twice as many American people to be stirred as there were in 1860. Note, too, that two thousand daily newspapers and fifteen thousand weeklies, with modern news-gathering instincts, appliances, and systems of distribution, are in the business of keeping this mass of people informed concerning any and everything pertaining to the all-absorbing topic of public interest. Furthermore, the manifest opportunity for measuring ourselves, not as section against section, but as a united nation against a foreign power suspected of crime committed under cover of relations of nominal friendship, seemed to have in it issues of national honor and international prestige. Events which in ordinary times would have taken great space in the press, and assumed grave importance in the public mind, like the bank scandals in Philadelphia, propaganda on the currency question, decisions of the United States Supreme Court against trusts and in favor of an eight-hour law, the disastrous spring floods in the middle West, and an earthquake in California, secured scant notice as of minor importance at such a time.

Following the startling news of the *Maine* disaster, Congress quickly recognized the exigencies of the situation by appropriating, without a dissenting vote in either branch, \$50,000,000, to be used at the discretion of President McKinley for purposes of national defense. The appropriation gave the means

by which coast defenses might be put in better condition as rapidly as time should permit. A redistricting of the departments of the United States army under Major-General Miles divided Atlantic coast territory and established a "Department of the South." Congress was asked to take steps to provide for legal increase of the army, troops were disposed at protective posts, and other military measures planned. Inasmuch as a naval duel rather than a military contest appeared to be impending, the attempts to strengthen and place our navy for defense attracted special attention.

Both Spain and the United States went into the market for war vessels. We bought two from Brazil, naming them *New Orleans* and *Albany*, and secured a Peruvian gun-



MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES.  
Commanding the U. S. Army.

\*This department, together with the book "The Social Spirit in America," constitutes the special C. L. S. C. course Current History, for the reading of which a seal is given.

boat and some torpedo-boats. Spain added an Italian vessel to her fleet, according to report, and some boats of light equipment. Thus augmented, our navy, on good authority, stood sixth among navies of the world and Spain's stood seventh. Our government appointed an auxiliary naval board which was charged with the work of securing merchant vessels and arming them as auxiliary cruisers and with obtaining a "mosquito fleet" of steel yachts, revenue cutters, tugs, etc., for purposes of aiding in the maneuvers of the war-ships and the protection of minor

her navy, despatching a fleet of torpedo-boats to the Canary Islands *en route* for the West Indies, and disposing of detached vessels to advantage. Reinforcements of troops were transported to Cuba at regular intervals.

Absolutely contradictory reports of what was going on appeared in home and foreign papers. It was asserted on behalf of both governments that every effort consistent with national honor had been made to preserve the peace. It seemed equally certain that neither party had satisfied the diplomatic demands of the other. It was vehemently declared that nothing but the freedom of Cuba would be accepted by the government of the United States, and it was as vehemently declared that Spain would under no condition give up her sovereignty in Cuba. It could hardly be expected that either the true inwardness of diplomatic proceedings or warlike preparations would become public property until after the issues were irrevocably joined by one party or the other.



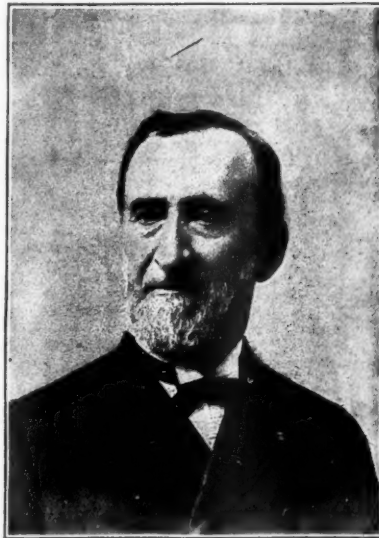
CAPT. WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.  
Commanding the North Atlantic Squadron.

ports. The principal ships of the navy were assembled off Key West and Capt. William T. Sampson, the president of the Naval Court of Inquiry, was placed in command of what was officially termed "The North Atlantic Squadron." Rear-Admiral Sicard retired from this command on account of ill health. A "flying squadron" of cruisers and armored vessels was gathered at Hampton Roads in command of Com. Winfield S. Schley. Spain proved not less active than the United States in assembling

Meantime the report of our Naval Court of Inquiry into the *Maine* disaster and the counter-report of the Spanish Naval Commission form a chief feature of the Cuban situation. Our report was sent to Congress March 28, accompanied by a message from the president. The court found upon an investigation, lasting about three weeks, that the *Maine* was destroyed "by the explosion of a submarine mine which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." "The loss," says the court, "was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of the *Maine*," but it declares itself "unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons." President McKinley merely reviewed the circumstances of the disaster and the findings of the court in his message, and informed Congress that he had directed the finding of the court and the views of the government thereon to be communicated to the queen regent of Spain,

adding, "I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two governments. It will be the duty of the executive to advise Congress of the result; and, in the meantime, deliberate consideration is invoked." The report of the Spanish Commission, of which Captain Peral was president, asserts that the explosion was undoubtedly due to some interior cause. Stress is laid upon the evidence of witnesses which proves the absence of attendant circumstances which are invariably present on the occasion of a torpedo, in particular the absence of a wave resulting from the explosion and the lack of dead fish in the harbor.

Apart from the *Maine* affair conviction seemed to have been growing that the paramount issue in the Cuban situation was one of humanity. Newspaper accounts of suffering in Cuba had been taken as more or less untrustworthy. But, on the strength of reports from our consuls in the island, Congress, long before the *Maine* affair, appropriated \$50,000 toward the relief of suffering American citizens, and two separate appeals to the public for contributions for Cuban sufferers had been made by our State Department. Clara Barton, at the head of the American branch of the Red Cross Society, undertook in person the supervision of relief work in the island, and had the support of this government. Not until Senator Proctor of Vermont had returned from the island and made in the Senate a statement of his observations did the general public become convinced of the terrible results of a starvation policy. Mr. Proctor declared that newspaper reports had not exaggerated the conditions. Captain-General Weyler had driven 400,000 people into the towns, where half that number had been allowed to die, and where the remainder were under military guard and doomed to starvation unless relieved. In his opinion, the reported modification of the treatment of these *reconcentrados* by the present captain-general was no improvement. He



REDFIELD PROCTOR.  
United States Senator from Vermont.

furthermore declared that the experiment of autonomy as promulgated in the island was a failure. He discovered that the substantial men were of the opinion that autonomy had come too late, and he believed that self-government could maintain itself in the island after this government had done its duty in intervening to stop the inhuman policy which is devastating Cuba. Senators Gallinger, Money, and Thurston corroborated Mr. Proctor's statement of conditions in subsequent speeches detailing the results of personal investigations by them. Senator Thurston's wife died while on the trip to Cuba. All these senators insisted that we ought to intervene without delay.

So it came about that the right and duty of intervention, whether the *Maine* disaster be considered a factor or not, occupied the foreground of discussion. It was found that authorities on international law seemed to agree that military intervention in the affairs of another nation was not legal. Yet it was pointed out that intervention had taken place as an exception and it had been justified on the ground of humanity. The difference of opinion concerning what international law allows is apparent from two





WILLIAM E. DAY.  
Assistant Secretary of State.

statements. Prof. Theodore L. Woolsey of Yale holds that "there are three justifying reasons for intervention, the burden of neutrality, the dictates of our commercial interests, the call of humanity. Any one of these is strong, together they are very nearly convincing, and if our government should act upon them, I believe the opinion of jurists would incline to be that such action was warranted. I repeat the opinion that some form of intervention by our government is near at hand and would be justifiable." On the other hand, E. J. Phelps, ex-minister to Great Britain, and Kent professor of law at Yale University, asserts that "the idea that this country or any other is justified in undertaking a moral or political supervision over the affairs of its neighbors and in correcting by armed invasion the faults of their institutions, or the mistakes of their administration, or administering charity to them by force, is inadmissible and infinitely mischievous."

While concerned to a degree over the crisis in the western hemisphere, European

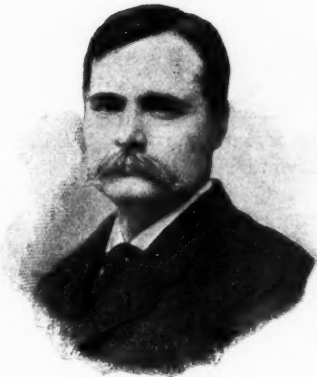
powers have had plenty to occupy their attention in the far East, where a struggle for supremacy continues. If one can believe reports to date, the significant developments include the floating of a loan to China of about \$80,000,000 by English and German financiers, with provisions for a number of open treaty ports. Russia has leased territory adjacent to Talien-Wan and occupies Port Arthur, on the north of the Gulf of Pechili. Great Britain has secured a similar lease of Wai-Hei-Wai on the south of the Gulf of Pechili, which Japan agrees to give up when indemnity from the late war is paid by China out of the loan. Concessions to France have not yet been definitely provided. Promises to open ports to the commerce of the world are reported by all the powers involved.

Since Émile Zola was sentenced to imprisonment and fine on technicalities of French procedure, there appears to be something like irony in the fact that a court of appeals has quashed his sentence on technical grounds. The Court of Cassation to which



JAMES MARTIN.  
Sheriff of Luzerne County, Pa.

appeal was taken decides that the accused president of the Esterhazy court-martial, and not the minister of war, should have lodged the complaint against Zola, the latter not being legally entitled to take proceed-



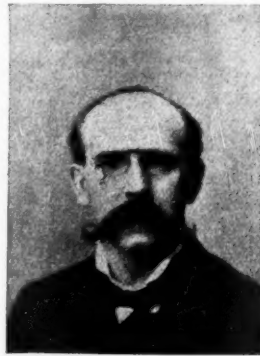
WILLIAM J. CALHOUN.  
Interstate Commerce Commissioner.

ings in the name of a court-martial. This council should have instituted proceedings after special deliberation, and such deliberation did not take place. Hence the whole case is nullified; the court has not ordered another trial, and the incident is treated by the French government as a closed one, although steps for a military retrial have been taken.

In this country a trial of extraordinary proportions ended March 9, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. It grew out of the troubles in the anthracite coal fields last fall, when Sheriff Martin and his posse met a crowd of strikers, on the road to Lattimer, bound to induce miners there to join the strike. Nineteen strikers were killed and thirty-eight wounded by shots from the deputies. Indictments for murder and felonious wounding in the case of each victim were returned against the sheriff and sixty-eight of his deputies. But a jury, after a trial lasting nearly six weeks, acquitted them of the charge of murder in a test case, and further proceedings dropped. The strikers were foreigners, mostly Hungarians, and it was claimed for them that they were exercising no more than their rights in marching along a public highway to make a demonstration at Lattimer in their own behalf. This meant the charge that men were shot down by the deputies in cold blood. Against this claim the sheriff testified that a reign of terror had been inaugu-

rated by strikers in the region, that this crowd refused to disperse at his order, and that it was not until he was in peril of his life at the hands of armed leaders of the marchers that the deputies, in the exercise of their own judgment, opened fire with deadly effect. Judge Woodward, who presided at the trial, charged the jury to the effect that under our system the sheriff's absolute powers to preserve order and quell riots are largely discretionary. His orders are disobeyed at the personal peril of the disobedient. If the jury were satisfied from the evidence—more than two hundred witnesses were heard—that the purpose of the sheriff and his posse was to preserve order and prevent riot, their intent and object were not criminal or unlawful, and the charge of conspiracy to murder would not stand. The testimony failed to prove that any particular deputy fired the shot which killed the particular victim whose death formed the basis of the one indictment before the court, and legally the act of a single deputy could not be considered the act of all.

Conditions which underlie the long-standing troubles in the coal regions were widely discussed while the trial progressed. Some phases of the proceedings aroused acrimo-



TERENCE V. POWDERLY.  
Commissioner of Immigration.

nious comment, but the verdict was considered inevitable and generally commended by leading journals. The radical press, however, has not ceased to denounce the sheriff and the acquittal. It is a notable fact that papers published in the United States in foreign languages—the conservative German-American press *in toto*—insist that the Lattimer affair from beginning to end was indefensible and sets a dangerous precedent. They say that prejudice against "ignorant

foreigners" does not excuse the verdict. The subject of immigration, invariably associated with troubles of this character, lends interest to the appointment of Terence V. Powderly, ex-master workman of the Knights of Labor, as United States commissioner of immigration.

The Supreme Court of the United States, deciding the Nebraska Maximum Freight-Rate Law to be unconstitutional, March 7, handed down an opinion deemed scarcely second to any decision within recent years. Nebraska, by a law passed in 1893, fixed a rate above which railroads were forbidden to charge on state traffic. The federal courts can be invoked because there are stockholders who reside outside the state. And the Supreme Court holds that the law in question imposed so unreasonable a rate that enforcement would amount to depriving a person (a railroad corporation being a person in this construction) of property without due process of law, which is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States.

The opinion of the court expressly confirms the power of states to fix rates on local traffic, but holds that they must be reasonable. Who is to decide what is reasonable? Primarily the legislature, but ultimately the courts, for the legislation is held to be reviewable by them on appeal, and they are to take into consideration all the factors which may bear upon the question of reasonableness. In the Nebraska case, for example, the court decides that the rate of 1893 was un-

reasonable, but declares that if the court below finds that the present conditions of business admit of the application of the statute without depriving the railroads of just compensation, the injunction against its enforcement must be dismissed and enforcement be unobstructed by the decree of the court.

In practice, the application of the principles now affirmed by the Supreme Court will presumably affect the importance of state railroad commissions, which have been established in many states; deter the passage of legislation, which, if contested by the railroads, must wait until various courts have passed upon its reasonableness, and it will direct attention again to the power, or lack of power, possessed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As affairs stand, the courts, already burdened with much unexpected management of railroads through

the form of receiverships, may be called upon to decide between the railroads and the public in essentials over which commissions were popularly supposed to exercise jurisdiction. The *personnel* of the Interstate Commerce Commission, by the way, has been changed by the retirement of W. R. Morrison of Illinois and the appointment of lawyer William J. Calhoun of the same state. Mr. Calhoun is a personal friend of the president and acted as special counsel in Cuba last year during the trial

of the American citizen named Ruiz. The Nebraska rate decision cannot be dismissed here without some reference to a question that has been asked in view of its declarations: Since railroad corporations are per-



THE LATE SIR HENRY BESSEMER.



THE LATE BLANCHE K. BRUCE.

sons, under the construction of the Supreme Court, does it follow, by similar reasoning, that street railway corporations, gas companies, and many other forms of corporate property, owned in part by people outside a state, come within the purview of federal regulation through the courts?

The varied parts played by individuals in the making of history are brought vividly to mind by the death-roll for March. What would we have done without Sir Henry Bessemer's process of making steel? His invention ranks with that of the printing-press and the steam-engine. He died at the age of eighty-five, having amassed a fortune from his patents, but having contributed beyond measure to the industrial progress of the world. His first patent was taken out in 1855, the process was further perfected in 1859, and it has been in general use since the '60's. The process is described as burning out the carbon from cast-iron by blowing air through it while molten hot, and adding to it proper quantities of an ore called "spiegeleisen." Sir Henry was born in England, but the United States has distanced

Great Britain and every other country in the production of Bessemer steel. Our product for 1897 amounted to 5,475,315 long tons.

Aubrey Beardsley, English artist, whose productions were brought into vogue by Oscar Wilde, passed away at the age of twenty-four. He suffered much from disease and his poster art may have been in part its expression. Various schools set him down as an art-anarchist; his work marked the height of a lively fad, and there are those who concede that freedom from cold conventions has been hastened by the lightness and decorative quality of his efforts.

Two men who had held the office of register of the treasury died during the month. Gen. William S. Rosecrans of Ohio was the last survivor among Union generals who held extended independent command in the Civil War. He rose from lieutenant in the regular army to brigadier-general, then to major-general of volunteers. He commanded the Federal forces at Corinth, Stone River, and Chickamauga. He served as register of the treasury under three administrations, taking office in 1885. Blanche K. Bruce (colored) died in office March 17, and Judson W. Lyon (colored), of Georgia, has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Bruce was born a slave in Virginia in 1841. He came North to study during



THE LATE WHELOCK G. VEAZEY.



THE LATE ANTON SEIDL.

the war, returned thereafter to Mississippi, where he entered politics and was elected to the United States Senate in 1874. President Garfield appointed him register of the treasury in 1881 and President McKinley put him back in the office last December. Roscoe Conkling and Gen. Ulysses S. Grant were among his warm friends.

Col. Wheelock G. Veazey, widely known as a commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, elected in 1890, commanded the 16th Vermont Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg and received a medal from Congress for his services there. President Harrison promoted him from the state supreme court to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1889, from which he resigned about a year ago on account of poor health. He was sixty-three years old at his death March 22.

Unique distinction among men was attained by George Müller, the philanthropist, whose orphanage at Bristol, England, represents his great life work. He was of German birth, dissipated in youth, and imprisoned at one time for swindling. His life was changed by a student prayer-meeting, and from the age of twenty-three to ninety-two he devoted himself to religious

work. He became a minister about the year 1830, and in 1835 he began to plan an orphan house. He was without money but believed that support for his project would come in answer to prayer. Depending upon it, the orphanage grew within a half-century to a group of five buildings, with accommodations for over 2,000 children at a time. It is said that considerably more than £1,000,000 has been expended under his direction. He visited the United States three times, established schools in various countries, and distributed Testaments, Bibles, and tracts by the million. He believed in prayer for all his needs and recorded no disappointments to his faith.

The loss of Anton Seidl is seriously felt in American musical circles. He was a friend of Richard Wagner and foremost among interpreters of Wagner's compositions. He conducted famous productions of Wagner opera at Bayreuth, Covent Garden, London, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and always proved an educative power. He lived to the age of forty-eight.



THE LATE GEORGE MÜLLER.



## C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

### OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

#### FOR MAY.

##### *First Week* (ending May 6).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XX.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part I., Chapters IX. and X., and Part II., Chapter I.

#### In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"A Study of Literature in Rome."

Sunday Reading for May 1.

##### *Second Week* (ending May 13).

"A Short History of Mediæval Europe." Chapter XXI.

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part II., Chapters II., III., and IV.

#### In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Spring Revival Among Flowers."

Sunday Reading for May 8.

##### *Third Week* (ending May 20).

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part II., Chapters V., VI., VII., and VIII.

#### In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"German Manufactures."

Sunday Reading for May 15.

##### *Fourth Week* (ending May 27).

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part II., Chapters IX., X., and XI.

#### In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"Glimpses of Switzerland."

"Economic Politics in the United States."

Sunday Reading for May 22.

#### FOR JUNE.

##### *First Week* (ending June 3).

"Roman and Medieval Art." Part II., Chapters XII., XIII., and XIV.

#### In THE CHAUTAUQUAN :

"The Influence of Latin upon English."

Sunday Reading for May 29.

### SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

#### FOR MAY.

##### *First Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. A Paper—Hellenic influence on Latin poetry.
3. An Essay—The papal schism of the fourteenth century.
4. A Talk—The Knights Templars.
5. Biographical Sketch—John Huss.

##### *Second Week.*

1. A Biographical and Literary Study—Thomas à Kempis and his most famous work.
2. Essay—Literary activity in the Middle Ages.
3. General Discussion—Floral culture.
4. A Talk—Ravenna.
5. *Questions and Answers* on "A Short History of Mediæval Europe."

##### *Third Week.*

1. Historical Sketch—Granada.
2. Select Readings—Excerpts from "The Alhambra" by Washington Irving.
3. A Discussion—The development of foreign commerce in the United States.

4. An Essay—The Balearic Islands.
5. General Conversation—Governmental affairs in the United States.

##### *Fourth Week.*

1. The Lesson.
2. A Talk—Melrose Abbey.
3. A Study—Explanations of architectural terms.
4. An Illustrated Address—The cathedrals of Europe.
5. A Select Reading—"The Prisoner of Chillon" by Byron.

#### FOR JUNE.

##### *First Week.*

1. Historical Essay—Sculpture in Italy previous to the thirteenth century.
2. A Paper—Niccolo Pisano and his work.
3. A Talk—The relation of sculpture and architecture.
4. An Essay—The schools of art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.
5. An Essay—Giotto and his art.

# C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

## ON THE REQUIRED READING IN THE TEXT-BOOKS.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE."

P. 269. "Cajetanus" [kaj-e-tā'nus].—"Anagni" [ā-nān'yē]. A town about thirty-six miles south-east of Rome.

P. 270. "Clericis Laicos" [kler'i-sis lā'i-kōs]. The opening words of this papal bull. It is by their first words that bulls are commonly designated.

P. 272. "Viri ecclesiastici." Ecclesiastical men.

P. 277. "Trouvères" [troo-vār]. — "Giotto" [jot'tō].

P. 279. "Boccaccio" [bok-kā'chō].

P. 280. "Poggio" [pod'jō]. — "Donation of Constantine." A forged edict supposed to have been issued by Constantine the Great. According to this edict the sovereignty of Italy and of the West was conferred on the papal see.

P. 282. "Pitti" [pēt'tē].—"Alberti" [āl-bār'tē]. — "Bramante" [brā-mān'te].

P. 283. "Buonarrote" [boo-ō-nār-rō'tē].

P. 284. "Jacopo della Quercia" [yā'kō-pō dēl'lä kwēr'chä].—"Ghiberti" [gē-ber'tē].

P. 286. "Gattamalata" [gāt-tā-mā-lä'tā]. A general in the service of Venice.

P. 287. "Verocchio" [vā-rok'kē-ō]. — "Colleoni" [kol-lā-ō'nē]. — "Ghirlandajo" [gēr-lān-dä'yō].

P. 288. "Pietà" [pē-ä-tä']. — "Terribilità." Terribleness.

P. 289. "Masaccio" [mä-sät'cho].

P. 290. "Raffaele" [räf-fä-el'lä]. The Italian form for Raphael.—"Lippi" [lēp'pē].—"Gozzoli" [got'sō-lē].—"Angelico" [än-jel'ē-kō].—"Botticelli" [bot-tē-chel'lē].

P. 291. "Francesca" [frän-ches'kä].—"Perugino" [pä-roo-jē'nō].—"Mantegna" [män-tān'yä]. — "Bellini" [bel-lē'nē].

P. 292. "Vinci" [vin'chē].

P. 293. "Luini" [loo-ē'nē].—"Bartolommeo" [bär-tō-lom-mä'ō].

P. 297. "Tintoretto" [tēn-tō-ret'tō]. — "Veronese" [vā-rō-nā'se].

## "ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL ART."

P. 136. "Diptych" [dip'tik]. A hinged tablet having two leaves, the inner surfaces of which were waxed to enable the Greeks and Romans to write on them with a style. These tablets were made of wood, ivory, or metal.

P. 156. "San Apollinare Nuovo" [ä-pol-lē-nä're noo-ō'vō]. A church built at Ravenna by Theodoric.—"San . . . Classe" [kläs'se].

P. 157. "Monreale" [mon-rä-ä'le].

P. 182. "Alcazar" [äl-kä'thär]. The palace belonging to the Moorish kings. — "Giralda" [hē-räl'dä. H indicates a strongly aspirated h.]

P. 193. "Bayeux" [bä-yē].—"Caen" [kon].

P. 206. "Lucca" [look'kä].

P. 216. "Ober-Ammergau" [ō'ber-äm'mer-gou]. A village of Upper Bavaria, about forty-five miles southwest of Munich.

P. 222. "Beauvais" [bō-vä]. A town about forty miles northwest of Paris.

P. 254. "Van Eyck" [ik].—"Van der Weyden" [vän der wī'den].

P. 256. "Kölner Dombild." Cologne Cathedral pictures.—"Wohlgemuth" [völ'geh-moot].

## ON THE REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

### "GLIMPSES OF SWITZERLAND."

1. "Jungfrau" [yoong'frou].

2. "Helvetia." A poetic term for Switzerland, a part of which once belonged to Gaul and was called Helvetia.

3. "Montreux" [môn-trē].

4. "Bonnivard" [bo-nē-vär]. A politician and the hero of Byron's poem "The Prisoner of Chillon."

5. "Mont Blanc" [môn blon]. These French words mean "white mountain."

6. "Chaumoni" [shä-moo-nē].

7. "Flégère" [flä-jär].

8. "Mer de Glace" [mār de gläs].

### "A STUDY OF LITERATURE IN ROME."

1. "*Lingua volgare*." Commonplace language.

2. "*Credo*." Belief, creed.

3. "Castelar" [käs-tä-lär]. A Spanish orator and author born in 1832.

4. "De Amicitia." "On Friendship," the title of a work by Cicero.

5. "Lalage" [lal'a-jē]. The Latin word for a feminine name derived from the Greek word meaning prattle, babbling.

6. "Bacchylides" [ba-kil'i dēz]. A Greek poet of the fifth century B. C.

7. "Protean." Pertaining to Proteus, a mythological character supposed to be able to change his form at will; hence variable.

8. "Catalogue raisonné." Literally, a reasoned catalogue. A catalogue in which the subjects are classified and explanations and comments given.

9. "Arbiter elegantiarum." A judge of the elegancies.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

#### "A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE."

1. Q. What did the papacy lose by its struggle with the empire? A. Much of its religious character.

2. Q. Into what three parties was the college of cardinals divided? A. The Italian, the French, and the German.

3. Q. What was the political condition of Italy? A. Anarchic.

4. Q. What was forbidden by the bull "Clericis Laicos"? A. The collection of taxes on church lands by laymen and the payment of them by the clergy.

5. Q. How did Philip IV. retaliate? A. By forbidding any money to be taken out of France into Italy.

6. Q. What declaration was made in the bull "Unam Sanctam"? A. That spiritual and temporal power was vested in the pope and to resist him was to resist the ordinance of God.

7. Q. When and by whom was the Curia moved to Avignon? A. In 1309 by Clement V.

8. Q. What do church historians usually call the period of the residence of the popes in Avignon? A. The Babylonian Exile of the Papacy.

9. Q. When did the papal schism begin? A. In 1378.

10. Q. What attempt was made to end the schism? A. A universal council was called, as in the early days of the church it had been the highest authority.

11. Q. What was the most powerful institution of the Middle Age? A. The church.

12. Q. When did Europe break away from this clerical domination? A. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

13. Q. In its broadest sense what does Renaissance signify? A. The new civilization which displaced the medieval conceptions of the state, of society, of nature, of art, and of philosophy.

14. Q. How is the Renaissance characterized? A. By the fusion of the classical with the medieval.

15. Q. Where did the Renaissance originate? A. In Italy.

16. Q. Who is commonly called the first modern man? A. Petrarch.

17. Q. What city became the home of the new learning? A. Florence.

18. Q. Previous to the Renaissance into what two periods is Italian art usually divided? A. The Romanesque and the Gothic.

19. Q. What are the three periods of Renaissance art? A. The early Renaissance (1420-1500),

the Renaissance proper (1500-1530), and the late Renaissance, reaching to the end of the century.

20. Q. Who was the first apostle of antiquity among artists? A. Filippo Brunellesco.

21. Q. With what artist did sculpture enter its last stage? A. Michel Angelo.

22. Q. In what did the Renaissance find its most complete expression? A. In painting.

23. Q. What three cities figure prominently in Renaissance art from 1500 to 1530? A. Florence, Venice, and Rome.

24. Q. Who were the centers of the Roman school? A. Raffaele and Michel Angelo.

25. Q. What is the most representative name of the Venetian school? A. Titian.

26. Q. Of what did the Renaissance lay the foundation? A. Of the modern era.

#### "ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL ART."

1. Q. In the first century of the empire how does the art of the capital city and of Italy compare with the Roman art of Gaul or of Africa? A. It is superior to that of the provinces.

2. Q. Of what was the decadence and downfall of ancient art the consequence? A. Of the triumph of Christianity.

3. Q. What reasons are given for this result? A. The pagan subjects of art and the rise of the lower orders of society.

4. Q. What is another cause of the decline of art? A. The influence of the invading barbarians.

5. Q. From what time were there Christian churches and Christian art in the territories of the empire? A. From the fourth century onward.

6. Q. What is the oldest standing Christian church? A. The Church of the Manger at Bethlehem.

7. Q. What are the most interesting remains of earlier Christian art? A. The paintings of the catacombs.

8. Q. Aside from these paintings of what do the early remains of Christian art consist? A. Mainly of coffin sculptures.

9. Q. After what time was the practice of making sculptured coffins gradually abandoned? A. After the fifth century.

10. Q. Which of the arts of design lasted longest? A. The carving of ivory.

11. Q. With what, in the main, is the history of the art of the Middle Ages coincident? A. With the history of civilization in the Germanic countries of Europe.

12. Q. What was the general result of the inva-

sion of barbaric tribes? A. Commercial depression, impoverishment of the cultured and refined classes, and the elevation to power of the rude and illiterate military chieftains.

13. Q. How did these changes affect culture and art of the earlier Middle Ages? A. They gave rise to an element of semi-barbarism.

14. Q. When do spontaneous efforts at improved design first appear in Western Europe? A. In the eleventh century.

15. Q. What style is found coexistent with the semi-barbaric art? A. The Byzantine.

16. Q. Out of what did this style grow? A. Traditional repetition of set designs without the least reference to correction by observation of natural forms.

17. Q. Aside from architecture to what were the best efforts of Byzantine art devoted? A. To church decoration and especially to decoration in glass mosaics.

18. Q. After what time did this art decline rapidly? A. After the tenth and eleventh centuries.

19. Q. What were the causes of this decline? A. Independent developments of native talent in Western Europe and the employment of those who were unfamiliar with the art.

20. Q. What took the place of the mosaics in Northern and Southern Europe? A. Fresco paintings.

21. Q. Where has the Byzantine art been perpetuated to the present century? A. In Russia and in the art of the Greek Church of the eastern Mediterranean countries.

22. Q. Where are the most interesting survivals of early Christian buildings of Europe to be found? A. In Ravenna.

23. Q. What two types of churches were in use before the time of the Romanesque cathedrals? A. The type of the Roman business exchange, or basilica, and that of the great domed apartments of the Roman baths.

24. Q. Why was the plan of the basilica chosen for churches? A. Because of its interior dimensions.

25. Q. What is the best surviving picture of an old Byzantine church? A. The Church of St. Mark at Venice.

26. Q. As far as Europe was concerned, before the fifteenth century to what portion of the country was Mohammedan art confined? A. To Spain and Sicily.

27. Q. In what, aside from their development of surface ornament, is the originality in the Arab architecture apparent? A. In the use of the pointed and the horseshoe arch.

28. Q. In what way is it probable that the pointed arch passed into the later Gothic style? A. Through the contact of the crusaders with the

Saracenic buildings of the East and the fusion of the Arab and Christian art.

29. Q. In what was Arabic influence in Europe most apparent? A. In the matter of tiles and enameled clay, the manufacture of textiles, and the diffusion of the patterns used in them.

30. Q. What was the essential character of the Romanesque period? A. Its effort to be original.

31. Q. How did the Romanesque style spread to England? A. By the conquest of the Normans.

32. Q. What distinguishes the Romanesque period of cathedral building as a whole? A. The use of the pier and the vaulting arch.

33. Q. Of what was the Romanesque style the outgrowth? A. The rivalry of great towns, of bishops, and of various monastic orders, and the desire of emperors to leave monuments of their greatness.

34. Q. In regard to plan and system from what were the cathedrals an evolution? A. From the basilicas.

35. Q. From what are the ornamental carvings and the capitals developed? A. The Byzantine.

36. Q. The introduction of what ornamental forms are peculiar to this period? A. Grotesque forms of animals or men.

37. Q. Where were the first Gothic cathedrals built? A. In France.

38. Q. During what period was there a great development and spread of Gothic cathedral architecture? A. From 1200 to 1500.

39. Q. Of what was the increase in the dimensions of the cathedrals the outgrowth? A. Of commercial prosperity and the rise in power of the cities of the Middle Ages.

40. Q. During the Gothic period what double purpose did the cathedral serve? A. That of church and civic building.

41. Q. To what was the adoption of the Gothic style of architecture due? A. To the great development in the dimensions of the cathedrals.

42. Q. What two results were sought for and attained in the Gothic architecture? A. Actual dimension and the effect of dimension.

43. Q. In modern copies of the Gothic what was imitated? A. Merely the appearance, not the construction.

44. Q. What ornament is common in the middle and later Gothic of the continent? A. The gable-shaped skeleton masonry form above portals and windows.

45. Q. On what did the capitals and other ornamental details of the Gothic at first show a dependence? A. On the later Romanesque.

46. Q. From what are the spires of the Gothic an evolution? A. From the Romanesque towers.

47. Q. What explanation is given for the variety of the details found in a cathedral? A. The

masons, stone-carvers, and artisans executed their work without set patterns or preconceived formulas.

48. Q. What threefold explanation is given for the comparative inferiority of Gothic sculpture? A. The lack of a scientific study of design in preceding periods; its purely decorative purpose; and the enormous production by stone-cutters.

49. Q. What art reached an unrivaled perfection during the Gothic period? A. Stained glass.

50. Q. Which of the arts made least progress and to what was it confined? A. Figure painting; to altar and panel pictures.

51. Q. In what two countries was modern painting first developed? A. In Italy and Flanders.

## THE QUESTION TABLE.

## ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.—VIII.

1. What two brothers wrote conjointly some popular fairy stories?

2. Name one other work of each of these men.

3. What German poet in the beginning of the nineteenth century died in battle at the age of twenty-two?

4. What eminent lyric poet was born at Dessau in 1794?

5. How are Uhland's poems characterized?

6. What two dramas did he write?

7. What American poet has translated some of his poems?

8. Of what race is Heinrich Heine a descendant?

9. What physical disability made his later literary work difficult?

10. What may be said regarding the style of his prose and poetry?

## EUROPEAN HISTORY.—II.

1. By what event was the unity of Spain created?

2. What attempt did the new monarchs make to strengthen the unity?

3. By what conquest was this warfare closed?

4. What was the policy of the sovereigns and to what did it lead?

5. What gave the Ottoman Turks their first footing in Europe?

6. To what was the success of the Turks in Europe largely due?

7. Under whose administration did the Ottoman Empire attain its greatest military power?

8. What was made a cause of war between Charles of Germany and Francis I. of France?

9. Where was the war begun?

10. For what is this campaign notable?

## NATURE STUDIES.—VIII.

1. What organs in the higher plants produce the pollen and the ovule?

2. Of what does a flower in its simplest form consist?

3. What are the essential organs of a flower?

4. What are the principal uses of the calyx of the flower?

5. In what kinds of flowers are bright-colored corollas most frequently found?

6. From what are petals probably an evolution?

7. What is the color of most early and simple plants?

8. What explanation may be given for this?

9. Of what does a grain of pollen consist?

10. Which is the essential part of the pollen?

## GERMAN LITERATURE.—VII.

1. "History of the Thirty Years' War," and an unfinished "History of the Fall of the Netherlands."

2. The critical or transcendental school of philosophy. 3. Because he performed for philosophy what Copernicus did for astronomy. 4. "Fundamental Principles of the Whole Theory of Science,"

"Appeal Against the Charge of Atheism." 5. 1770-1831. 6. Friedrich von Schelling. 7. Jean Paul Richter. 8. "Undine." 9. "The Magic Ring."

10. For a translation of Shakespeare's works.

## EUROPEAN HISTORY.—I.

1. Fabius Pictor. 2. Julius Cæsar. 3. After his success in the battle with Pharnaces near Zela, he wrote those words to the Roman Senate. 4. Julius Cæsar. 5. The heir apparent to a throne was often crowned during his father's lifetime. 6. The family, guilds, and corporations. 7. The guilds of mechanics and traders. 8. It weakened the practical power of the empire. 9. That of the people. 10. A revolt of the French peasants against the nobles of the northern part of France in 1358.

## NATURE STUDIES.—VII.

1. The nature of its food. 2. The snipe and the plover. 3. From about the last of March to the first of June. 4. In Mexico. 5. In the West Indies, and sometimes in Central America, or even in the northern part of South America. 6. Permanent residents, summer residents, winter residents, and transient visitants. 7. With the season when their summer homes may be occupied. 8. About the last week of May. 9. At the close of the nesting season. 10. The male.



## THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1901.

### CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

*"The humblest life that lives may be divine."*

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CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

AN important communication for the Class of '98 will be sent out from the Buffalo office toward the latter part of May. Every member of the class should secure a copy of this "Report Blank" and "Final Address." If any fail to receive these circulars by June 1, let them notify the office at once.

A MEMBER of the class asks for some special information concerning the life and works of Sidney Lanier. We would suggest a little volume entitled "Select Poems of Sidney Lanier," by Morgan Callaway, Jr., and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. This book contains a very valuable bibliography, which will be found helpful to those who wish to make a special study of Lanier's life and character, and in view of the approaching Recognition Day of the class it seems fitting that every member should refresh his memory and renew his acquaintance with the works of the poet.

EVERY graduate of the Lanier Class who can possibly do so is invited to join his classmates at Chautauqua for Recognition Day on the 17th of August. As every circle has the privilege of sending one delegate for Rallying Day, which comes on Thursday, August 4, we urge all who can come in this way to remain over for the full two weeks and enjoy the delightful associations which are to be found at Chautauqua.

FOR the Laniers who cannot come to "Old Chautauqua" there are other Chautauquas, and it is hoped that the standard of the class may be raised by one or more graduates at each one of the sixty or more Assemblies which hold their sessions this summer. Those who have never attended an Assembly can form no idea of the inspiration which comes from a few days' sojourn at one of these delightful resorts.

A WORD to Laniers who are behind in their reading. It is not necessary to fill out memoranda in order to graduate. The papers may be filled out later and the belated student still keep his place as an accredited member of the class.

### CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

*"Fidelity, Fraternity."*

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.

*Vice Presidents*—John A. Travis, Washington, D. C.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlyle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, England; Miss Alice Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tientsin, China.

*Secretary*—Miss Isabelle T. Smart, Brielle, N. J.

*Treasurer*—John C. Whiteford, Chautauqua, N. Y.

*Trustee*—Miss M. A. Bortle, Mansfield, O.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE FLAG.

CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

CLASS FLOWER—THE FERN.

A MEMBER of the Class of '99 calls attention to an error in question 80 of the White Seal memoranda, which he rightly says implies a condition which is a physical impossibility. The question is obviously wrong and so cannot lead any one astray, though it may cause bewilderment. The correct form of the question is, "How is the influence of Oriental Art shown in the pottery of prehistoric Italy?"

THE class are taking much interest in the filling of memoranda and we hope a year hence will claim a fair share of seals for their enterprise.

### CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

*"Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor."*

*"Licht, Liebe, Leben."*

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

*Vice Presidents*—Rev. John A. McKamy, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, Canisteo, N. Y.; J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Green, Pittsburg, Pa.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Miss Mabel Campbell, 53 Younglove Ave., Cohoes, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

### CLASS OF 1901.—"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASS."

*"Light, Love, Life."*

#### OFFICERS.

*President*—Dr. W. S. Bainbridge, New York, N. Y.

*Vice Presidents*—William H. Mosely, New Haven, Conn. Rev. George S. Duncan, D. C.; John Sinclair, New York; Mrs. Samuel George, W. Va.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Miss Harriet Barse, 1301 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASS FLOWER—COREOPSIS.

CLASS EMBLEM—THE PALM.

It is a popular belief that the isolated Chautauqua reader is more liable to discouragement than one who enjoys the advantages of city life; but it is more than likely that the country reader can show compensations in his mode of life which his favored city compatriot may well consider. It is interesting to note what a recent writer says on this point: "And thus we find that genius is essentially rural—a country product. Salons, soirées, theaters, concerts, lectures, libraries, produce a fine mediocrity that smiles at the right time and bows when 'tis proper, but it is well to bear in mind that George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett, Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen were all country girls, with little companionship, nourished on picked-up classics, having a healthy ignorance of what the world was saying and doing."

THE vacation months are close at hand and members of the Twentieth Century Class who have toiled right bravely are many of them ready to lay aside their "study" books with a sense of achievement. But others do not look back over the year with the same sense of satisfaction, and it is to these dispirited comrades that we send a word of cheer. Success may yet be yours, fellow Chautauquans. Three long vacation months lie ahead. The goal may yet be won if, like old Ulysses, you are determined

To strive, to seek, to find  
And not to yield.

#### GRADUATE CLASSES.

A CIRCLE of graduates in Richmond, Ky., give their experience with special courses, as follows: "After the four years' course we often combined years, selecting those books which pleased our fancy, yet never losing our touch with the C. L. S. C. Of the various programs for study, I think the verdict is in favor of the American History and Modern European History, the notes and suggestions on each of these being especially helpful. We now have a circle of twelve congenial

women, who are charmed with the 'Greek Art,' and 'A Survey of Greek Civilization.'" This delightful circle began work in 1885 and from then until now have never failed to let their light shine.

IN a recent CHAUTAUQUAN mention was made of a Shakespeare game prepared by a circle in Camden, Me. A similar impulse seems to have been stirring in Iowa also and the result is "A Game of Shakespeare Quotations" prepared by Miss Genevieve Otis of Des Moines. This game is arranged on a very ingenious plan, and as it is quite different from that issued by the Camden Circle Chautauquans will doubtless be glad to possess themselves of both kinds.

THE little Decennial Souvenirs of the Guild of the Seven Seals have met with a hearty reception from members of the Guild. A number of extra copies have been printed and can be secured from the chairman of the committee, Miss A. H. Gardner, 106 Chandler St., Boston, Mass.

AT the tenth anniversary of the New England association of the Class of '87, held at the New England Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly last July, these officers were elected: president, Louie Erville Ware, Worcester, Mass.; vice-presidents, Mrs. David B. Morrill, Allston, Mass., Mrs. R. O. Perry, Marlboro, Mass.; secretary and treasurer, Miss Minnie C. Potter, South Framingham, Mass. Unusual interest in the work of the C. L. S. C. was exhibited and the decennial celebration was a feature of Recognition Day. President Ware announces the first meeting of the class during the Assembly of 1898 on Wednesday, July 20, at 10 a.m., in Alumni Hall. The New England Assembly will be held from Monday, July 18, to Saturday, July 30. The annual meeting of the Class of 1887 will be held Recognition Day, Thursday, July 28, at 10 a.m. Every member of the class who can be present that day is urged to do so. Plans for concerted reading along a definite course will be proposed and suggestions offered as to C. L. S. C. missionary work.

#### LOCAL CIRCLES.

##### C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

*"We Study the Word and the Works of God."*

*"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."*

*"Never be Discouraged."*

##### C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.

BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.

MILTON DAY—December 9.

COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.

LANIER DAY—February 3.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.

LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.

ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.

INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.

ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

##### SPECIAL MEMORIAL

DAYS FOR 1897-98.

WILLIAM I. DAY—October 25.

BISMARCK DAY—November 16.

MOLTKE DAY—December 3.

PLINY DAY—January 23.

JUSTINIAN DAY—February 10.

FREDERICK II. DAY—March 20.

MOHAMMED DAY—April 3.

NICCOLO PISANO DAY—May 28.

## HISTORY OF THE HURLBUT CIRCLE.

OCTOBER 27, 1897, the Hurlbut Circle of East Boston celebrated its fifteenth anniversary. Thinking that a sketch of this flourishing circle would be of interest to other Chautauquans, we give in an abridged form a paper read on that occasion by Otto A. Wehrle, secretary of the circle:

"On the evening of October 9, 1882, a small company met at the residence of Mrs. Adams for the purpose of forming a local C. L. S. C. There were present Mr. and Mrs. J. H. S. Pearson, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Fletcher, and Miss C. M. Locke. Mr. Pearson was chosen president, and Miss Locke secretary of the circle. It was decided to hold a meeting once in two weeks, from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m., the exact date of each meeting to be agreed upon at the preceding one.

"Of these seven original members six are still living and three are still active members of the circle.

"In the first year the circle bound itself closely to the line of C. L. S. C. work in the preparation of its programs, and we see the reports bristling with exercises in Greek history, geology, astronomy, Scandinavian literature, Russian history, and English history. We see here frequent reference to the 'Question Drawer,' an institution which has long since passed away with us, but which was useful in its time and way, and we find also a strict observance of the memorial days, a feature which in our later years has also been allowed to pass into the background. On December 26 the roll-call was inaugurated, each member giving in response to her name a quotation from the poets or from the Scriptures—from the poets at one meeting and from the Bible at the next. One month later the idea of having a half-hour talk on some special subject at each meeting was unanimously adopted. These two features remain with us to this day, and through the long period of fifteen years which has passed have seldom been omitted from the program of the Hurlbut Circle.

"The season of 1883-84 was opened with a preliminary meeting September 28.

"This season the studies covered 'Greek History,' 'American Literature,' 'The Preparatory Latin Course in English,' 'Vegetable Biology,' 'Political Economy,' and the 'Plan of Salvation,' and many and varied were the exercises on these branches. The programs at that time were prepared by committees of three, appointed for three months. The first year, I think, the work was assigned at one meeting for the next, the members volunteering to take certain tasks. The method we now have of selecting at the commencement of the term committees of two, each committee to serve for one meeting only, is by far the best method of securing good programs, for there being a greater diversity of minds in the preparation of them the same will

be true of the character of the work produced. It was in midwinter of the season that the concert recitation was introduced, which became at once a regular fixture with us. We have memorized many gems from the various authors during these many years and recited them in this way. It was a happy thought, this introduction of the recitation in concert, for with it was a threefold benefit—the strengthening of the memory by the effort required to memorize, the familiarity which it gave us with many of the works of our favorite authors, and last the storing of these beautiful thoughts of others in our minds to stay with us and help us as time rolled on.

"When the circle was formed the originators never thought to give a name to the society they had organized. It was merely called 'The Circle,' or the 'Chautauqua Circle,' or the 'C. L. S. C. Circle,' but now came the suggestion to adopt the name 'Hurlbut.' This was March 5, 1884, and the name met with favor at once, for about two weeks previous we had had a glorious reception at the home of our president and Dr. Hurlbut was there, and we were all captivated with him.

"The next season, that of 1884-85, was a quiet one with us. We settled down to good, steady work. The meetings continued regularly, two a month, with an occasional one thrown in on the extra Wednesday, and the attendance ranged from eighteen to twenty-five.

"With the incoming of the season of 1885-86 our membership increased, and we frequently had to accommodate thirty-five persons at the meetings.

"We had a good deal of essay-writing in those days, and scarcely a meeting was held without the presentation of at least one of them. We do little of it now.

"June 16, 1886, we graduated our first class. It comes to me clearly how on that evening, while we were in the midst of our graduation exercises, there was heard on the walk without the sound of vigorous footsteps approaching. Then came the ring at the bell, the sound of a hearty voice in the hall, and then before the eyes of the now expectant members appeared the form of their beloved chancellor, the king of Chautauquans. Then was there a fluttering of white handkerchiefs, the Chautauqua salute, than which a prettier or more stirring mode of greeting could not have been devised. The good man, in the speech which he made later on, found it necessary to chide the members of the committee who had prepared the program of the evening's entertainment for their innocent forging of the official signatures to the diplomas which they had prepared and given to the graduates, though he did it in a way which left no sting.

"With the graduating of this our first class it will no longer do to attempt to analyze the doings of

each of the succeeding years. Time is too short for such a work. Our records, which are the bare arranging of facts, already fill four books.

"The programs of entertainment in these years have excelled in boundless ingenuity and invention and have covered not only all parts of the regular work but have extended out and beyond into the practical works and topics of the day. Anything and everything which could educate and enlighten has been brought in for our use. Wit and humor have not been wanting and many a hearty laugh has been mixed with our more solid doings.

"I must speak a little of our missionary work. We have always struggled at the commencement of each season with the problem of how to bring new converts under the strengthening influence of the C. L. S. C. Our most successful public meeting with this object in view was held in the vestry of the Congregational Church in October, 1886. We had Rev. Will I. Haven with us that night for a speaker, and the result of the evening's work was the formation of two new circles, the Pearson and the Haven, and later on the Bates. These circles continued in the work for some years and those were stirring times for East Boston Chautauquans—union meetings, vesper services, receptions, sociables, combination lectures, and so on. If any of Chautauqua's celebrities came this way we immediately secured them for a reception, and were repaid for our trouble by the eloquent speeches which resulted, or, if some lecturer with a nice semi-professional lecture came under our notice, we found some means of profiting by his knowledge at little expense.

"Our attendance has continued in the neighborhood of twenty-five. In all these years we have lost but one meeting because of a lack of attendance, and this in spite of inclement weather and side attractions, such as are always making their demands upon the people of a place like East Boston. The loyalty of our lady members in this respect has been remarkable, and some of our pleasantest and best-attended meetings have been on nights so stormy that a hearty man would scarcely wish to venture out of doors.

"The last five years have been quiet ones with us. Each term we have selected some one book from the regular course and have devoted our time to its study, for we are now all graduates, and few, if any, are reading the full course. Ingenious games and intellectual tests founded upon these studies have been boundless in their variety. Christmas and St. Valentine's Day are two holidays we never fail to observe, the latter by an interchange of valentines and the former by the exchange of little tokens, the price of which is limited to the sum of ten cents each. The mode of distributing these Christmas gifts has varied with each year.

The first time that we observed Christmas in this way was back in the '80's, and on that occasion we had an immense stocking, into the foot of which were placed the presents. This stocking, when suspended from the chandelier, more than touched the floor by about three feet. It was brought from China by Mrs. Baldwin and was loaned by her to the circle for the occasion. Many of you probably remember another time when Mr. Piper, in the garb of a woman, presided at a large pudding-dish from which he ladled the various packages. We have had the spider-web and the fishing party methods, and Santa Claus has been with us, but one of the prettiest modes which comes to me out of the past was carried out at the home of Mr. Pearson, and was after this style: In the center of the dining-room table, which was covered with a snow-white cloth, and around the edge of which was a border of burning, white candles, stood a large white bowl, the top of which was closed over with a crust of white tissue paper. Protruding from this and hanging gracefully over the edge of the bowl were a number of white ribbons, one for each person present and a few extras for the absentees. On the exposed end of each of these was pinned a number and to the hidden end was attached one of the gifts. Each one present had been given earlier in the evening a card upon which was written a number, and all that now remained for each member to do was to find the ribbon numbered to correspond and rescue his trophy from the inside of the pudding. The effect of the pure white arrangements throughout was pretty beyond description.

"But I must begin on my lastly, as the minister might say, for while I am nearly through I am not quite through.

"We have had in all about three hundred meetings during the circle's existence, and there has been a total attendance at these of between seven and eight thousand persons. As near as I can estimate there have been about two hundred and thirty souls belonging to the various circles on our island. We have a population here of nearly fifty thousand, and out of this number there should be at least two thousand persons perfectly eligible and desirable as members in the C. L. S. C.

"There is still a future for our circle, and in the future we must hew into this apathy, which exists among our islanders, with rugged strokes, thereby decreasing evil influences and enhancing the good."

MAINE.—The circle at Belfast sends the following interesting report: "At a recent meeting of Seaside Circle Miss Maud Mathews gave us a very interesting talk on Germany, the places she visited, the historical buildings, the mode of travel, and the money used in that country. This circle observed Longfellow Day, February 28. A special

program had been prepared, consisting of quotations from poems, a biographical sketch, incidents, comments on several poems, his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, and obituary notices. The members and visitors were daintily served with refreshments by the hostess, Mrs. G. R. Carter. Seaside Circle was organized in 1885; fourteen have completed the four years' readings and received their diplomas, and two '98's are diligently working who expect to pass through the Golden Gate next August. Several graduates are taking seal courses."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The president of Monroe Circle of East Boston writes: "Last year the circle began its work with considerable enthusiasm, finding 'The Growth of the French Nation' and 'A Study of the Sky' intensely interesting and instructive. The latter was so fascinating that we continued it in reviews and observations through the winter. This year we have a good attendance and a few new members, that is, a few who have sent their fee to you. We find 'Imperial Germany' delightful though it requires study, and 'Social Spirit in America' practical and helpful. More than half of those who attend the Monroe Circle (nine) are genuine Chautauquans, the rest are reading the partial course."—A new member is added to the circle at Hull.

CONNECTICUT.—In spite of obstacles the Chautauquans at Redding are adding to their numbers and meeting regularly every Monday evening. They enjoy the work and find "Imperial Germany" especially attractive.

NEW YORK.—The Progressives of Adams are busy and interested, as the following clipping from a local paper indicates: "We rejoice in that in every way our C. L. S. C. work is done so satisfactorily as to please all while being so instructive and helpful. Our circle is in a very flourishing condition, all its members taking an active interest in all the branches of work. A regular meeting was held Monday, February 21, at the home of Mrs. G. E. W. Young. Invitations had been sent to members of the C. L. S. C. alumni in town and each member of the circle was entitled also to invite one friend. Owing to inclement weather only about forty were present, of which twenty-one were members. Mrs. Young's spacious parlors were decorated with red, white, and blue bunting and Old Glory was represented many times, hanging in every available place." The following program was given:

SCRIPTURE READING.	
SINGING.....	"Columbia."
REPORTS.	
ROLL-CALL.....	Patriotic Quotations.
MUSIC.....	"Star Spangled Banner."
READING.....	"Our Flag."
PAPER.....	"Colonial Times."
CHARACTER SKETCH.....	"Washington."
RECITATION.....	"Ghost of '76."
VOCAL SOLO.....	"Barbara Frietchie."

SEARCH QUESTIONS.....	Nature Studies.
SEARCH QUESTIONS.....	Current Events.
DISCUSSION.....	Washington, as Soldier, Statesman, Patriot.
CLOSING SONG.....	"America."

MIZPAH.

—The '98's of DeKalb Circle, Brooklyn, are sending in dues and getting ready for graduation.—The Monday Club of Newfield have chosen for their motto, "First weigh, then dare." The circle was organized last October and is made up of seventeen enthusiastic ladies who attribute much of the club's success to the energetic spirit of the president, Mrs. Mary B. Puff.—Olean has a circle of eleven ladies who are thoroughly wide-awake. March 1, Longfellow Memorial Day exercises were held at one of the homes, each member inviting two friends. The visitors seemed to enjoy the program very much and several showed quite an interest in regard to joining the circle. After the mental feast dainty and appetizing refreshments were served.—There is a circle of eleven members at Sacket's Harbor, seven of whom are taking only THE CHAUTAUQUAN because of lack of time for the full course.—The Park Circle of Utica continues in a flourishing condition; some of the members are planning to visit Chautauqua next August.

NEW JERSEY.—Four new readers are enrolled at Paterson.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The secretary of the Alpha Kappa Circle at Canton favors us with an interesting account of work at that place: "The Alpha Kappa Circle was organized in October, 1896, with about fifteen members; during the year three new members were added. This year we have twenty-seven readers and meet every week. In the course of the summer several meetings were held; one in July, an evening with Eugene Field; another in August, an evening with the Cary sisters and other noted women. At these meetings refreshments were served and visitors entertained. In September Mrs. Ebersole, a member of the Pioneer Class, returned from a tour through Greece and Germany, and she interested the class one evening with her bright descriptions, together with paintings and photographs of life in and around Athens. This year the Rev. W. D. Crockett reviewed the 'Social Spirit in America,' and the Rev. B. A. Briggs 'Roman Life in Pliny's Time.' Editor Darrah is making the 'History of Medieval Europe' very interesting. The circle, together with the W. C. T. U., hope to have a curfew ordinance passed.—We are indebted to the *Daily News* of Lebanon for the following concerning the circle at that place: "The Twentieth Century Circle of the C. L. S. C. held its semi-monthly meeting Monday evening at the residence of Miss Tillie R. Bowman, on South Ninth Street. The attendance was good, and the exercises and program were pleasing and edifying. The preliminary talks and discussions largely partook of a scientific and liter-



ary nature. The regular program consisted of a very interesting, instructive, and living picture and history upon 'Bermuda,' by Dr. J. H. Mease. A paper on 'Frederick the Great,' by Mrs. Zitella Weiss, showed great acquaintance with the subject, coupled with a fine critical and discriminating scholarship. The next paper on 'Rome in the Time of the Gracchi,' by Miss Martha J. Fox, was marked by perspicuity and a clear appreciation of the lives of these two great Romans, who were veritable friends of the people. 'The Loss of the Maine' received some slight comment, but owing to the general cloudiness of the horizon between here and Cuba, it was thought better to consider this subject more fully at a future meeting. Some evening soon the circle will spend an evening with 'Great Composers,' when their lives and times will be considered and their compositions illustrated upon the piano. This circle has considerable fine musical talent in its membership, and an evening with the great musical spirits promises to be most delightful."—The Drummond Local Circle of Stouchsburg reorganized for the season December 30, 1897. The secretary says: "The circle has a membership of twelve, three of whom are graduates of Classes 1883, 1885, 1891, respectively. The meetings are held once a week at the houses of the different members. The weekly program laid down in THE CHAUTAUQUAN is followed as closely as possible. A journal is issued weekly, composed of articles written by the various members on the subjects for the week's reading, a fine being imposed on such as do not choose to contribute. *The Question Table* is made a feature of the evening's entertainment. Quotations from different authors in answer to the roll-call are expected from each member; the Chautauqua Song-Book is used at the opening and closing of each meeting. Although we have not secured any regular members for some years, the meetings are well attended and greatly enjoyed."

ARKANSAS.—Four ladies at Helena have recently joined the Twentieth Century Class. They expect to make up the present year's reading before the new year opens. Other members from that place are expected.—A Truth Seeker at Texarkana renews her connection with her *alma mater* and sends fees for three other readers.

OHIO.—Good news is received from a strong circle at Cleveland. We quote: "We are having a very successful Chautauqua circle of some fifty members, meeting each Friday evening. Our class is so large that we found it expedient to choose six of our gentlemen as captains and thus divide our circle in sections, each section preparing the program in succession. We follow religiously the programs given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, observing the special memorial days by receptions given at the homes of some of our members, thus uniting the

social and educational features of the work. Our pastor, Dr. Louis Albert Banks, gives us his hearty support. The work is under the entire charge of the Literary Department of the Epworth League of the First Methodist Episcopal Church."—An alumnus at Toledo sends this encouraging note: "Our last Chautauqua alumni meeting was full and running over with the true Chautauqua spirit. Since then a petition has come to me asking that we hold our meetings every two months instead of every three, because the local circles say that we help them greatly and at every meeting they derive encouragement to go on with the reading so that they may join our alumni and really belong to us. Our next will be our annual meeting and we will take action upon it. We want to do whatever will be most helpful to the most people."

INDIANA.—A letter from Fort Wayne says: "We have a circle of very interested readers. Although we are in the country we meet every week for discussion and are deriving much benefit from the work. We have three members and three readers. Two of the members are teachers of Roman history in school and find the reading good supplementary work."

ILLINOIS.—Hanover has a class of five who are doing earnest work.

MICHIGAN.—A spicy letter from Petersburg gives evidence that the alumni there esteem the C. L. S. C. one of their especial causes for thanksgiving.

MINNESOTA.—The circle at Buffalo recently sent fees for old members and enrolled a new reader in the Class of 1901.—Exchange of hospitalities between circles is one of the pleasantest features of C. L. S. C. work, as the Chautauquans of Duluth can testify. The *Duluth Evening Herald* of February 22 gives these particulars: "Last evening the Athene Chautauqua Circle of Duluth, numbering about twenty members, was entertained by the Fin de Siècle Circle of New Duluth, at the home of Mrs. Cooke, corner Forty-First Avenue West and Third Street. Upon arrival they were cordially received by the New Duluth Chautauquans, who had prepared a sumptuous repast. The tables and rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers and emblems appropriate to Washington's birthday. After all had partaken of the feast of good things provided, President Keyes, on behalf of the New Duluth Circle, welcomed the guests. Watson S. Moore, president of the Athene Circle, responded, expressing the thanks of the members for the kind and generous hospitality shown them." The following program, furnished by the Duluth Circle, was given:

PAPER....."Lessons from the Life of Washington."  
ADDRESS....."What I Think of the People of Pliny's Time."  
READING....."That Awful German Language" (Mark Twain).  
ADDRESS....."Bishop Vincent, the Founder of Chautauqua."

—Five Patriots of Waseca send membership fees.

IOWA.—The second of two pleasant and profitable joint meetings of the Lanier and Irresistible Circles of Clarion was held February 12. The Lincoln program was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A Lanier, Mrs. Belle Eldridge, recited an original poem, a beautiful tribute to the C. L. S. C. and its founder. Dainty refreshments were served by the Laniers.—The Waterloo Chautauqua Assembly Circle closed a very successful year's work in January when the new officers were elected. For convenience, this body is made up of five local, or neighborhood, circles, who have a registered membership of one hundred and one and several readers who are not registered. Each local circle has a leader and secretary, who, with a general president and secretary, form an executive board and consider such measures as are to the best interest of all the circles. Eight business meetings of the board and three general meetings for Chautauquans and friends have been held this year—a "Rally" held in one of the churches and two evening receptions held at private residences. At the last meeting a most interesting program was rendered, consisting of an address by the president, review of "Imperial Germany," German authors,

(Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller), and review of "Social Spirit in America." Five or six musical numbers, both vocal and instrumental, were interspersed, and all pronounced it one of the most successful of the Chautauqua gatherings. During the Assembly in July the ladies furnished a large tent—"Chautauqua Rest." It was divided into compartments—a reception-room, fitted with rocking-chairs, tables, rugs, etc., a room provided with cots, and a dining-room and kitchen. These conveniences were greatly appreciated by all Chautauquans and their friends.—The Wayside Chautauqua course has eight members at Des Moines. They report progress.—The Class of 1901 adds four names from Grundy Center.

MISSOURI.—We are glad to report that the circle at Chillicothe has done and is doing excellent work. It started about seven years ago as a reading club, then a Chautauqua, and now has an enrollment of twenty-five regular and four or five honorary members. It is as good a club, as well conducted and organized, as can be found in any small place.

OREGON.—Work has been taken up by a small but enthusiastic company at Wells.

## WINTER ASSEMBLIES.

### BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

AT Binghamton, N. Y., a Chautauqua winter Assembly was held February 14 to 19 inclusive. The sessions were in the Tabernacle and Centenary Churches. In the morning Dr. Hurlbut of New York conducted normal classes and conferences in Sunday-school methods. The afternoons were devoted to lectures, round tables, readings, and music. The evenings were filled with popular lectures. Among the lecturers present were Dr. C. T. Winchester of Wesleyan University, Rev. J. D. Phelps of Buffalo, Dr. A. J. Palmer of New York, Bishop Charles H. Fowler of Buffalo, Prof. W. H. Mace of Syracuse University, and Dr. J. L. Hurlbut. Benjamin C. Chapin of Chicago gave readings, and valuable assistance was rendered by local talent. Rev. G. M. Brown, Chautauqua field secretary, was superintendent of instruction. The enterprise was most enthusiastically supported by the people of Binghamton and many came from surrounding towns. Resolutions indorsing the movement and requesting another Assembly to be held next winter were unanimously adopted by a rising vote at the closing meeting. It was a real Chautauqua in miniature and gave to hundreds of people an opportunity to somewhat enjoy its privileges who otherwise never would have caught the meaning of the Chautauqua idea.

### ELMIRA, N. Y.

THE city of Elmira recently enjoyed the first Chautauqua winter Assembly ever held in the North. It was under the direction of Rev. George M. Brown, field secretary of the Chautauqua system of education. The session opened Monday evening, February 7, and closed the following Saturday evening. The morning hours were devoted to Bible study directed by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut of New York City, and Dr. S. Burnham, dean of Colgate University. The afternoons were filled with lectures, concerts, and readings. The evenings were made popular by the best platform talent obtainable. Among the lecturers were Judge Hatch of Buffalo, Prof. Morse Stephens of Cornell University, Bishop Charles H. Fowler, Professor Bailey of Cornell University, and Dr. Hurlbut of New York. Benjamin C. Chapin of Chicago gave several readings. Concerts were given by the Æolian Quartette of Buffalo and the Cornell Glee Clubs. Local talent also assisted very materially in making the program attractive.

The sessions were held in the Park Church and were well attended, the evening audiences often filling the auditorium, which seats about fifteen hundred.

The Assembly was a pronounced success in every particular, and arrangements are already being made to hold another next winter.

## TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Modern France. One of the laudable methods of presenting history in a popular form is that employed in *The Story of the Nations* published by the Putnams. In a recent volume of this series\* the development of France since 1789 is the subject treated. The author, André Lebon, handles his subject for the most part in a clear, attractive way, and in spite of the translator's errors the historical and political facts recounted make a comprehensive picture of national development. That the representation of the period may be fully complete the book contains succinct reviews of the progress of literature, art, and science in France during the same period of time. Following the text are a bibliography, a chronological table showing the changes of the governments and ministries since 1789, a tabulated expression of the advancement made in letters, the arts, and sciences, and an index of the contents of the book. The volume is amply illustrated, and the covers, which are green stamped with a simple design in gold, are a great improvement on the old binding of the series.

Another study† of France and her institutions has been written by John Edward Courtenay Bodley. "Seven years' uninterrupted labor," he tells us, he spent in the preparation of the two volumes, which contain more than eight hundred pages. The subject upon which he spent so much time and labor is the political history of France since the Revolution. While the work deals especially with the executive and legislative functions of the government, it is specifically divided into four parts after a lengthy introductory chapter setting forth the difficulties and influences which surround the student of French politics. The first part of the text proper is a discussion of the relation which the French Revolution bears to the France of to-day, in which he states that without Napoleon's autocracy the present France could never have been, and that it forms the foundation of all that is permanent in French institutions. After explaining the French national conception of patriotism and of the principles expressed in the motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" he concludes that "the French Revolution has done nothing to help the solutions of the problems which face humanity a century after its consummation." The second division of the work is taken up with a discussion of the French constitution and the executive department

of the government. With this branch of his subject the writer is very familiar and he gives a very lucid account of the constitutional history of France. The last two divisions of the subject, which are considered in the second volume, pertain to the legislative branches of the government and the political parties. Here also the author's account is full of interesting details, into which have been woven studies of personalities and characteristics of the French people.

American Contributions to Civilization. It is an encouraging sign when the presidents of our great American universities show an active interest in state and municipal affairs and give the world the results of their careful consideration of important subjects. One of those who have been helping to mold public opinion by speeches and magazine articles is Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University. Some of the productions of his brain and pen have been collected and published in a volume entitled "American Contributions to Civilization."\* This is also the subject treated in the first division of the collection, an address delivered at Chautauqua in 1896, a summary of which was published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for October, 1896. From the many contributions which America has made to the general improvement of civilization he has selected five for discussion. They are: "Peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being." Each of these he considers "eminently characteristic of our country," and in proof of this proposition he has presented clear and cogent arguments expressed in terse but smooth-flowing English. The collection contains other discussions equally interesting, forceful, and scholarly on subjects relating to democratic forms of government, and particularly to the American democracy. In a paper on "Some Reasons Why the American Republic may Endure" he presents in a taking way his belief that the perpetuation of the republic is influenced, among other things, by religious toleration, education of the masses, improved domestic relations, attention to sanitary conditions and public pleasure, and the interdependence of men. Each of the nineteen papers in the collection has either been published in a prominent periodical or presented to the public on some important occasion.

\* Modern France. 1789-1895. By André Lebon. 506 pp. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† France. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Two vols. 364 + 504 pp. \$4.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

\* American Contributions to Civilization, and other Essays and Addresses. By Charles William Eliot, LL.D. 387 pp. \$2.00. New York: The Century Co.

## Standard Literature Series.

In this age of numerous daily papers and extensive periodical literature for old and young we are in danger of neglecting the prose and poetic productions which have been assigned a place among the classics. Any plan, therefore, which will create an interest in standard literature and help to develop a predilection for it among the school-children will be welcomed by all educators and every one interested in the intellectual and moral progress of the youth of our land. One plan projected for the purpose of accomplishing these results has for its outcome the Standard Literature Series,\* which is admirably adapted for use in the schoolroom as supplementary reading in connection with history, geography, and language study. In preparing the works of such authors as Hawthorne, Scott, Cooper, Irving, Tennyson, Dickens, and Bulwer-Lytton for presentation to young readers in the grammar grades, the editors have shown wise discrimination not only in the selections chosen but in the condensations and necessary abridgments. Some of the volumes contain complete selections, and those which include the abridged form of some work are as if complete, for the continuity of the recital is retained, uninteresting or unnecessary details only having been omitted. Each volume is well annotated and supplied with an introduction, which is critical, biographical, or historical, as the nature of the work may require. For children below the grammar grades the Golden Rod Books\* are sent out by the same publishing house. They are full of interesting selections of poetic and prose literature, with a large number of appropriate illustrations. Both of these series are published in a durable form, whether the binding is cloth, paper, or boards, and the price puts them within the reach of every pupil.

## A Dictionary for Students.

One of the best lexicons of the English language published in a form convenient for general use is the "Students' Edition of a Standard Dictionary."† Although it is an abridgment of the Standard Dictionary published by Funk & Wagnalls about five years ago it contains an unusually large number of words and phrases (the announcements say there are

\* Standard Literature Series. Works of standard authors for supplementary reading in schools—complete selections or abridgments—with introductions and explanatory notes. Single numbers, 64 to 128 pp., stiff paper sides, 12½ cts., cloth, 20 cts.; double numbers, 160 to 224 pp., stiff paper sides, 20 cts., cloth, 30 cts.—Golden Rod Books. Rhymes and Fables. First Reader Grade. Compiled and adapted by John H. Haaren, A.M. 64 pp. 12 cts. Songs and Stories, Second Reader Grade. Compiled and adapted by John H. Haaren, A.M. 96 pp. 15 cts. New York and New Orleans: University Publishing Company.

† Students' Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. 1,225 pictorial illustrations. 915 pp. \$2.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

over 60,000) for a publication of its kind. There are several other features which mark it as a superior dictionary. The definitions, which include explanations of words found in English classics, are generally clear, concise, and comprehensive. The department of antonyms and synonyms is also very complete. The plan of giving the etymology of words after the definitions is a great convenience to the hurried reader who seeks only to know the meaning of a word. The method of indicating the pronunciation of words is the same as that used in the larger dictionary, the scientific alphabet advocated by the American Philological Association being employed for that purpose. This alphabet is carefully and lucidly explained in the appendix, which includes an extensive vocabulary of proper names, a glossary of the most common foreign phrases used in English publications, examples of incorrect diction, a list of words of which the pronunciations are disputed, abbreviations, tables of weights, measures, etc., etc. The illustrations are numerous, the typographical work is clear, the paper is good, and the volume is substantially bound. Possessing all these excellent features and being published at a moderate price, it will receive the favor of every student and general reader.

## Fiction.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford seems to have the much coveted power of investing his fiction with an intensiveness which the most obdurate are unable to resist and which every reader enjoys. He delineates the tender passion as no weak, Protean sentiment, but as something which is pure, profound, and unchangeable. Especially is this true in "The Story of an Untold Love."‡ But this tale is not without its dark side, for misery and suffering are depicted in it with equal force and vividness. The plan of the novel is quite simple. The chief actor confides the story of his love and his life to the pages of a journal which he writes at night "to induce sleep" after each day of hard mental labor. During a severe illness this unfinished journal falls into the hands of the beloved one and all the obstacles to their happiness are swept away. There is a vigor even in the simplicity of the diction and the unaffectedness of the recital up to the last few pages, where the author has failed to continue the effect produced by the previous pages. It is, however, an interesting recital and one we are glad to have read.

The realism in "A Lady of Quality" by which Mrs. Burnett surprised her many admirers is less disagreeable when applied to the life and character of Gerald Mertoun, his Grace of Osmonde.† His

\* The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. 348 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

† His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 465 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

parentage was the noblest and all the environments of his youth and early manhood were such as to foster the splendid qualities of character which in later life made him seem a man far in advance of his time. In the story of his life Mrs. Burnett has necessarily mentioned the incidents more fully described in "A Lady of Quality," and in such a way has she done it that the reader does not experience any feeling of weariness. Throughout this biographical work there are scenes which stir the tender feelings of sensitive hearts to deepest sympathy, while there are others to arouse indignation and aversion.

In "Hania"\* Henryk Sienkiewicz has given a vivid picture in which selfishness, jealousy, and love are equally strong motives. Three primary characters are among the figures of the picture, and of this group, Hania, the granddaughter of an old servant in a Polish family, is the center. Henryk, a son in the Polish family of which she becomes a member, and Selim, a Tartar friend, are the other prominent figures, and their love for Hania is the cause of jealous rivalry, through which dramatic effects are brought about. Henryk is the *raconteur* and he analyzes his own feelings and motives with an explicitness which does not always accord with the taste of the reader. This story occupies about a third of the volume and in the other two thirds are nine tales, among which are "Let Us Follow Him" and "Charcoal Sketches," written, the translator informs us, in California about twenty years ago.

"The Splendid Spur"† furnishes plenty of stir and excitement for those who would revel in noise and tumult. The subtitle explains it as being the memoirs of Mr. John Marvel, in which he relates his adventures when a servant of King Charles I. during the years 1642-43. The results of a brawl in a tavern lead him to leave school and bring him into the king's service. From that time there is a series of exciting events, each increasing in hazardousness until the last of the tale. Rogues, good people, and lovers are involved in entanglements from which a lesser genius might find it impossible to extricate his characters and occasional gleams of humor give a relief from the intensity of the recital.

The most gigantic work in biblical literature projected since the publication of the Revised Version of the Bible is that of which the editor is Paul Haupt, professor of Hebrew and the cognate languages in Johns Hopkins University. He is assisted in his

\* Hania. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. 551 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

† The Splendid Spur. By Q. (Arthur T. Quiller-Couch). Illustrated by M. Boos. 317 pp. \$1.25. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

editorial work by Horace Furness, an eminent Shakespearian student and literary critic. The publishers announce that this work when completed will consist of twenty parts, the contents of which will be the Old Testament Scriptures, translated from a revised Hebrew text by some of the world's most renowned scholars. One of the parts already published is "The Book of Judges"\* and in its construction we have an illustration of the general plan of the series, which contains several unique and interesting features. Scattered through the text are hundreds of Arabic numerals. These refer to the historical and critical comments which make up the explanatory notes in the last half of the volume. There are many other characters of various forms interspersed in the text and the introduction tells us they are "critical marks," indicating variations from other versions of the Bible, emendations, implied words, transpositions, doubtful passages, omissions, and other explanations of a critical nature. But more interesting than any of these is the distinctively characteristic feature of the volume—the color scheme. By printing the text on backgrounds of different colors the various sources of the Book of Judges are indicated, thus giving the reader visible evidence of the composite character of the book. This is the chief advantage to be derived from such a color scheme—a scheme that could be vastly improved by making each color and each shade uniform throughout the book. While the ordinary reader will doubtless be interested in this translation and exposition of the Old Testament and will be greatly instructed by it, it seems to be a publication more particularly for the critical student and the specialist. The explanatory notes are abundantly supplied with illustrations and several full-page pictures are used to illustrate the text.

Miscellaneous. "A Handbook of Greek Sculpture"† is a conspectus of the rise and development of this branch of Greek art. In the introductory chapter the author has explained very lucidly the methods employed by sculptors and carefully described the materials they use. Then follows a systematic presentation of the subject, which has been divided into six parts. The early influences previous to 600 B. C. is the first division, in which is shown the conditions from which Greek sculpture rose. The gradual development of sculpture, the age of Phidias, the characteristics of the fourth century B. C., the spread of Hellenic art, and

\* The Book of Judges. A new English translation printed in colors exhibiting the composite structure of the book. With explanatory notes and pictorial illustrations. 111 pp. \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

† A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A. 568 pp. \$2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.



the Greco-Roman period are the other topics about which much information is given. The large number of illustrations represent noted works of art and give the volume an artistic appearance.

In a "Manual of Ecclesiastical Architecture"\* is presented a very full and detailed account of the different styles of architecture employed in the construction of churches and cathedrals since the time when Greek art reached its highest attainments. After delineating the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and the Renaissance styles the architecture of the modern church is fully described. In a short glossary technical terms are defined and the pictorial representations are very numerous.

Among the many books to which the difficulties between labor and capital have given rise is one on "The Laborer and the Capitalist"† by Freeman Otis Willey. Questions pertaining to the distribution of wealth are the ones he discusses in a candid, forceful way. He produces arguments to show that monopolies and corporations in which business is honestly conducted are a real benefit to the country at large and that instead of concentrating wealth they help to make its distribution more equitable by cheaper production, employment of more labor, and by giving a large number of small capitalists an opportunity for investments. It is a presentation of a much-mooted subject, from which both capitalists and laborers will derive great benefit.

If every teacher of music in the primary grades would follow carefully the suggestions of Mr. Cole in "The Child's First Studies in Music"‡ very satisfactory results would be obtained. The principles used by the teacher of reading are the ones he advocates for the use of the music teacher. From a song on a single tone there is a gradual gradation to those which include all the tones of the major scale and easy skips. The words are simple and interesting to children, and they give an opportunity for action during the singing. This book is to be used in connection with charts on which appear some of the same songs.

A simple, practical method for mastering the French language is set forth in "F. Berger's French Method."§ The few rules given are short and concise and numerous exercises are introduced which involve the application of them. In the matter of inflection the French verb is reduced to a single

conjugation, which serves as an example for all verbs. Idioms, short sentences for conversation, and simple reading lessons form a part of the text of this useful little volume.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO.  
Todd, David P., M. A., Ph.D. A New Astronomy for Beginners. \$1.30.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Mathews, Charles Thompson, M. A. The Story of Architecture: An Outline of the Styles in All Countries.  
Grosse, Ernst, Ph.D. The Beginnings of Art. \$1.75.

HENRY ALTEMUS, PHILADELPHIA.

MacKenzie, W. Douglass, M. A. The Ethics of Gambling.

ART AND NATURE STUDY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Songs of Happy Life: For Schools, Homes, and Bands of Mercy. Compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. 30 cts.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM AND COMPANY, ST. PAUL.

Stewart, Charles, M. A. Stewart's Telegraphic Code. By means of which any number from one to a million can be expressed by a single word of not more than ten letters. 25 cts.

EATON AND MAINS, NEW YORK.

CURTIS AND JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Lester, George. The Sacred Feast: Short Discourses on the Lord's Supper. 35 cts.

Foot, Elizabeth Louisa, A. B., B. L. S. The Librarian of the Sunday School. 35 cts.

Thompson, D. D. John Wesley as a Social Reformer. 50 cts.

Kirlew, Marianne. The Story of John Wesley: Told to Boys and Girls. 75 cts.

Cowl, Frederick B. Digging Ditches and Other Sermons to Boys and Girls. 50 cts.

GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

Tennyson's "The Princess." Edited with introduction and notes by Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., L. H. D. 50 cts.

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

Pearson, Henry G. Freshman Composition. With an introduction by Arlo Bates. 50 cts.

Zschokke, Heinrich. Der Zerbrochene Krug. Edited with introduction, notes, and vocabulary, and paraphrases for retranslation into German, by Edward S. Joynea. 25 cts.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK.

Linn, S. Pollock, A. M. Dictionary of Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers. A Cyclopædia of Quotations. \$2.00.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

Wilkins, Mary E. Once upon a Time and Other Child Verses. \$1.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., NEW YORK.

Bates, Lois. Games Without Music. For Children. 60 cts.

Aids to the Devout Life; "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Imitation of Christ," "Holy Living and Dying," "Browning's 'Saul,'" "The Christian Year." Reprinted from *The Outlook*. 50 cts.

The Message of the World's Religions. Reprinted from *The Outlook*. 50 cts.

Marquand, Allan, Ph.D., L. H. D., and Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph.D. A Text-book of the History of Sculpture. \$1.50.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, with introduction and notes by W. H. Carruth, Ph.D. 50 cts.

Bailey, L. H. First Lessons with Plants. Being an Abridgment of "Lessons with Plants." 40 cts.

Carpenter, G. R. Principles of English Grammar; for the use of schools. 75 cts.

Tarr, Ralph S., B. S., F. G. S. A. First Book of Physical Geography. \$1.10.

Suggestions for Laboratory and Field Work in High School. Geology and Questions for use with Tarr's Elementary Geology. Paper, 25 cts.

Spenser, Edmund. The Faerie Queene, Book I. Edited from the original editions of 1590 and 1596 with introduction and glossary by Kate M. Warren. 50 cts.

Davenport, Herbert J., and Emerson, Anna M. The Principles of Grammar: in introduction to the study of the laws of language by the inductive method. 65 cts.

Heinrich Heine's *Lieder und Gedichte*. Selected and arranged with notes and a literary introduction by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D., etc. \$1.00.

Coleman, S. E., B. S. An Algebraic Arithmetic: Being an exposition of the theory and practice of advanced arithmetic, based on the algebraic equation.

Adams, George Burton. The Growth of the French Nation.

\* Manual of Ecclesiastical Architecture. By Prof. William Wallace Martin. With over 500 illustrations. 445 pp. \$2.00. Cincinnati: Curtis and Jennings. New York: Eaton and Mains.

† The Laborer and the Capitalist. By Freeman Otis Willey. 311 pp. \$1.25. New York: Equitable Publishing Company.

‡ The Child's First Studies in Music. Songs, Accompaniments and Illustrations for the Kindergarten, the Primary School and the Home. By Samuel W. Cole. 96 pp. 60 cents. New York, Boston, and Chicago: Silver, Burdett and Company.

§ F. Berger's French Method. By François Berger. Second Book. 192 pp. 75 cts. 853 Broadway, New York: F. Berger.

